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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MAY 1, 1853.

ART. I.—*Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1851.

JEREMY TAYLOR relates, in one of his sermons, the following legend:—‘Saint Lewis the king having sent Ivo, bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic, and melancholy, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what these symbols meant. She answered, My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God.’ This fanciful personage may be regarded as the embodiment of that religious idea to which we give the name of Quietism. It is the ambition of the Quietist to attain a state in which self shall be practically annihilated,—in which nothing shall be desired, nothing feared,—in which the finite nature ignores itself and all creatures, and recognises only the Infinite—is swallowed up and hidden in the effulgence of the Divine Majesty. Quietism attempts self-transcendence by self-annihilation. It calls on man to become Nothing, that he may be dissolved in Him who is All. It has many various names to denote its beloved contrasts of self-emptiness and Divine fulness. That reduction of self to an inappreciable quantity which it inculcates, is called poverty, simplification, denudation, indifference, silence, quiet, death. That self-finding in God which is the immediate consequence of this self-loss, is termed union, transformation, perfection, pure love, immersion, absorption, deification.

Mysticism is the romance of religion. Its history is bright with stories of dazzling spiritual adventure, sombre with tragedies of the soul, stored with records of the achievements and the woes of martyrdom and saintship. It has reconciled the most opposite extremes of theory and practice. In theory it has verged repeatedly on pantheism, ego-theism, nihilism. In practice it has produced some of the most glorious examples of humility, benevolence, and untiring self-devotion. It has commanded with its indescribable fascination the most powerful natures and the most feeble—minds lofty with a noble disdain of life or low with a weak disgust of it. If the self-torture it exacts be terrible, the reward it holds out has been found to possess an irresistible attraction. It lays waste the soul with purgatorial pains, but it is to leave nothing there on which any fire may kindle after death. It promises a perfect sanctification, a divine calm, the fruition of an absolute repose on this side the grave. It has been both persecuted and canonized by kings and pontiffs. In one age the mystic is enrolled among the saints; in another, the inquisitor burns him, or a *lettre-de-cachet* consigns him to the Bastille. But the principle is indestructible. There always have been, and probably always will be, minds whose religion assumes spontaneously a mystical character. States of society continually recur which necessarily foster this disposition. There have been periods in which all the real religion existing in a country has been found among its mystics. Then this inward contemplative devotion becomes conspicuous as a power—ventures out into public life, and attracts the eye of the historian. Then its protest is heard against literalism, formality, scholasticism, human ordinances. It reacts strenuously against the corruptions of priestcraft. But its voice is heard also discoursing concerning things unutterable. It speaks as one in a dream of the third heaven, and of celestial experiences and revelations fitter for angels than for men. Its stammering utterance, confused with excess of rapture, labouring with emotions too huge or with abstractions too spiritual for words, is utterly unintelligible. Then it is misrepresented. Mysticism becomes in turn the victim of a reaction—the delirium is dieted by persecution—it is consigned once more to secrecy and silence. There it survives, and spins in obscurity its mingled tissue of evil and of good. We must not blindly praise it in our hatred of formalism. We must not vaguely condemn it in our horror of extravagance.

Mr. Upham has contributed to the literature of America an interesting and instructive book. To write the biography of Madame Guyon has been with him a labour of love, and he makes us love him for his labour. To what external section of

the Christian community he may belong we know not, but his devout spirit and large-hearted Christian charity bring him near to our hearts at once. He has availed himself conscientiously of the best materials within his reach. His style is calm and equable—almost too much so. His modest and gentle nature would seem to have been schooled in the Quietism he records. The wrongs of Madame Guyon are narrated by him with a patient forbearance equal to that with which she endured them. For uncharitableness itself he has abundant charity, and the worst malignity of persecution cannot provoke him to asperity or carry him away with indignation. In his sympathy with Madame Guyon, and in his admiration for her character as a whole, we fully agree with him. In his estimate of her Quietism and of Quietism generally, we differ. We shall find occasion, as we proceed, to show why we think him wrong in regarding Quietism and the highest Christian spirituality as identical. In his anxiety to do justice to Madame Guyon, he has transposed and paraphrased her language, softened many expressions, and omitted others. He underrates, we think, the allowance which thoughtful readers will be disposed to make for her. It would have been more satisfactory had he represented her to us just as she was, without veiling a single extravagance. There is a nobleness in her which would survive the disclosure, and preserve for her memory a place in the affection of every liberal mind. The biographer might have appended to her exact words whatever explanation or comment he thought necessary, leaving his readers to judge for themselves. The best course would have been, to have placed occasionally side by side with her meditations some of the rhapsodies of Angela de Foligni or St. Theresa. It would then have been seen, that in comparison with these be-praised and sainted devotees, the persecuted Madame Guyon was sobriety itself. Thus instructed, the protestant would be placed in a position to do her full justice. But, ignorant of mysticism generally, and of the expressions to which Romanist mystical writers had long been accustomed, he would see in Madame Guyon standing alone only a monster of extravagance. Professor Upham, however, has brought much less information of this kind to his subject than could have been desired. The particular form of mysticism which goes by the name of Quietism can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison with some of the other developments of its common principle.

Jeane Marie Bouvières de la Mothe was born on Easter-eve, April 13th, 1648, at Montargis. Her sickly childhood was distinguished by precocious imitations of that religious life which was held in honour by every one around her. She loved to be

dressed in the habit of a little nun. When little more than four years old she longed for martyrdom. Her school-fellows placed her on her knees on a white cloth, flourished a sabre over her head, and told her to prepare for the stroke. A shout of triumphant laughter followed the failure of the child's courage. She was neglected by her mother, and knocked about by a spoiled brother. When not at school she was the pet or the victim of servants. She began to grow irritable from ill treatment, and insincere from fear. When ten years old she found a Bible in her sick-room, and read it, she says, from morning to night, committing to memory the historical parts. Some of the writings of St. Francis de Sales, and the *Life of Madame de Chantal*, fell in her way. The latter work proved a powerful stimulant. There she read of humiliations and austerities numberless, of charities lavished with a princely munificence, of visions enjoyed and miracles wrought in honour of those saintly virtues, and of the intrepidity with which the famous enthusiast wrote with a red-hot iron on her bosom the characters of the holy name Jesus. The girl of twelve years old was bent on copying these achievements on her little scale. She relieved, taught, and waited on the poor; and, for lack of the red-hot iron or the courage, sewed on to her breast with a large needle a piece of paper containing the name of Christ. She even forged a letter to secure her admission to a conventual establishment as a nun. The deceit was immediately detected; but the attempt shows how much more favourable was the religious atmosphere in which she grew up to the prosperity of convents than to the inculcation of truth.

With ripening years religion gave place to vanity. Her handsome person and brilliant conversational powers fitted her to shine in society. She began to love dress, and feel jealous of rival beauties. Like St. Theresa, at the same age, she sat up far into the night devouring romances. Her autobiography records her experience of the mischievous effects of those tales of chivalry and passion. When nearly sixteen, it was arranged that she should marry the wealthy M. Guyon. This gentleman, whom she had seen but three days before her marriage, was twenty-two years older than herself.

The faults she had were of no very grave description, but her husband's house was destined to prove for several years a pitiless school for their correction. He lived with his mother, a vulgar and hard-hearted woman. Her low and penurious habits were unaffected by their wealth; and in the midst of riches, she was happiest scolding in the kitchen about some farthing matter. She appears to have hated Madame Guyon with all the strength

of her narrow mind. M. Guyon loved his wife after his selfish sort. If she was ill, he was inconsolable. If any one spoke against her, he flew into a passion; yet, at the instigation of his mother, he was continually treating her with harshness. An artful servant girl, who tended his gouty leg, was permitted daily to mortify and insult his wife. Madame Guyon had been accustomed at home to elegance and refinement,—beneath her husband's roof she found politeness contemned and rebuked as pride. When she spoke she had been listened to with attention—now she could not open her mouth without contradiction. She was charged with presuming to show them how to talk, reproved for disputatious forwardness, and rudely silenced. She could never go to see her parents without having bitter speeches to bear on her return. They, on their part, reproached her with unnatural indifference towards her own family for the sake of her new connexions. The ingenious malignity of her mother-in-law filled every day with fresh vexations. The high spirit of the young girl was completely broken. She had already gained a reputation for cleverness and wit—now she sat night-mared in company, nervous, stiff, and silent, the picture of stupidity. At every assemblage of their friends she was marked out for some affront, and every visitor at the house was instructed in the catalogue of her offences. Sad thoughts would come—how different might all this have been had she been suffered to select some other suitor. But it was too late. The brief romance of her life was gone indeed. There was no friend into whose heart she could pour her sorrows. Meanwhile, she was indefatigable in the discharge of every duty,—she endeavoured by kindness, by cheerful forbearance, by returning good for evil, to secure some kinder treatment—she was ready to cut out her tongue that she might make no passionate reply—she reproached herself bitterly for the tears she could not hide. But these coarse hard natures were not so to be won. Her magnanimity surprised but did not soften minds to which it was utterly incomprehensible.

Her best course would have been self-assertion and war to the very utmost. She would have been justified in demanding her right to be mistress in her own house—in declaring it incompatible with the obligations binding upon either side that a third party should be permitted to sow dissension between a husband and his wife—in putting her husband, finally, to the choice between his wife and his mother. M. Guyon is the type of a large class of men. They stand high in the eye of the world—and not altogether undeservedly—as men of principle. But their domestic circle is the scene of cruel wrongs from want of

reflection, from a selfish, passionate inconsiderateness. They would be shocked at the charge of an act of barbarity towards a stranger, but they will inflict years of mental distress on those most near to them, for want of decision, self-control, and some conscientious estimate of what their home duties truly involve. Had the obligations he neglected, the wretchedness of which he was indirectly the author, been brought fairly before the mind of M. Guyon, he would probably have determined on the side of justice, and a domestic revolution would have been the consequence. But Madame Guyon conceived herself bound to suffer in silence. Looking back on those miserable days she traced a father's care in the discipline she endured. Providence had transplanted Self from a garden where it expanded to love and praise to a highway where every passing foot might trample it in the dust.

A severe illness brought her more than once to the brink of the grave. She heard of her danger with indifference, for life had no attraction. Heavy losses befel the family—she could feel no concern. To end her days in a hospital was even an agreeable anticipation. Poverty and disgrace could bring no change which would not be more tolerable than her present suffering. She laboured, with little success, to find comfort in religious exercises. She examined herself rigidly, confessed with frequency, strove to subdue all care about her personal appearance, and while her maid arranged her hair—how, she cared not—was lost in the study of Thomas à Kempis. At length she consulted a Franciscan, a holy man, who had just emerged from a five years' solitude. 'Madame,' said he, 'you are disappointed and perplexed because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find him.'

These words of the old Franciscan embody the response which has been uttered in every age by the oracle of mysticism. It has its truth and its falsehood, as men understand it. There is a legend of an artist, who was about to carve from a piece of costly sandal-wood an image of the Madonna; but the material was intractable—his hand seemed to have lost its skill—he could not approach his ideal. When about to relinquish his efforts in despair, a voice in a dream bade him shape the figure from the oak-block, which was about to feed his hearth. He obeyed, and produced a masterpiece. This story represents the truth which mysticism upholds when it appears as the antagonist of superstitious externalism. The materials of religious happiness lie, as it were, near at hand—among affections and desires which are homely, common, and of the fireside. Let the right direction,

the heavenly influence, be received from without; and heaven is regarded with the love of home, and home sanctified by the hope of heaven.* The far-fetched costliness of outward works—the restless, selfish bargaining with asceticism and with priestcraft for a priceless heaven, can never redeem and renew a soul to peace. But mysticism has not stopped here; it takes a step farther, and that step is false. It would seclude the soul too much from the external; and, to free it from a snare, removes a necessary help. Like some overshadowing tree, it hides the rising plant from the force of storms, but it also intercepts the appointed sunshine—it protects, but it deprives—and beneath its boughs hardy weeds have grown more vigorously than precious grain. Removing, more or less, the counterpoise of the latter, in its zeal for the spirit, it promotes an intense and morbid self-consciousness. Roger North tells us that when he and his brother stood on the top of the Monument, it was difficult for them to persuade themselves that their weight would not throw down the building. The dizzy elevation of the mystic produces a similar overweening sense of personality. Thus isolated in the air—abstracted so elaborately from earth and all its standards of comparison—his tendency has been, from the days of Plotinus downwards, to expand the Ego into the Infinite. It has been the dream of many a mystic, that he could elaborate from the depth of his own nature the whole promised land of religious truth, and perceive, by special revelation, rising from within all its green pastures and still waters—somewhat as Pindar describes the sun beholding the isle of Rhodes emerging from the bottom of the ocean—new born, yet perfect—in all the beauty of glade and fountain, of grassy upland and silver tarn, of marble crag and overhanging wood, sparkling from the brine as after a summer shower. The traditions of every nation have embellished with their utmost wealth of imagination some hidden spot upon the surface of the earth, which they have portrayed as secluded from all the tumult and the pain of time—a serene Eden—an ever-sunny Tempe—a vale of Avalon—a place beyond the sterner laws and rougher visitations of the common world—a fastness of perpetual calm, before which the tempests may blow their challenging horns in vain—they can win no entrance. Such, to the fancy of the Middle Age, was the famous temple of the Sangreal, with its dome of sapphire, its six-and-thirty towers, its crystal crosses, and its hangings of green samite—guarded by its knights, girded by impenetrable forests—glittering on the onyx summit of Mount Salvage, for ever invisible to every eye impure, inaccessible to every failing or faithless heart. Such, to

the Hindoo, was the Cridavana meadow, among the heights of Mount Sitanta, full of flowers, of the song of birds, the hum of bees—

‘Languishing winds and murmuring falls of waters.’

Such was the secret mountain Kinkadulle, celebrated by Olaus Magnus, which stood in a region, now covered only by moss or snow, but luxuriant once, in less degenerate days, with the spontaneous growth of every pleasant bough and goodly fruit. What places like these have been to the popular mind—even such a refuge for the Ideal from the pursuit of the Actual—that the attainment of Ecstasy, the height of Contemplation, the bliss of Union, has been for the mystic. He aims, by painfully un-clothing his nature of all the integuments of sense, of passion, of imagination, of thought, by threading back the path of being to its Source—to reach a simplicity and a rest in which the primal essence of himself will be overshadowed by the immediate presence of the Infinite; and, lost in glory, will love and gaze and know, without the grosser appliances of visible media, beyond the laborious processes of the reason, or the phantasmagoria of the imagination, by a contact ‘above all means or mode,’ ineffable as Deity itself. But the unnatural ambition defeats itself, and the aspirant, instead of soaring to the empyrean, drifts, buffeted about, in the airy limbo of hallucination. Instead of rising above the infirmities of our nature, and the common laws of life, he becomes the sport of the idlest phantasy, the victim of the most humiliating reaction. The excited and overwrought temperament mistakes every vibration of the fevered nerves for a manifestation from without; as in the solitude, the silence, and the glare of a great desert, travellers have seemed to hear distinctly the church bells of their native village. In such cases an extreme susceptibility of the organ, induced by peculiarities of climate, gives to a mere conception or memory the power of an actual sound; and, in a similar way, the mystic has often both tempted and enraptured himself—his own breath has made both the ‘airs from heaven,’ and the ‘blasts from hell;’ and the attempt to annihilate Self has ended at last in leaving nothing but Self behind. When the tide of enthusiasm has ebbed, and the channel has become dry, simply because humanity cannot long endure a strain so excessive, then that magician and master of legerdemain, the Fancy, is summoned to recal, to eke out, or to interpret the mystical experience; then that fantastic acrobat, Affectation, is admitted to play its tricks—just as when the waters of the Nile are withdrawn the canals of Cairo are made the stage on which the jugglers exhibit their feats of skill to the crowds on either bank.

To return to Madame Guyon. From the hour of that interview with the Franciscan she was a mystic. The secret of the interior life flashed upon her in a moment. She had been starving in the midst of fulness; God was near, not afar off; the kingdom of heaven was within her. The love of God took possession of her soul with an inexpressible happiness. Beyond question, her heart apprehended in that joy the great truth that God is love—that He is more ready to forgive, than we to ask forgiveness—that He is not an austere being whose regard is to be purchased by rich gifts, tears, and penance. This emancipating, sanctifying belief became the foundation of her religion. She raised on this basis of true spirituality a mystical superstructure, in which there was some hay and stubble, but the corner stone had first been rightly laid, never to be removed from its place.

Prayer, which had before been so difficult, was now delightful and indispensable; hours passed away like moments—she could scarcely cease from praying. Her trials seemed great no longer; her inward joy consumed, like a fire, the reluctance, the murmur, and the sorrow, which had their birth in self. A spirit of confiding peace, a sense of rejoicing possession, pervaded all her days. God was continually present with her, and she seemed completely yielded up to God. She appeared to feel herself, and to behold all creatures as immersed in the gracious omnipresence of the Most High. In her adoring contemplation of the Divine presence, she found herself frequently unable to employ any words, or to pray for any particular blessings. She was then little more than twenty years of age. The ardour of her devotion would not suffer her to rest even here. It appeared to her that self was not yet sufficiently suppressed. There were some things she chose as pleasant, other things she avoided as painful. She was possessed with the notion that every choice which can be referred to self is selfish, and therefore criminal.

On this principle Æsop's traveller, who gathered his cloak about him in the storm, and relinquished it in the sunshine, should be stigmatized as a selfish man, because he thought only of his own comfort, and did not remember at the moment his family, his country, or his Maker. It is not regard for self which makes us selfish, but regard for self to the exclusion of due regard for others. But the zeal of Madame Guyon blinded her to distinctions such as these. She became filled with an insatiable desire of suffering. She resolved to force herself to what she disliked, and deny herself what was gratifying, that the mortified senses might at last have no choice whatever. She displayed the most

astonishing power of will in her efforts to annihilate her will. Every day she took the discipline with scourges pointed with iron. She tore her flesh with brambles, thorns, and nettles. Her rest was almost destroyed by the pain she endured. She was in very delicate health, continually falling ill, and could eat scarcely anything. Yet she forced herself to eat what was most nauseous to her; she often kept wormwood in her mouth, and put coloquintida in her food, and when she walked she placed stones in her shoes. If a tooth ached she would bear it without seeking a remedy; when it ached no longer, she would go and have it extracted. She imitated Madame Chantal in dressing the sores of the poor, and ministering to the wants of the sick. On one occasion she found that she could not seek the indulgence offered by her church for remitting some of the pains of purgatory. At that time she felt no doubt concerning the power of the priest to grant such absolution, but she thought it wrong to desire to escape any suffering. She was afraid of resembling those mercenary souls, who are afraid not so much of displeasing God, as of the penalties attached to sin. She was too much in earnest for visionary sentimentalism. Her efforts manifest a serious practical endeavour after that absolute disinterestedness which she erroneously thought both attainable and enjoined. She was far from attaching any expiatory value to these acts of voluntary mortification, they were a means to an end. When she believed that end attained in the entire death of self, she relinquished them. In a similar spirit, the Suabian mystic Suso, in the fourteenth century, at length abandoned a course of austerity far more severe, at the suggestion of the famous Tauler. The fact that such inflictions were discontinued, as requisite no longer, shows that their object was discipline, not atonement. Many of those mystics who carried them to the greatest length would have shrunk with horror from the idea of relying on their own sufferings for salvation, instead of, or in addition to, the merits of the Saviour. The rigid self-scrutiny of Madame Guyon was constantly discovering selfishness in what had seemed innocent, pride in what once looked praiseworthy. She was struggling through the mortification of the senses towards the higher mortification of the will. Her aim was totally to lose her own activity; to desire nothing, to do nothing, but from the prompting of the Christ formed within; to substitute God for the annihilated self in the inmost of the soul. Some mystics have carried this so far as to believe that they became themselves a revelation, almost an incarnation of Deity, every thought an inspiration, every act divine. Madame Guyon was saved from such excesses. Like the more

sober Quakers, she was willing that the Outer should direct the Inner Light. But she did not escape the lesser error of frequently mistaking her own impulses for divine monitions, and endeavouring to read in the mysteries of Providence the immediate will of God. With all the mystics she interpreted too literally the language of St. Paul, 'I live, yet no more I, but Christ liveth in me.'

Situated as Madame Guyon now was, her mind had no resource but to collapse upon itself, and the feelings so painfully pent up became proportionately vehement. She found a friend in one Mère Granger, but her she could see seldom, mostly by stealth. An ignorant confessor joined her mother-in-law and husband in the attempt to hinder her from prayer and religious exercises. She endeavoured in everything to please her husband, but he complained that she loved God so much she had no love left for him. She was watched day and night; she dared not stir from her mother-in-law's chamber or her husband's bedside. If she took her work apart to the window they followed her there to see that she was not in prayer. When her husband went abroad, he forbade her to pray in his absence. The affections even of her child were taken from her, and the boy was taught to disobey and insult his mother. Thus utterly alone, Madame Guyon, while apparently engaged in ordinary matters, was constantly in a state of abstraction; her mind was elsewhere, rapt in devout contemplation. She was in company without hearing a word that was said. She went out into the garden to look at the flowers, and could bring back no account of them, the eye of her reverie could mark nothing actually visible. When playing at piquet, to oblige her husband, this 'interior attraction' was often more powerfully felt than even when at church. In her Autobiography she describes her experience as follows:

'The spirit of prayer was nourished and increased from their contrivances and endeavours to disallow me any time for practising it. I loved without motive or reason for loving; for nothing passed in my head, but much in the innermost of my soul. I thought not about any recompence, gift, or favour, or anything which regards the lover. The Well-beloved was the only object which attracted my heart wholly to himself. I could not contemplate his attributes. I knew nothing else but to *love* and to *suffer*. Oh, ignorance more truly learned than any science of the Doctors, since it so well taught me Jesus Christ crucified, and brought me to be in love with his holy cross. In its beginning I was attracted with so much force, that it seemed as if my head was going to join my heart. I found that insensibly my body bent in spite of me. I did not then comprehend

from whence it came ; but have learned since, that as all passed in the will, which is the sovereign of the powers, *that* attracted the others after it, and reunited them in God, their divine centre and sovereign happiness. And as these powers were then unaccustomed to be united, it required the more violence to effect that union. Wherefore it was the more perceived. Afterwards it became so strongly riveted as to seem to be quite natural. This was so strong that I could have wished to die, in order to be inseparably united without any interstice to him who so powerfully attracted my heart. As all passed in the will, the imagination and the understanding being absorbed in it, in a union of enjoyment, I knew not what to say, having never read or heard of such a state as I experienced ; for before this I had known nothing of the operations of God in souls. I had only read 'Philothea' (written by St. Francis de Sales), with the 'Imitation of Christ' (by Thomas à Kempis) and the Holy Scriptures ; also the 'Spiritual Combat,' which mentions none of these things.'—*The Life of Lady Guion, by Herself ; Anon. Trans. 1772, p. 87.*

In this extract she describes strange physical sensations as accompanying her inward emotion. The intense excitement of the soul assumes, in her over-strained and secluded imagination, the character of a corporeal seizure. The sickly frame, so morbidly sensitive, appears to participate in the supernatural influences communicated to the spirit. On a subsequent occasion she speaks of herself as so oppressed by the fullness of the divine manifestations imparted to her, as to be compelled to loosen her dress. More than once some of those who sat next her imagined that they perceived a certain marvellous efflux of grace proceeding from her to themselves. She believed that many persons for whom she was interceding with great fervour, were sensible at the time of an extraordinary gracious influence instantaneously vouchsafed, and that her spirit communicated mysteriously, 'in the Lord,' with the spirits of those dear to her when far away. She traced a special intervention of Providence in the fact that she repeatedly 'felt a strong draught to the door' just when it was necessary to go out to receive a secret letter from her friend, Mère Granger ; that the rain should have held up precisely when she was on her road to or from mass ; and that at the very intervals when she was able to steal out to hear it, some priest was always found performing, or ready to perform, the service, though at a most unusual hour.

Imaginary as all this may have been, the Church of Rome at least had no right to brand with the stigma of extravagance any such transference of the spiritual to the sensuous, of the metaphysical to the physical. The fancies of Madame Guyon in this respect are innocent enough in comparison with the monstrosities devised by Romish marvel-mongers to exalt her saints

withal. St. Philip Neri was so inflamed with love to God as to be insensible to all cold, and burned with such a fire of devotion that his body, divinely feverish, could not be cooled by exposure to the wildest winter night. For two and fifty years he was the subject of a supernatural palpitation, which kept his bed and chair, and everything moveable about him, in a perpetual tremble. For that space of time his breast was miraculously swollen to the thickness of a fist above his heart. On a post-mortem examination of the holy corpse, it was found that two of the ribs had been broken to allow the sacred ardour of his heart more room to play! The doctors swore solemnly that the phenomenon could be nothing less than a miracle. A divine hand had thus literally 'enlarged the heart' of the devotee. St. Philip enjoyed, with many other saints, the privilege of being miraculously elevated into the air by the fervour of his heavenward aspirations. And this is the worthy whose worship is revived by our Oratorians, with the famous Dr. Newman at their head, in the nineteenth century. The *Acta Sanctorum* relates how Ida of Lohvain—seized with an overwhelming desire to present her gifts with the wise men to the child Jesus—received, on the eve of the Three Kings, the distinguished favour of being permitted to swell to a terrific size, and then gradually to return to her original dimensions. On another occasion, she was gratified by being thrown down in the street in an ecstasy, and enlarging so that her horror-stricken attendant had to embrace her with all her might to keep her from bursting. The noses of eminent saints have been endowed with so subtle a sense that they have detected the stench of concealed sins, and enjoyed, as a literal fragrance, the well-known odour of sanctity. St. Philip Neri was frequently obliged to hold his nose and turn away his head when confessing very wicked people. In walking the streets of some depraved Italian town, the poor man must have endured all the pains of Coleridge in Cologne, where, he says,

‘I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,
All well defined, and several stinks!’

Maria of Oignys received what theurgic mysticism calls the gift of jubilation. For three days and nights upon the point of death, she sang without remission her ecstatic swan-song, at the top of a voice whose hoarseness was miraculously healed. She felt as though the wing of an angel were spread upon her breast, thrilling her heart with the rapture, and pouring from her lips the praises, of the heavenly world. With the melodious modulation of an inspired recitative, she descanted on the mysteries of the Trinity and the incarnation—improvised profound expositions of the Scripture—invoked the saints, and interceded for her

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friends. A nun who visited Catharina Ricci in her ecstasy, saw with amazement her face transformed into the likeness of the Redeemer's countenance. St. Hildegard, in the enjoyment and description of her visions, and in the utterance of her prophecies, was inspired with a complete theological terminology hitherto unknown to mortals. A glossary of the divine tongue was long preserved among her manuscripts at Wiesbaden. It is recorded in the life of St. Veronica of Binasco, that she received the miraculous gift of tears in a measure so copious that the spot where she knelt appeared as though a jug of water had been overset there. She was obliged to have an earthen vessel ready in her cell to receive the supernatural efflux, which filled it frequently to the weight of several Milan pounds! Ida of Nivelles, when in an ecstasy one day, had it revealed to her that a dear friend was at the same moment in the same condition. The friend also was simultaneously made aware that Ida was immersed in the same abyss of divine light with herself. Thenceforward they were as one soul in the Lord, and the Virgin Mary appeared to make a third in the saintly fellowship. Ida was frequently enabled to communicate with spiritual personages, without words, after the manner of angelic natures. On one occasion, when at a distance from a priest to whom she was much attached, both she and the holy man were entranced at the same time; and, when rapt to heaven, he beheld her in the presence of Christ, at whose command she communicated to him by a spiritual kiss a portion of the grace with which she herself had been so richly endowed. Clara of Montefalco, a saint who died at the beginning of the fourteenth century, had in a vision given her heart to Christ, that it might be crucified. She lived thenceforward in perpetual contemplation of the passion. After death, her heart, which had enlarged to the size of a child's head, was extracted and preserved in a vessel near the altar. With trembling and with tears her sisters of the cloister ventured to open it with a knife. On the right side they found, completely formed, a little figure of Christ upon the cross, about the size of a thumb. On the left, under what resembled the bloody cloth, lay the instruments of the passion, the crown of thorns, the nails, &c. So sharp was the miniature lance, that the Vicar-General Berengarius, commissioned to assist at the examination by the Bishop of Spoleto, pricked therewith his reverend finger. This marvel was surpassed in the eighteenth century by a miracle more piquant still. Veronica Giuliani caused a drawing to be made of the many forms and letters which she declared had been supernaturally modelled within her heart. To the exultation of the faithful—and the everlasting confusion of all Jews, Protes-

tants, and Turks—a post-mortem examination disclosed the accuracy of her description, to the minutest point. There were the sacred initials in a large and distinct Roman character, the crown of thorns, two flames, seven swords, the spear, the reed, &c.—all arranged just as in the diagram she had furnished. The diocese of Liege was edified, in the twelfth century, by seeing, in the person of the celebrated Christina Mirabilis, how completely the upward tendency of protracted devotion might vanquish the law of gravitation. So strongly was she drawn away from this gross earth, that the difficulty was to keep her on the ground. She was continually flying up to the tops of lonely towers and trees, there to enjoy a rapture with the angels, and a roost with the birds. In the frequency, the elevation, and the duration of her ascents into the air, she surpassed even the high-flown devotion of St. Peter of Alcantara, who was often seen suspended high above the fig-trees which overshadowed his hermitage at Badajos—his eyes upturned, his arms outspread—while the servant, sent to summon him to dinner, gazed with open mouth, and sublunary cabbage cooled below. The limbs of Christina lost the rigidity, as her body lost the grossness, common to vulgar humanity. In her ecstasies she was contracted into the spherical form—her head was drawn inward and downward towards her breast, and she rolled up like a hedgehog. When her relatives wished to take and secure her, they had to employ a man to hunt her like a bird. Having started his game, he had a long run across country before he brought her down, in a very unsportsmanlike manner, by a stroke with his bludgeon which broke her shin. When a few miracles had been wrought to vindicate her ærostatic mission, she was allowed to fly about in peace. She has occupied, ever since, the first place in the ornithology of Roman-catholic saintship. Such are a few of the specimens which might be collected in multitudes from Romanist records, showing how that communion has bestowed its highest favour on the most coarse and materialized apprehensions of spiritual truth. Extravagant inventions such as these—monstrous as the adventures of Baron Munchausen, without their wit—have been invested with the sanction and defended by the thunder of the Papal chair. Yet this very Church of Rome incarcerated Molinos and Madame Guyon as dangerous enthusiasts.

We have seen Madame Guyon at twenty an unconscious and self-taught adept in some of the highest doctrines of the mystical theology. When she speaks of herself as unable to contemplate any of the attributes of God—as finding the understanding and the imagination active no longer, because wholly swallowed up in

the union of the will, she describes her practical experience of that exaltation which mystical divines have laboured to define. Of Dionysius Areopagita, the great authority of mysticism throughout the middle age, she knew nothing. She was ignorant of Bernard's four degrees of love, of that eye of contemplation, analyzed and extolled by Hugo of St. Victor—of the six stages of contemplation, so minutely graduated by the scholasticism of his successor, Richard. With the German mystics she could have no acquaintance. Yet the ponderous tomes of the famous hierophant, Dionysius, propose nothing more than to conduct the soul of the aspirant by an elaborate process to the very point which the ardent Frenchwoman had virtually attained at once by what appeared an indescribable necessity of her devotion.

This is a fact more singular in appearance than in reality. The principle of the Mystical Theology, bequeathed to Christendom by Dionysius, was this: all creation, all revelation, is symbolical. It is only figuratively that anything can be affirmed of God. He is above all names. He is not wise, but more than wise; not good, but more than good. Hence the paradox that all manifestation of the Infinite is at the same time a veil—that the more we deny concerning God, the more truly, in reality, do we announce him. This is the Way of Negation (*Via apophatica*). The candidate for that closest approximation to God, which is the privilege of a few select souls, is counselled to remove, one by one, these curtains of symbol, to press beyond the manifestations to the Ineffable, Nameless, One. He is to ignore all intellectual apprehensions (*τὰς γνωστικὰς ἀντιλήψεις*) and to lose himself in the Divine Dark.* In that holy night, gloomy from excess of glory, all the faculties of the mind are suspended; all reflex acts cease; all attributes, propositions, doctrines, are forgotten. The soul has entered within the inmost veil, is in immediate communion with the unrevealed Godhead, and is conscious only of an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence, which excludes all specific thought, all forms, all images.

This negation is easy. To attain it learned divines had to ignore at such times the enormous structure of scholastic erudition. Madame Guyon knew little of theology, had little to put off, and could speedily reduce herself to this 'divine ignorance.' This is the practicable part of mysticism. It confounds the indefinite with the infinite. Its great error in this respect consists in supposing that by denuding ourselves of definite apprehension, shutting out all positive notions and distinctions, we therefore rise above them. We are not higher, but lower, as

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* Dion. Areop., *De Mystica Theologia*, cap. i. §§ 1, 3.

the consequence. A vague consciousness of awe is not a better substitute, but a worse, for clear practical convictions resting on a given revelation. This ambitious devotion disdains the assistance which God has provided. It puts a vast wilderness of abstract being in the place of 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The system of Dionysius is founded in great part on the pantheism of Proclus, baptized and gorgeously apparelled in sacerdotal vestments. His writings advocate, in the language of a corrupt eloquence, the principles of a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion. The scriptural knowledge Madame Guyon possessed, her good sense, and right feeling, prevented her from even verging in fact towards the more dangerous consequences of such a theosophy. The principle to which we have alluded is, however, common, in various degrees, to a large class of mystics. In the fourteenth century, Master Eckart announced it in startling language, when he preached to the merchants and the monks of Cologne. He distinguished between God and the Godhead. His hearers shuddered as he cried out, 'I must be quit of God!' He meant that the soul must strive to pierce beyond the revealed God—beyond his character and word—beyond the Father, the Son, the Spirit, to the Ground, the Abyss of Deity, he called the Godhead. Tauler, while tending the sick and the dying, while lifting up his voice against the Pope, while animating the patriot spirit of Germany against the intrigues of France and the anathemas of Avignon, repeated this doctrine continually, in wiser words and a more reverent spirit. He preached the great message of mercy in their own tongue to the multitude. But he called upon the few to yield themselves up—knowing nothing, and desiring nothing—to the unknown God. He spoke of a state of nature, a state of grace, and a state above grace, wherein those means and attributes, which aided and allured the soul in its earlier stage, are succeeded by a state of perfect union, and absolute, self-annihilating love. From the heart of an ancient forest in the neighbourhood immortalized by Waterloo, Ruysbroek, the mystic, wrote against the excesses of mysticism. Yet he, too, inculcates, in confused and tumid phrase, a rapturous commerce with God which transcends all language, all conception, all modes, all media. The impassioned Suso, the Minnesinger of mysticism, scarred and emaciated by years of cruel austerity, wrote down, in his cell washed by the waters of the lake of Constance, the conversation of the Servant with the Everlasting Wisdom. There he describes the absorption of the soul in 'the wild waste' (*die wilden wuesti*) of Deity, and how it swims and is dissolved in the fathomless abyss of the inscrutable God-

head, (*in das tief ab gründe der wiselosen gottheit*). We shall find occasion as we proceed to point out the characteristic differences between these mystics of the fourteenth century and French mysticism in the seventeenth.

Madame Guyon had still some lessons to learn. On a visit to Paris, the glittering equipages of the park, and the gaieties of St. Cloud, revived the old love of seeing and being seen. During a tour in the provinces with her husband, flattering visits and graceful compliments everywhere followed such beauty, such accomplishments, and such virtue, with a delicate and intoxicating applause. Vanity—dormant, but not dead—awoke within her for the last time. She acknowledged, with bitter self-reproach, the power of the world, the weakness of her own resolves. In the spiritual desertion which ensued, she recognised the displeasure of her Lord, and was wretched. She applied to confessors—they were miserable comforters, all of them. They praised her while she herself was filled with self-loathing. She estimated the magnitude of her sins by the greatness of the favour which had been shown her. The bland worldliness of her religious advisers could not blind so true a heart, or pacify so wakeful a conscience. She found relief only in a repentant renewal of her self-dedication to the Saviour, in renouncing for ever the last remnant of confidence in any strength of her own.

It was about this period that she had a remarkable conversation with a beggar, whom she found upon a bridge, as, followed by her footman, she was walking one day to church. This singular mendicant refused her offered alms—spoke to her of God and divine things—and then of her own state, her devotion, her trials, and her faults. He declared that God required of her not merely to labour as others did to secure their salvation, that they might escape the pains of hell, but to aim at such perfection and purity in this life, as to escape those of purgatory. She asked him who he was. He replied, that he had formerly been a beggar, but now was such no more;—mingled with the stream of people, and she never saw him afterwards.

This incident is not unimportant. It betrays the existence of perfectionist doctrine among the religious minds of the time, and indicates one great cause of the hostility with which that principle was assailed when subsequently proclaimed by Madame Guyon. She believed that God frequently visited the souls he most loved with inflictions of spiritual anguish—an inward consuming fire of distress, which was identical, both in character and object, with the purifying flame of purgatory. This interior purgation was designed to chastize transgression—to cleanse away the dross of self-dependence and of worldliness—to anni-

hilate all selfish longings after even spiritual gifts and pleasures for their own sake—and to render the soul pure and passive, a perfect sacrifice to God. Madame Guyon must have been aware that such a present and complete sanctification, if realized, would render purgatory needless. But, so far from giving any prominence to such a conclusion, she would probably have hesitated expressly to deduce it. Quietism, which aspires to a love disinterested even as regards perdition, could not dwell with satisfaction on the prospect of avoiding purgatory. Yet the mere announcement of such a perfection as possible—and possible by such a course, especially when welcomed as it was by numbers—revealed to the suspicious vigilance of priestcraft all it had to fear. If such a tenet prevailed, the lucrative traffic of indulgences was on the verge of bankruptcy. No devotee would impoverish himself to buy exemption hereafter from a purifying process which he believed himself now experiencing in the hourly sorrows he patiently endured. The soul which struggled to escape itself—to rise, beyond the gifts of God, to God—to ascend, beyond words and means, to a repose in God, which desired only the Divine Will, feared only the Divine displeasure, and sought to ignore its own capacities and power, would attach paramount importance no longer to the powers of the priesthood and the ritual of the Church. The Quietest might believe himself sincere in orthodoxy, might bow submissively to every ecclesiastical dictate, might choose him a director, and might reverence the sacrament. But such abasement and such ambition—distress so deep, and aims so lofty—were alike beyond the reach of the ordinary confessional. The oily syllables of absolution would drop in vain on the troubled waves of a nature stirred to its inmost depths. It could receive peace only from the very hand of God. Thus priestly mediation would occupy a secondary place. The value of relics and of masses, of penances and paternosters, would everywhere fall. An absolute indifference to self-interest would induce indifference also to those priestly baits by which that self-interest was allured. Such were the anticipations which urged the Jesuits of Rome to pursue Molinos unto death with all the implacability of fear. Their craft was in danger. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

The beauty of Madame Guyon had cost her tender conscience many a pang. She had wept and prayed over that secret love of display which had repeatedly induced her to mingle with the thoughtless amusements of the world. At four-and-twenty the virulence of the small-pox released her from that snare. M. Guyon was laid up with the gout. She was left when the disorder seized her to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law.

That inhuman woman refused to allow any but her own physician to attend her, yet for him she would not send. The disease, unchecked, had reached its height when a medical man, passing that way, happened to call at the house. Shocked at the spectacle Madame Guyon presented, he was proceeding at once to bleed her, expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the barbarity of such neglect. The mother-in-law would not hear of such a thing. He performed the operation in spite of her threats and invectives, leaving her almost beside herself with rage. That lancet saved the life of Madame Guyon, and disappointed the relative who had hoped to see her die. When at length she recovered, she refused to avail herself of the cosmetics generally used to conceal the ravages of the disorder. Throughout her suffering she had never uttered a murmur, or felt a fear. She had even concealed the cruelty of her mother-in-law. She said, that if God had designed her to retain her beauty, He would not have sent the scourge to remove it. Her friends expected to find her inconsolable—they heard her speak only of thankfulness and joy. Her confessor reproached her with spiritual pride. The affection of her husband was visibly diminished. Yet the heart of Madame Guyon overflowed with joy. It appeared to her, that the God to whom she longed to be wholly given up had accepted her surrender, and was removing everything that might interpose between Himself and her.

The experience of Madame Guyon, hitherto, had been such as to teach her the surrender of every earthly source of gratification or ground of confidence. Yet one more painful stage on the road to self-annihilation remained to be traversed. She must learn to give up cheerfully even spiritual pleasures. In the year 1674, according to the probable calculation of Mr. Upham, she was made to enter what she terms a state of desolation, which lasted, with little intermission, for nearly seven years. All was emptiness, darkness, sorrow. She describes herself as cast down, like Nebuchadnezzar, from a throne of enjoyment, to live among the beasts. 'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'is it possible that this heart, formerly all on fire, should now become like ice?' The heavens were as brass, and shut out her prayers; horror and trembling took the place of tranquillity; hopelessly oppressed with guilt, she saw herself a victim destined for hell. In vain for her did the church doors open, the holy bells ring, the deep-voiced intonations of the priest arise and fall, the chanted psalm ascend, through clouds of azure wandering incense. The power and the charm of the service had departed. Of what avail was music to a burning wilderness athirst for rain? Gladly would she have had recourse to the vow, to the pilgrimage, to the penance, to

any extremity of self-torture. She felt the impotence of such remedies for such anguish. She had no ear for comfort, no eye for hope, not even a voice for complaint.

During this period the emotional element of religion in her mind appears to have suffered an almost entire suspension. Regarding the loss of certain feelings of delight as the loss of the divine favour, she naturally sank deeper and deeper in despondency. A condition by no means uncommon in ordinary Christian experience assumed, in her case, a morbid character. Our emotions may be chilled, or kindled, in ever-varying degrees, from innumerable causes. We must accustom ourselves to the habitual performance of duty, whether attended or not with feelings of a pleasurable nature. It is generally found that those powerful emotions of joy which attend, at first, the new and exalting consciousness of peace with God, subside after a while. As we grow in religious strength and knowledge, a steady principle supplies their place. We are refreshed, from time to time, by seasons of heightened joy and confidence, but we cease to be dependent upon feeling. At the same time, there is nothing in Scripture to check our desire for retaining as constantly as possible a sober gladness, for finding duty delightful, and the 'joy of the Lord' our strength. These are the truths which the one-sided and unqualified expressions of Madame Guyon at once exaggerate and obscure.

During this dark interval M. Guyon died. His widow undertook the formidable task of settling his disordered affairs. Her brother gave her no assistance; her mother-in-law harassed and hindered to her utmost; yet Madame Guyon succeeded in arranging a chaos of papers, and bringing a hopeless imbroglio of business matters into order, with an integrity and a skill which excited universal admiration. She felt it was her duty; she believed that divine assistance was vouchsafed for its discharge. Of business, she says, she knew as little as of Arabic; but she knew not what she could accomplish till she tried. Minds far more visionary than hers have evinced a still greater aptitude for practical affairs. She never imagined, like Ignatius Loyola, that the mystery of the Trinity was unfolded to the immediate gaze of her mortal eyesight, or that time, before her exalted vision, rolled away its accumulated ages, and disclosed the secrets of creation, and the marvels of the six days. She dared not to dream, with Swedenborg, that the franchise of the celestial city was already hers—its topography and its legislature—its manners and its customs, revealed for her inspection—its saints and seraphim, her familiar visitants. Yet both Loyola and Swedenborg were eminent in different ways for expertness and

promptitude in action, for accurate mastery of detail, for sagacious management of mankind. Like the Knight of La Mancha, they could display an excellent judgment in every province of life, unoccupied by the illusions of their spiritual knight-errantry.

The twenty-second of July, 1680, is celebrated by Madame Guyon, as the happy era of her deliverance. A letter from La Combe was the instrument of a restoration as wonderful, in her eyes, as the bondage. This ecclesiastic had been first introduced by Madame Guyon into the path of mystical perfection. His name is associated with her own in the early history of the Quietest movement. He subsequently became her Director, but was always more her disciple than her guide. His admiration for her amounted to a passion. Incessant persecution and long solitary imprisonment, combined, with devotional extravagance, to cloud with insanity at last an intellect never powerful. This feeble and affectionate soul perished, the victim of Quietism, and perhaps of love. It should not be forgotten, that before the inward condition of Madame Guyon changed thus remarkably for the better, her outward circumstances had undergone a similar improvement. She lived now in her own house, with her children about her. That Sycorax, her mother-in-law, dropped gall no longer into her daily cup of life. Domestic tormentors, worse than the goblins which buffeted St. Antony, assailed her peace no more. An outer sky grown thus serene, an air thus purified, may well have contributed to chase away the night of the soul, and to give to a few words of kindly counsel from Lacombe the brightness of the day-staff. Our simple-hearted enthusiast was not so absolutely indifferent as she thought herself to the changes of this transitory world.

Madame Guyon had now triumphantly sustained the last of those trials, which, like the probation of the ancient mysteries, made the porch of mystical initiation a passage terrible with pain and peril. Henceforward, she is the finished Quietist; henceforward, when she relates her own experience, she describes Quietism. At times, when the children did not require her care, she would walk out into a neighbouring wood, and there, under the shade of the trees, amidst the singing of the birds, she now passed as many happy hours as she had known months of sorrow. Her own language will best indicate the thoughts which occupied this peaceful retirement, and exhibit the principle there deepened and matured. She says here in her *Autobiography*—

‘When I had lost all created supports, and even divine ones, I then found myself happily necessitated to fall into the pure divine, and to

fall into it through all which seemed to remove me farther from it. In losing all the gifts, with all their supports, I found the Giver. Oh, poor creatures, who pass along all your time in feeding on the gifts of God, and think therein to be most favoured and happy, how I pity you if ye stop here, short of the true rest, and cease to go forward to God, through resignation of the same gifts! How many pass all their lives this way, and think highly of themselves therein! There are others who, being designed of God to die to themselves, yet pass all their time in a dying life, and in inward agonies, without ever entering into God, through death and total loss; because they are always willing to retain something under plausible pretexts, and so never lose *self* to the whole extent of the designs of God. Wherefore, they never enjoy God in his fulness—a loss that will not perfectly be known until another life.—*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 168.

She describes herself as having ceased from all self-originated action and choice. To her amazement and unspeakable happiness, it appeared as though all such natural movement existed no longer—a higher power had displaced and occupied its room. ‘I even perceived no more (she continues) the soul which He ‘had formerly conducted by his rod and his staff, because now ‘He alone appeared to me, my soul having given up its place to ‘Him. It seemed to me as if it was wholly and altogether passed ‘into its God, to make but one and the same thing with Him; ‘even as a little drop of water cast into the sea receives the ‘qualities of the sea.’ She speaks of herself as now practising the virtues no longer *as virtues*—that is, not by separate and constrained efforts. It would have required effort *not* to practise them. The soul thus united with God ‘has immanent in itself ‘the essence of all Christian virtues and duties, which naturally ‘and without effort, as if a man should have them without knowing that he had them, develop themselves on appropriate occasions by their own law of action.’—*Upham*, vol. i. p. 198.

Somewhat later she expresses herself in language rendered by Mr. Upham as follows:—

‘The soul passing out of itself by dying to itself necessarily passes into its divine object. This is the law of its transition. When it passes out of self, which is limited, and therefore is not God, and consequently is *evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which is God, and therefore is the true good. My own experience seemed to me to be a verification of this. My spirit disenthralled from selfishness, became united with and lost in God, its Sovereign, who attracted it more and more to Himself. And this was so much the case, that I could seem to see and know God only, and not myself. . . . It was thus that my soul was lost in God, who communicated to it his qualities, having drawn it out of all that it had of its own. . . . O

happy poverty, happy loss, happy nothing, which gives no less than God himself in his own immensity—no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creation, but always drawing it out of that to plunge it wholly into his divine Essence. Then the soul knows that all the states of self-pleasing visions, of intellectual illuminations, of ecstasies and raptures, of whatever value they might once have been, are now rather obstacles than advancements; and that they are not of service in the state of experience which is far above them; because the state which has props or supports, which is the case with the merely illuminated and ecstatic state, rests in them in some degree, and has pain to lose them. But the soul cannot arrive at the state of which I am now speaking, without the loss of all such supports and helps. . . . The soul is then so submissive, and perhaps we may say so passive,—that is to say, is so disposed equally to receive from the hand of God either good or evil,—as is truly astonishing. It receives both the one and the other without any selfish emotions, letting them flow and be lost as they came.’—Vol. i. pp. 262, 263.

These passages convey the substance of the doctrine which, illustrated and expressed in various ways, pervades all the writings of Madame Guyon. This is the principle, adorned by the fancy of her *Torrents* and inculcated in the practical directions of her *Short Method of Prayer*. Such is the state to which Quietism proposes to conduct its votaries. In some places, she qualifies the strength of her expressions—she admits that we are not at all times equally conscious of this absolute union of the soul with its centre—the lower nature may not be always insensible to distress. But the higher, the inmost element of the soul is all the while profoundly calm, and recollection presently imparts a similar repose to the inferior nature. There is a separation here similar to that described by Richard of St. Victor, and other mystics, as the parting asunder of the soul and spirit. When the soul has thus passed, as she phrases it, out of the Nothing into the All, when its feet are set in ‘a large room’ (nothing less, according to her interpretation, than the compass of Infinity) ‘a substantial or essential word’ is spoken there. It is a continuous word, potent, ineffable, ever uttered without language. It is the immediate unchecked operation of resident Deity. What it speaks, it effects. It is blissful and mysterious as the language of heaven. We border here on the almost pantheistic maxim of Eckart, that God is what he does. With Madame Guyon, the events of Providence are God, and the decisions of the sanctified judgment respecting them are nothing less than the immediate voice of God in the soul. She compares the nature thus at rest in God to a tablet on which the divine hand writes—it must be held perfectly still, else the characters traced there will be distorted or incomplete. In her very humility she verges on the

audacity which arrogates inspiration. If she, passive and helpless, really acts no more, the impulses she feels, her words, her actions, must all bear the impress of an infallible divine sanction. It is easy to see that her speech and action—always well-meant, but frequently ill-judged—were her own after all, though nothing of her own seemed left. She acknowledges that she was sometimes at a loss as to the course of duty. She was guided more than once by random passages of the Bible and the casual expressions of others, somewhat after the fashion of the *sortes Virgilianæ* and the omens of ancient Rome. Her knowledge of scripture, the native power of her intellect, and the tenderness of her conscience, preserved her from pushing the doctrine of the inward light to its worst extreme. A few steps farther in that course and we meet with the mediæval fanatics who declared themselves a manifestation of the Holy Ghost—and with the prophetic jargon and fantastic outrage of the maddest followers of George Fox.

The errors of the doctrine which Madame Guyon was henceforward to preach with so much self-denying love, so much intrepid constancy, appear to us to lie upon the surface. Quietism tends to confound together the evil and the finite. The limited existence of man is represented as inevitably evil, and as obliterated rather than restored by salvation. German pantheism has systematically elaborated this mistake. The early German mystics adorned it with all the flowers of their florid and vehement rhetoric. Our very individuality was made a crime.

Again, the passages we have given convey, unquestionably, the idea of a practical substitution of God for the soul in the case of the perfectly sanctified. This exaggeration continually recurs in the eloquent sermons of Tauler. The soul within the soul is Deity. When all is desolate, silent, the divine Majesty arises, thinks, feels, and acts, within the transformed humanity. It is quite true that, as sanctification progresses, Christian virtue becomes more easy as the new habit gains strength. In many respects it is true, as Madame Guyon says, that effort would be requisite to neglect or violate certain duties or commands rather than to perform them. But this facility results from the constitution of our nature. We carry on the new economy within with less outcry, less labour, less confusion and resistance than we did when the revolution was recent, but we carry it on still—working, with divine assistance. God works *in* man, but not *instead* of man. It is one thing to harmonize, in some measure, the human will with the divine, another to substitute divine volitions for the human. Every man has within him Conscience—the judge (often bribed or clamoured down); Will—the mar-

shal; Imagination—the poet; Understanding—the student; Desire—the merchant, venturing its store of affection, and gazing out on the future in search of some home-bound argosy of happiness. But all these powers are found untrue to their allegiance. The ermine—the baton—the song—the books—the merchandise, are at the service of a usurper—sin. When the Spirit renews the mind there is no massacre—no slaughterous sword filling with death the streets of the soul's city, and making man the ruin of his former self. These faculties are restored to loyalty, and reinstated under God. Then Conscience gives verdict, for the most part, according to the divine statute-book, and is habitually obeyed. Then the lordly Will assumes again a lowly yet noble vassalage. Then the dream of Imagination is a dream no longer, for the reality of heaven transcends it. Then the Understanding burns the magic books in the market-place, and breaks the wand of its curious arts—but studies still, for eternity as well as time. The activity of Desire amasses still, according to its nature,—for *some* treasure man must have. But the treasure is on earth no longer. It is the advantage of such a religion that the very same laws of our being guide our spiritual and our natural life. The same self-control and watchful diligence which built up the worldly habits towards the summit of success, may be applied at once to those habits which ripen us for heaven. The old experience will serve. But the mystic can find no common point between himself and other men. He is cut off from them, for he believes he has another constitution of being, inconceivable by them—not merely other tastes and a higher aim. The *object* of Christian love may be inconceivable, but the affection itself is not so. It is dangerous to represent it as a mysterious and almost incomprehensible sentiment, which finds no parallel in our experience elsewhere. Our faith in Christ, as well as our love to Christ, are similar to our faith and love as exercised towards our fellow-creatures. Regeneration imparts no new faculty, it gives only a new direction to the old.

Quietism opposed to the mercenary religion of the common and consistent Romanism around it, the doctrine of disinterested love. Revolting from the coarse machinery of a corrupt system, it took refuge in an unnatural refinement. The love inculcated in Scripture is equally remote from the impracticable indifference of Quietism and the commercial principle of Superstition. Long ago, at Alexandria, Philo endeavoured to escape from an effete and carnal Judaism, to a similar elevation. The Persian Sufis were animated with the same ambition in reaction against the frigid legalism of the creed of Islam. Extreme was opposed

to extreme, in like manner, when Quietism, disgusted with the unblushing inconsistencies of nominal Christianity, proclaimed its doctrine of *perfection*—of complete sanctification by faith. This is not a principle peculiar to mysticism. It is of little practical importance. It is difficult to see how it can be applied to individual experience. The man who has reached such a state of purity must be the last to know it. If we do not, by some strange confusion of thought, identify ourselves with God, the nearer we approach Him the more profoundly must we be conscious of our distance. As in a still water, we may see reflected the bird that sings in an overhanging tree, and the bird that soars towards the zenith—the image deepest as the ascent is highest—so is it with our approximation to the Infinite Holiness. Madame Guyon admits that she found it necessary jealously to guard humility, to watch and pray—that her state was one only of ‘*comparative immutability*.’ It appears to us that perfection is prescribed as a goal ever to be approached, but ever practically inaccessible. Whatever degree of sanctification any one may have attained, it must always be possible to conceive of a state yet more advanced, it must always be a duty diligently to labour towards it.

Quietist as she was, few lives have been more busy than that of Madame Guyon with the activities of an indefatigable benevolence. It was only self-originated action which she strove to annihilate. In her case, Quietism contained a reformatory principle. Genuflexions and crossings were of little value in comparison with inward abasement and crucifixion. The prayers repeated by rote in the oratory were immeasurably inferior to that Prayer of Silence she so strongly commends—that prayer which, unlimited to times and seasons, unhindered by words, is a state rather than an act—a continuous sense of submission, which breathes, moment by moment, from the serene depth of the soul, ‘Thy will be done.’ But we must not suppose that all who embraced Quietism were so far enlightened as its ardent and intrepid apostle. Mysticism was not, in reality, a phenomenon new to the priesthood. They were prepared to turn that, like everything else, to their own advantage. The artful director made the doctrine of passivity very serviceable. It was attractive to feeble minds, and out of it he forged their fetters. Their passivity must be submission to *him*, who was to be to them as God.

As contrasted with the mysticism of St. Theresa, that of Madame Guyon appears to great advantage. She guards her readers against attempting to form any image of God. She aspires to an intellectual elevation—a spiritual intuition, above the sensuous region of theurgy, of visions, and of dreams. She saw no Jesuits in heaven bearing white banners among the heavenly throng of

the redeemed. She beheld no devil, 'like a little negro,' sitting on her breviary. She did not hear the voice of Christ 'like a low whistle.' She did not see the Saviour in an ecstasy drawing the nail out of his hand. She felt no large white dove fluttering above her head.* But she did not spend her days in founding convents—a slave to the interests of the clergy. So they made a saint of Theresa, and a confessor of Madame Guyon.

In the summer of 1681, Madame Guyon, now thirty-four years of age, quitted Paris for Gex, a town lying at the foot of the Jura about twelve miles from Geneva. It was arranged that she should take some part in the foundation and management of a new religious and charitable institution there. A period of five years was destined to elapse before her return to the capital. During this interval, she resided successively at Gex, Thonon, Turin, and Grenoble. Wherever she went, she was indefatigable in works of charity, and also in the diffusion of her peculiar doctrines concerning self-abandonment and disinterested love. Strong in the persuasion of her divine mission, she could not rest without endeavouring to influence the minds around her. The singular charm of her conversation won a speedy ascendancy over nearly all with whom she came in contact. It is easy to see how a remarkable natural gift in this direction contributed both to the attempt and the success. But the Quietist had buried nature, and to nature she would owe nothing,—these conversational powers could be, in her eyes, only a special gift of utterance from above. This mistake reminds us of the story of certain monks upon whose cloister garden* the snow never lay, though all the country round was buried in the rigour of a northern winter. The marvellous exemption, long attributed by superstition to miracle, was discovered to arise simply from certain thermal springs which had their source within the sacred inclosure. It is thus that the warmth and vivacity of natural temperament has been commonly regarded by the mystic as nothing less than a fiery impartation from the altar of the celestial temple.

At Thonon her apartment was visited by a succession of applicants from every class, who laid bare their hearts before her, and sought from her lips spiritual guidance or consolation. She met them separately and in groups, for conference and for prayer. At Grenoble, she says she was for some time engaged from six o'clock in the morning till eight at evening in speaking of God to all sorts of persons,—'friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said.'—(*Upham*, vol. i. p. 357.) Her efforts among the

* *La Vida de la B. M. Theresa de Jesus*, pp. 300, 302, 310, 227. Ed. 1615.

members of the House of the Novitiates in that city were eminently successful, and she appears to have been of real service to many who had sought peace in vain by the austerities and the routine of monastic seclusion. Meanwhile, she was active, both at Thonon and Grenoble, in the establishment of hospitals. She carried on a large and continually increasing correspondence. In the former place, she wrote her *Torrents*, in the latter, she published her *Short Method of Prayer*, and commenced her *Commentaries on the Bible*.

But, alas! all this earnest, tireless toil is unauthorized. Bigotry takes the alarm, and cries, the Church is in danger. Priests who were asleep—priests who were place-hunting—priests who were pleasure-hunting, awoke from their doze, or drew breath in their chase, to observe this woman whose life rebuked them—to observe and to assail her; for rebuke, in their terminology, was scandal. Persecution hemmed her in on every side; no annoyance was too petty, no calumny too gross, for priestly jealousy. The inmates of the religious community she had enriched were taught to insult her—tricks were devised to frighten her by horrible appearances and unearthly noises—her windows were broken—her letters were intercepted.* Thus, before a year had elapsed, she was driven from Gex. Some called her a sorceress; others, more malignant yet, stigmatized her as half a Protestant. She had indeed recommended the reading of the Scriptures to all, and spoken slightly of mere bowing and bead-counting. Monstrous contumacy—said, with one voice, spiritual slaves and spiritual slave-owners—that a woman desired by her bishop to do one thing, should discover an inward call to do another. At Thonon the priests burnt in the public square all the books they could find treating of the inner life, and went home elated with their performance. One thought may have embittered their triumph—had it only been flesh instead of paper. She inhabited a poor cottage that stood by itself in the fields, at some distance from Thonon. Attached to it was a little garden, in the management of which she took pleasure. One night a rabble from the town were incited to terrify her with their drunken riot—they trampled down and laid waste the garden, hurled stones in at the windows, and shouted their threats, insults, and curses, round the house the whole night. Then came an episcopal order to quit the diocese. When compelled subsequently, by the opposition she encountered, to withdraw secretly from Grenoble, she

* She appears to have attributed these alarms, in several instances, to demoniacal agency.—*Autobiog.* vol. ii. p. 5. A colloquy of Erasmus, entitled *Virgo panitens*, satirizes, amusingly enough, these hobgoblin devices, so frequently employed by the monks.

was advised to take refuge at Marscilles. She arrived in that city at ten o'clock in the morning, but that very afternoon all was in uproar against her, so vigilant and implacable were her enemies.

In the year 1686, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, and entered the head-quarters of persecution. Rumours reached her, doubtless, from beyond the Alps, of cruel measures taken against opinions similar to her own which had spread rapidly in Italy. But she knew not that all these severities originated with Louis XIV. and his Jesuit advisers—that her king, while revoking the Edict of Nantes, and dispatching his dragoons to extirpate Protestantism in France, was sending orders to D'Etrees, his ambassador at Rome, to pursue with the utmost rigour Italian Quietism—and that the monarch, who shone and smiled at Marly and Versailles, was crowding with victims the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition.

The leader of Quietism in Italy was one Michael de Molinos, a Spaniard, a man of blameless life, of eminent and comparatively enlightened piety. His book, entitled *The Spiritual Guide*, was published in 1675, sanctioned by five famous doctors, four of them inquisitors and one a Jesuit, and passed, within six years, through twenty editions in different languages. His real doctrine was probably identical in substance with that of Madame Guyon. It was openly favoured by many nobles and ecclesiastics of distinguished rank; by D'Etrees among the rest. Molinos had apartments assigned him in the Vatican, and was held in high esteem by Infallibility itself. But the Inquisition and the Jesuits, supported by all the influence of France, were sure of their game. The audacity of the Inquisitors went so far as to send a deputation to examine the orthodoxy of the man called Innocent XI.; for even the tiara was not to shield the patron of Molinos from suspicions of heresy. The courtier-cardinal D'Etrees found new light in the missives of his master. He stood committed to Quietism. He had not only embraced the opinions of Molinos, but had translated into Italian the book of Malaval, a French Quietist, far more extreme than Molinos himself. Yet he became, at a moment's notice, the accuser of his friend. He produced the letter of Louis rebuking the faithless sloth of the pontiff who could entertain a heretic in his palace, while he, the eldest son of the Church, toiled incessantly to root out heresy from the soil of France; he read before the Inquisitorial Tribunal extracts from the papers of Molinos; he protested that he had seemed to receive, in order at the proper juncture more effectually to expose, these abominable mysteries. If these professions were false, D'Etrees was a heretic; if true, a

villain. The Inquisitors, of course, deemed his testimony too valuable to be refused. In the eyes of such men the enormous crime which he pretended was natural, familiar, praiseworthy. Depths of baseness beyond the reach of ordinary iniquity are heights of virtue with the followers of Dominic and Loyola. Guilt, which even a bad man would account a blot upon his life, becomes, in the annals of their zeal, a star. The Spanish Inquisitor-General, Valdes, who raised to the highest pitch his repute for sanctity, secured the objects of his ambition, averted the dangers which threatened him, and preserved his ill-gotten wealth from the grasp of the crown, simply by his activity as a persecutor, made a practice of sending spies to mix (under pretence of being converts or inquirers) among the suspected Lutherans of Valladolid and Seville. Desmarets de St. Sorlin denounced, and caused to be burnt, a poor harmless madman, named Morin, who fancied himself the Holy Ghost. Counsellor by the Jesuit confessor of Louis, Father Canard, he pretended to become his disciple, and then betrayed him. This Desmarets, be it remembered, had written a book called *Les Délices de l'Esprit*, happily characterized by a French wit, when he proposed for *délices* to read *délires*. Those immoral consequences which the enemies of Madame Guyon professed to discern in her writings, are drawn openly in the sensual and blasphemous phraseology of this religious extravaganza. But because Desmarets was a useful man to the Jesuits—because he had drawn away some of the nuns of the Port Royal—because he had given the flames a victim—because he was protected by Canard,—the same archbishop of Paris who imprisoned Madame Guyon, honoured with his sanction the ravings of the licentious visionary. So little had any sincere dread of spiritual extravagance to do with the hostility concentrated on the disciples of Quietism. The greater portion of the priesthood feared only lest men should learn to become religious on their own account. The leaders of the movement against Madame Guyon were animated by an additional motive. They knew they should delight His Most Christian Majesty by affording him another opportunity of manifesting his zeal for orthodoxy, and they wished to strike at the reputation of Fenelon through Madame Guyon. The fate of Molinos decided her, and hers that of the Archbishop of Cambray.

The only crime brought home to the followers of Molinos was a preference for the religion of the heart to that of the rosary; the substitution of a devout retirement for the observance of certain superstitious forms and seasons. His condemnation was determined. After an imprisonment of two years he was exhi-

bited in the Temple of Minerva, his hands bound, and a lighted taper between them. A plenary indulgence was granted to all who should be present; a vast concourse listened to the sentence; hired voices cried, 'To the fire! to the fire!' the mob was stirred to a frenzy of fanaticism. His last gaze upon the world beheld a sea of infuriate faces, the pomp of his triumphant adversaries,—then to the gloom and solitude of the dungeon in which he was to languish till death bestowed release.

At Paris, Madame Guyon became the centre of a small but illustrious circle, who listened with delight to her exposition of that Quietism to which the tender earnestness of her language and her manner lent so indescribable a charm. There were the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers, the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duchess of Bethune, and the Countess of Guiche. The daughters of Colbert and of Fouquet forgot the long enmity of their fathers in a religious friendship, whose tie was yet more closely drawn by their common admiration for Madame Guyon. But letters filled with complaints against La Combe and Madame Guyon poured in upon Harlay, Archbishop of Paris. He procured the arrest of La Combe, who spent the remainder of his days in various prisons. A little calumny and a forged letter obtained from the king a *lettre de cachet* confining Madame Guyon to an apartment in the Convent of St. Marie. The sisters were strongly prejudiced against her, but her gentle patience won all hearts, and her fair jailors soon vied with each other in praises of their fascinating prisoner. An examination elicited nothing decidedly unfavourable. Not a stain could be detected in her character; she offered to submit all her papers and her writings to investigation. The intercession of Madame Miramion and other friends with Madame de Maintenon, procured her release after a captivity of eight months.

The most dangerous enemy Madame Guyon had as yet was her own half-brother, Père La Mothe. He had calumniated her in secret while in Switzerland; he was still more active now she was in Paris. He wished to become her Director, but La Combe was in the way. The artifices of La Mothe procured his arrest. He advised Madame Guyon, with hypocritical protestations of friendship, to flee to Montargis from the scandalous reports he himself had circulated, and from adversaries he himself had raised up. Then she would have been at his mercy—he would have pointed to her flight as a proof of guilt, and her own property and the guardianship of her children might have been secured for himself. He injured her as a relation only could. People said her cause must be a bad one since her own brother was

constrained, from regard to the credit of religion, to bear witness against her. A woman who had committed sacrilege at Lyons, and had run away from the convent of penitents at Dijon, was employed by him to forge letters which should damage the character of Madame Guyon; to personate one of her maids and go from confessor to confessor throughout Paris, asserting that after living sixteen or seventeen years with her mistress she had quitted her, at last, in disgust at her abominable life.

Released from the convent of St. Marie, Madame Guyon was conducted by her court friends to express her thanks to Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. This institution had been founded, ten years previously, for the education of the daughters of noble but impoverished families. The idea originated with Madame de Maintenon; it was executed with royal speed and magnificence by Louis, and St. Cyr became her favourite resort. In fifteen months two thousand six hundred workmen raised the structure, on a marshy soil, about half a league from Paris—the genius of Mansard presided over the architecture—the style of the ordinances was revised by Boileau and Racine. There three hundred young ladies of rank, dressed in gowns of brown crape, with white quilted caps, tied with ribbons, whose colour indicated the class to which they belonged in the school, studied geography and drawing, heard mass, sang in the choir, and listened to preachments from the lips of Madame Brinon—who discoursed, so swore some of the courtiers, as eloquently as Bourdaloue himself. Tired out with the formal splendours of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon was never so happy as when playing the part of lady-abbess at St. Cyr. Often she would be there by six in the morning, would herself assist at the toilette of the pupils, would take a class throughout the day, would give the novices lessons on spiritual experience; nothing in its routine was dull, nothing in its kitchen was mean. She hated Fontainebleau, for it tore her from her family at St. Cyr. For the private theatricals of St. Cyr, Racine wrote Esther, at the request of Madame de Maintenon. Happy was the courtier who could obtain permission to witness one of these representations, who could tell with triumph to envious groups of the excluded, what an admirable Ahasuerus Madame de Caylus made, what a spirited Mordecai was Mademoiselle de Glapion, how the graceful Mademoiselle de Veillenne charmed the audience in the prayer of Esther—in short, how far the Esther surpassed the Phædra, and the actresses, the Raisins and the Chammelés of the Parisian boards. Louis himself drew up the list of admissions, as though it were for a journey to Marly—he was the first to enter—and stood at the door, with the catalogue of names in

one hand, and his cane held across as a barrier in the other, till all the privileged had entered. But the fashion of asceticism which grew with every year of Maintenon's reign threw its gloom over St. Cyr. The absolute vows were introduced, and much of the monotonous austerity of conventual life. Religious excitement was the only resource left to the inmates if they would not die of ennui. This relief was brought them by Madame Guyon.

Madame Maintenon was touched with pity for the misfortunes of Madame Guyon, with admiration for such patience, such forgetfulness of self,—she found in the freshness and fervour of her religious conversation a charm which recalled the warmer feelings of youth, which was welcome, for its elevation, after the fatigue and anxiety of state; for its sweetness, as contrasted with the barren minutiae of rigid formalism: she invited her constantly to her table—she encouraged her visits to St. Cyr—she met with her, and with Fenelon, at the Hôtels de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, where a religious coterie assembled three times a week to discuss the mysteries of inward experience. Thus, during three or four years of favour with Madame de Maintenon, Madame Guyon became in effect the spiritual instructress of St. Cyr, and found herself at Paris surrounded by disciples whose numbers daily increased, and whom she withdrew from the licentious gaieties of the capital. At St. Cyr the young ladies studied her books, and listened to her as an oracle—the thoughtless grew serious—the religious strained every faculty to imitate the attainments of one in whom they saw the ideal of devotion. In Paris, mystical terminology became the fashionable language—it was caught up and glibly uttered by wits and roués—it melted from the lips of beauties who shot languishing glances at their admirers, while they affected to be weary of the world, and coquetted while they talked significantly of holy indifference or pure love. Libertines, like Treville, professed reform, and wrote about mysticism,—atheists, turned Christians, like Corbinelli, now became Quietists, and might be seen in the Salon of Madame le Maigre, where Corbinelli shone, the brilliant expositor of the new religious romanticism.

During this period, Madame Guyon became acquainted with Fenelon. At their first interview she was all admiration, he all distrust. ‘Her mind,’ she says, ‘had been taken up with him with much force and sweetness;’ it seemed to be revealed to her that he should become one of her spiritual children. Fenelon, on his part, thought she had neglected her duty to her family for an imaginary mission. But he had inquired concerning her life at Montargis, and heard only praise. After a few con-

versations his doubts vanished—he had proposed objections—requested explanations—pointed out unguarded expressions in her books—she was modest, submissive, irresistible. There was a power in her language, her manner, her surviving beauty, which mysteriously dissipated prejudice, which even Nicole, Bossuet, Boileau, Gaillard, could not withstand when they conversed with her,—which was only overcome when they had ceased to behold her face, when her persuasive accents sounded no longer in their ears. She recalled to the thoughts of Fenelon his youthful studies at St. Sulpice;—there he had perused the mystical divines in dusty tomes, clasped and brazen-cornered,—now he beheld their buried doctrine raised to life in the busy present, animating the untaught eloquence of a woman, whom a noble enthusiasm alone had endowed with all the prerogatives of genius, and all the charms of beauty. This friendship, which events rendered afterwards so disastrous for himself, was beneficial to Madame Guyon. Fenelon taught her to moderate some of her spiritual excesses. Her extravagance reached its culminating point at Thonon. At Paris, influenced doubtless by Fenelon, as well as by more frequent intercourse with the world, she no longer enjoys so many picturesque dreams, no more heals the sick and casts out devils with a word, and no longer—as in her solitude there—suffers inward anguish consequent on the particular religious condition of Father La Combe when he is three hundred miles off. Her Quietism becomes less fantastic, and less, in a word, mesmeric. Mr. Upham appears to us as much to overrate the influence she exercised on Fenelon, as he underrates that which he exerted over her. It is curious to observe, how the acquaintance of Fenelon with Madame Guyon began with suspicion and ripened into friendship, while that of Bossuet, commencing with approval and even admiration, ended in calumny and persecution. Bossuet declared to the Duc de Chevreuse that while examining her writings, for the first time, he was astonished by a light and unction he had never before seen, and, for three days, was made to realize the divine Presence in a manner altogether new. Bossuet had never, like Fenelon, studied the mystics.

The two most influential Directors at St. Cyr were Godet des Marais, Bishop of Chartres, and Fenelon. These two men form a striking contrast. Godet was disgusting in person and in manners—a sour ascetic—a spiritual martinet—devoted to all the petty austerities of the most formal discipline. Fenelon was dignified and gentle, graceful as a courtier, and spotless as a saint—the most pure, the most persuasive, the most accomplished of religious guides. No wonder that most of the young inmates

of St. Cyr adored Fenelon, and could not endure Godet. Madame de Maintenon wavered between her two confessors: if Fenelon was the more agreeable, Godet seemed the more safe. Godet was miserably jealous of his rival. He was not sorry to find that the new doctrines had produced a little insubordination within the quiet walls of St. Cyr—that Fenelon would be compromised by the indiscretion of some among his youthful admirers. He brought a lamentable tale to Madame Maintenon. Madame du Peron, the mistress of the novices, had complained that her pupils obeyed her no longer; they neglected regular duties for unseasonable prayers; they had illuminations and ecstasies; one, in the midst of sweeping her room, would stand, leaning on her broom, lost in contemplation; another, instead of hearing lessons, became inspired, and resigned herself to the operation of the Spirit; the under-mistress of the classes stole away the enlightened from the rest, and they were found in remote corners of the house, feasting in secret on the sweet poison of Madame Guyon's doctrine. The precise and methodical Madame Maintenon was horrified. She had hoped to realize in her institute the ideal of her church, a perfect uniformity of opinion, an unerring mechanism of obedience. We wished, said she, to promote intelligence, we have made orators; devotion, we have made Quietists; modesty, we have made prudes; elevation of sentiment, and we have pride. She commissioned Godet to reclaim the wanderers, to demand that the books of Madame Guyon should be surrendered, setting herself the example by publicly delivering into his hand her own copy of the *Short Method*; she requested Madame Guyon to refrain from visiting St. Cyr; she began to doubt the prudence or the orthodoxy of Fenelon. What would the king say, if he heard of it—he, who had never liked Fenelon—who hated nothing so much as heresy—who had but the other day extinguished the Quietism of Molinos? She had read to him some of Madame Guyon's exposition of the Canticles; and he called it dreamy stuff. Doctrines really dangerous to purity were insinuated by some designing monks, under the name of Quietism. The odium fell on the innocent Madame Guyon; and her friends would necessarily share it. Malicious voices charged her with corrupting the principles of the Parisian ladies. Madame Guyon replied with justice,—when they were patching, and painting, and ruining their families by gambling and by dress, not a word was said against it; now that they have withdrawn from such vanities, the cry is, that I have ruined them. Rumour grew more loud and scandalous every day; the most incredible reports were most credited; the schools, too, had taken up the question of mysticism,

and argued it with heat: Nicole and Lami had dissolved an ancient friendship to quarrel about it,—as Fenelon and Bossuet were soon to do,—no controversy threatened to involve so many interests, to fan so many passions, to kindle so many hatreds, as this variance about disinterestedness, about indifference, about love.

The politic Madame Maintenon watched the gathering storm, and became all caution. At all costs, she must free herself from the faintest suspicion of fellowship with heresy. She questioned on the opinions of Madame Guyon, Bossuet and Noailles, Bourdaloue, Joly, Tiberge, Brisacier, and Tronson; and the replies of these esteemed divines, uniformly unfavourable, decided her. It would be necessary to disown Madame Guyon; her condemnation would become inevitable. Fenelon must be induced to disown her too, or his career was at a close; and Madame de Maintenon could smile on him no longer.

Madame Guyon, alarmed by the growing numbers and vehemence of her adversaries, had recourse to the man who afterwards became her bitterest enemy. She proposed to Bossuet that he should examine her writings. He complied, held several private interviews with her, and expressed himself, on the whole, more favourably than could have been expected. But these conferences, which did not altogether satisfy Bossuet, could do nothing to allay the excitement of the public.

Madame Guyon now requested the appointment of commissioners, who should investigate, and pronounce finally concerning her life and doctrine. Three were chosen—Bossuet; Noailles, Bishop of Chalons; and Tronson, Superior of St Sulpice. Noailles was a sensible, kind-hearted man; Tronson, a worthy creature, in poor health, with little opinion of his own; Bossuet, the accredited champion of the Gallican church, accustomed to move in an atmosphere of flattery—the august dictator of the ecclesiastical world—was absolute in their conferences. They met, from time to time, during some six months, at the little village of Issy, the country residence of the Superior of St. Sulpice. When Madame Guyon appeared before them, Bossuet alone was harsh and rude; he put the worst construction on her words; he interrupted her; now he silenced her replies, now he burlesqued them; now he affected to be unable to comprehend them; now he held up his hands in contemptuous amazement at her ignorance; he would not suffer to be read the justification which had cost her so much pains; he sent away her friend, the Duke of Chevreuse. This ominous severity confused and frightened her. She readily consented to retire to a convent in the town of Meaux, there to be under the sur-

veillance of Bossuet. She undertook this journey in the depth of the most frightful winter which had been known for many years; the coach was buried in the snow, and she narrowly escaped with life. The commissioners remained to draw up, by the fireside, certain propositions, which should determine what was, and what was not, true mysticism. These constitute the celebrated Articles of Issy.

Bossuet repeatedly visited Madame Guyon, at Meaux. The great man did not disdain to approach the sick-bed of his victim, as she lay in the last stage of exhaustion, and there endeavour to overreach and terrify her. He demanded a submission, and promised a favourable certificate; the submission he received, the certificate he withheld. He sought to force her, by threats, to sign that she did not believe in the incarnation. The more timid she appeared, the more boisterous and imperative his tone. One day, he would come with words of kindness, on another, with words of fury; yet, at the very time, this Pilate could say to some of his brethren, that he found no serious fault in her. He declared, on one occasion, that he was actuated by no dislike—he was urged to rigorous measures by others; on another, that the submission of Madame Guyon, and the suppression of Quietism, effected by his skill and energy, would be as good as an archbishopric or a cardinal's hat to him. Justice and ambition contended within him; for a little while the battle wavered, till presently pride and jealousy brought up to the standard of the latter reinforcements so overwhelming, that justice was beaten for ever from the field. After six months' residence at Meaux, Madame Guyon received from Bossuet a certificate attesting her filial submissiveness to the Catholic faith, his satisfaction with her conduct, authorizing her still to participate in the sacrament of the Church, and acquitting her of all implication in the heresy of Molinos.

Meanwhile Fenelon had been added to the number of the commissioners at Issy. He and Bossuet were still on intimate terms; but Bossuet, like all vain men, was a dangerous friend. He knew how to inspire confidence which he did not scruple to betray. Madame Guyon, conscious of the purity of her life, of the orthodoxy of her intention, persuaded that such a man must be superior to the meaner motives of her persecutors, had placed in the hands of Bossuet her most private papers, not excluding the *Autobiography*, which had not been submitted even to the eye of Fenelon. To Bossuet, Fenelon had, in letters, unfolded his most secret thoughts—the conflicts and aspirations of his spiritual history, so unbounded was his reliance on his honour, so exalted his estimate of the judgment of that powerful mind in

matters of religion. The disclosures of both were distorted and abused to crush them; both had to rue the day when they trusted one who could sacrifice truth to glory. At Issy, the deference and the candour of Fenelon were met by a haughty reserve on the part of Bossuet. The meekness of Fenelon and the timidity of Madame Guyon, only inflamed his arrogance; to bow to him was to be overborne; to confront him was at once to secure respect, if not fairness. The Articles were already drawn up when the signature of Fenelon was requested. He felt that he should have been allowed his fair share in their construction; as they were, he could not sign them; he proposed modifications; they were acceded to; and the thirty-four Articles of Issy appeared in March, 1695, with the name of Fenelon associated with the other three.

To any one who reads these Articles, and the letter written by Fenelon to Madame de la Maisonfort, after signing them, it will be obvious that the Quietism of Fenelon went within a very small compass. When he comes to explain his meaning, the controversy is manifestly but a dispute about words. He did not, like Madame Guyon, profess to conduct devout minds by a certain method to the attainment of perfect disinterestedness. He only maintained the possibility of realizing a love to God, thus purified from self. He was as fully aware as his opponents, that to evince our love to God by willingness to endure perdition, was the same thing as attesting our devotion to Him by our readiness to hate Him for ever. This is the standing objection against the doctrine of disinterested love: our own divine, John Howe, urges it with force; it is embodied in the thirty-second of the Articles in question. But it does not touch Fenelon's position. His assertion is, that we should will our own salvation only because God wills it; that, supposing it possible for us to endure hell torments, retaining the grace of God and our consciousness that such suffering was according to His will, and conducive to His glory, the soul, animated by pure love, would embrace even such a doom. It is but the supposition of an impossible case. The Quietism of Fenelon does not preclude the reflex actions of the mind, or confine the spirit of the adept to the sphere of the immediate. It forbids only the introspection of self-complacency. It does not merge distinct acts in a continuous operation, nor discourage strenuous effort for self-advancement in holiness, or for the benefit of others—it only teaches us to moderate that impatience which has its origin in self, and declares that our own co-operation becomes, in certain cases, unconscious—is, as it were, lost in a 'divine facility.' The indefatigable benevolence of his life abundantly repudiates the

slandrous conclusion of his adversaries, that the doctrine of indifference concerning the future involves indifference likewise to moral good and evil in the present. Bossuet himself is often as mystical as Fenelon. St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chaulat said the very same things, not to mention the unbridled utterances of the earlier and the mediæval mystics canonized by the Church of Rome. Could the controversy have been confined to the real question, no harm would have been done. It would have resembled the duel, in Ben Jonson's play, between Fastidious Brisk and Signor Pantarvalo, where the rapiers cut through taffeta and lace, gold embroidery and satin doublets, but nowhere enter the skin. Certain terms and certain syllogisms, a well-starched theory, or an argument trimmed with the pearls of eloquence—might have been transfixed or rent by a dextrous pen, on this side or on that, but the prize of the conqueror would not have been court favour, or the penalty of the conquered exile. Theologians might have written, for a few, the learned history of a logical campaign, but the eyes of Europe would never have been turned to a conflict for fame and fortune raging in the Vatican and at Versailles, enlisting every religious party throughout Roman-catholic Christendom, and involving the rise or fall of some of the most illustrious names among the churchmen and nobility of France.

The writings of Madame Guyon had now been condemned, though without mention of her name; Bossuet had intimated that he required nothing further from her; she began to hope that the worst might be over, and returned with her friends from Meaux to Paris, to live there as much retired as possible. This flight, which he chose to call dishonourable, irritated Bossuet; she had suffered him to see that she could trust him no longer; he endeavoured to recover the certificate he had given; an order was procured for her arrest. The police observed that a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine was always entered by a pass-key. They made their way in, and found Madame Guyon. They brought away their prisoner, ill as she was, and the king was induced, with much difficulty, to sign an order for her incarceration at Vincennes. The despot thought a convent might suffice—not so the persecutors.

Bossuet had been for some time occupied in writing a work which should demolish with a blow the doctrine of Madame Guyon, and hold her up to general odium. It consisted of ten books, and was entitled *Instructions on the States of Prayer*. He showed the manuscript to Fenelon, desiring him to append a statement, approving all it contained, which should accompany the volume when published. Fenelon refused. Six months ago

he had declared that he could be no party to a personal attack on Madame Guyon: the *Instructions* contained little else. That tremendous attack was no mere exposure of unguarded expressions—no mere deduction of dangerous consequences, possibly unforeseen by a half-educated writer; it charged Madame Guyon with having for her sole design the inculcation of a false spirituality, which abandoned, as an imperfection, faith in the divine Persons and the humanity of Christ; which disowned the authority of Scripture, of tradition, of morality; which dispensed with vocal prayer and acts of worship; which established an impious and brutal indifference between vice and virtue—between everlasting hate of God and everlasting love; which forbade resistance to temptation as an interruption to repose; which taught an imaginary perfection extinguishing the nobler desires only to inflame the lower, and clothing the waywardness of self-will and passion with the authority of inspiration and of prophecy. Fenelon knew that this accusation was one mass of falsehood. If Bossuet himself believed it, why had he suffered such a monster still to commune; why had he been so faithless to his high office in the church as to give his testimonials declaring the purity of her purpose and the soundness of her faith, when he had not secured the formal retraction of a single error? To sign his approval of that book, would be not merely a cowardly condemnation of a woman whom he knew to be innocent—it would be the condemnation of himself. His acquaintance with Madame Guyon was matter of notoriety. It would be to say that he—a student of theology, a priest, an archbishop, the preceptor of princes—had not only refrained from denouncing, but had honoured with his friendship, the teacher of an abominable spiritualism which abolished the first principle of right and wrong. It would be to declare, in fact, such a prelate far more guilty than such a heretic. And Bossuet pretended to be his friend—Bossuet, who had laid the snare which might have been the triumph of the most malignant enemy. It was not a mere question of persons—Madame Guyon might die in prison—he himself might be defamed and disgraced—he did not mean to become her champion—surely that was enough, knowing what he knew,—let her enemies be satisfied with his silence—he could not suffer another man to take his pen out of his hand to denounce as an emissary of Satan one whom he believed to be a child of God.

Such was Fenelon's position. He wished to be silent concerning Madame Guyon. To assent to the charges brought against her would not have been even a serviceable lie, if such a man could have desired to escape the wrath of Bossuet at so

scandalous a price. Every one would have said that the Archbishop of Cambray had denounced his accomplice out of fear. Neither was he prepared to embrace the opposite extreme and to defend the personal cause of the accused, many of whose expressions he thought questionable, orthodox as might be her explanation, and many of whose extravagancies he disapproved. His enemies wished to force him to speak, and were prepared to damage his reputation whether he appeared for or against the prisoner at Vincennes. At length it became necessary that he should break silence; and when he did, it was not to pronounce judgment concerning the oppressed or her oppressors, it was to investigate the abstract question—the teaching of the Church on the doctrine of pure love. He wrote the *Maxims of the Saints*.

This celebrated book appeared in January, 1697, while Fenelon was at Cambray, amazing the Flemings of his diocese by affording them, in their new archbishop, the spectacle of a church dignitary who really cared for his flock, who consigned the easier duties to his vicars, and reserved the hardest for himself; who entered their cottages like a father, listened with interest to the story of their hardships or their griefs; who consoled, counselled, and relieved them; who partook of their black bread as though he had never shared the banquets of Versailles, and as though Paris were to him, as to themselves, a wonderful place far away, whose streets were paved with gold. Madame Guyon was in confinement at the village of Vaugirard, whither the compassion of Noailles had transferred her from Vincennes, resigned and peaceful, writing poetry and singing hymns with her pious servant-girl, the faithful companion of her misfortunes. Bossuet was visiting St. Cyr—very busy in endeavouring to purify the theology of the young ladies from all taint of Quietism—but quite unsuccessful in reconciling Madame de la Maisonfort to the loss of her beloved Fenelon.

The *Maxims of the Saints* was an exposition and vindication of the doctrines of pure love, of mystical union, and of perfection, as handed down by some of the most illustrious and authoritative names in the Roman-catholic Church, from Dionysius, Clement, and Augustine, to John of the Cross, and Francis de Sales;—it explained their terminology—it placed in juxtaposition with every article of legitimate mysticism its false correlative—the use and the abuse,—and was, in fact, though not expressly, a complete justification (on the principles of his church) of that moderate Quietism held by himself, and in substance by Madame Guyon. The book was approved by Tronson, by Fleury, by Hébert, by Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, by Père le Chaise,

the King's Confessor, by the Jesuits of Clermont,—but it was denounced by Bossuet; it was nicknamed the Bible of the Little Church; Pontchartrain, the comptroller-general, and Maurice Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, told the king that it was fit only for knaves or fools. Louis sent for Bossuet. The Bishop of Meaux cast himself theatrically at the feet of majesty, and, with pretended tears, implored forgiveness for not earlier revealing the heresy of his unhappy brother. A compromise was yet possible, for Fenelon was ready to explain his explanations, and to suppress whatever might be pronounced dangerous in his pages. But the eagle of Meaux had seen the meek and dove-like Fenelon—once almost more his disciple than his friend—erect the standard of independence and assume the post of a rival; his pride was roused, he was resolved to reign alone on the ecclesiastical Olympus of the court, and he would not hear of a peace that might rob him of a triumph. Did Fenelon pretend to shelter himself by great names—he, Bossuet, would intrench himself within the awful sanctuary of the Church; he represented religion in France; he would resent every attack upon his own opinions as an assault on the Catholic faith; he had the ear of the king, with whom heresy and treason were identical; success was all but assured, and, if so, war was glory. Such tactics are not peculiar to the seventeenth century. In our own day, every one implicated in religious abuses identifies himself with religion—brands every exposure of his misconduct as hostility to the cause of God—invests his miserable personality with the benign grandeur of the Gospel, and stigmatizes as troublers in Israel all who dare to inquire into his procedure, while innumerable dupes or cowards sleepily believe, or cautiously pretend to do so, that those who have management in a good object must themselves be good.

Fenelon now requested the royal permission to appeal to Rome; he obtained it, but was forbidden to repair thither to plead in person the cause of his book, and ordered to quit the court and confine himself to his diocese. The king went to St. Cyr, and expelled thence three young ladies, for an offence he could not comprehend,—the sin of Quietism. Intrigue was active, and the Duke de Beauvilliers was nearly losing his place in the royal household because of his attachment to Fenelon. The duke—noble in spirit as in name—and worthy of such a friendship, boldly told *Le Grand Monarque* that he was ready to leave the palace rather than to forsake his friend. Six days before the banishment of Fenelon, Louis had sent to Innocent XII. a letter, drawn up by Bossuet, saying in effect that the *Maxims* had been condemned at Paris, that everything urged in its de-

fence was futile, and that the royal authority would be exerted to the utmost to execute the decision of the pontifical chair. Bossuet naturally calculated that a missive, thus intimating the sentence Infallibility was expected by a great monarch to pronounce,—arriving almost at the same time with the news of a disgrace reserved only for the most grave offences, would secure the speedy condemnation of Fenelon's book.

At Rome commenced a series of deliberations destined to extend over a space of nearly two years. Two successive bodies of adjudicators were impanelled and dissolved, unable to arrive at a decision. A new congregation of cardinals was selected, who held scores of long and wearisome debates, while rumour and intrigue alternately heightened or depressed the hopes of either party. To write the *Maxims of the Saints* was a delicate task. It was not easy to repudiate the mysticism of Molinos without impugning the mysticism of St. Theresa. But the position of these judges was more delicate yet. It was still less easy to censure Fenelon without rendering suspicious, at the least, the orthodoxy of the most shining saints in the Calendar. On the one hand, there might be risk of a schism; on the other, pressed the urgency and the influence of a powerful party, the impatience, almost the menaces, of a great king.

The real question was simply this—is disinterested love possible? Can man love God for His own sake alone, with a love, not excluding, but subordinating all other persons and objects, so that they shall be regarded only in God who is All in All? If so, is it dangerous to assert the possibility, to commend this divine ambition, as Fenelon has done? But the discussion was complicated and inflamed by daily slander and recrimination, by treachery and insinuation, and by the honest anger they provoke; by the schemes of personal ambition, by the rivalry of religious parties, by the political intrigues of the State, and by the political intrigues of the Church; by the interests of a crew of subaltern agents, who loved to fish in muddy waters; and by the long cherished animosity between Gallican and Ultramontanist. Couriers pass and repass continually between Rome and Cambray, between Rome and Paris. The Abbé Bossuet writes constantly from Rome to the Bishop of Meaux; the Abbé de Chanterac from the same city to the Archbishop of Cambray. Chanterac writes like a faithful friend and a good man; he labours day and night in the cause of Fenelon; he bids him be of good cheer and put his trust in God. The letters of the Abbé Bossuet to his uncle are worthy a familiar of the Inquisition. After circulating calumnies against the character of Madame Guyon, after hinting that Fenelon was

a partaker of her immoralities as well as of her heresy, and promising, with each coming post, to produce fresh confessions and new discoveries of the most revolting licentiousness, he sits down to urge Bossuet to second his efforts by procuring the banishment of every friend whom Fenelon yet has at court; and to secure, by a decisive blow in Paris, the ruin of that 'wild beast' Fenelon at Rome. Bossuet lost no time in acting on the suggestion of so base an instrument.

At Paris a hot war of letters, pamphlets, and treatises, was maintained by the leaders, whose quarrel everywhere divided the city and the court into two hostile encampments. Fenelon offered a resistance Bossuet had never anticipated, and the veteran polemic was deeply mortified to see public opinion doubtful whether he or a younger rival had won the laurels in argument and eloquence. In an evil hour for his fame he resolved to crush his antagonist at all costs; he determined that the laws of honourable warfare should be regarded no more, that no confidence should be any longer sacred. In the summer of 1698 the storm burst upon the head of the exile at Cambray. Early in June, Fenelon heard that the Abbé de Beaumont, his nephew, and the Abbé de Langeron, his friend, had been dismissed in disgrace from the office of sub-preceptors to the young Duke of Burgundy; that Dupuy and de Leschelles had been banished the court because of their attachment to him; that his brother had been expelled from the marine, and a son of Madame Guyon from the guards; that the retiring and pacific Fleury had narrowly escaped similar ignominy for a similar cause; that the Dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Guiche, were themselves menaced, and the prospect of their downfall openly discussed; and that to correspond with him was hereafter a crime against the State. Within a month, another Job's messenger brought him tidings that Bossuet had produced a book entitled *An Account of Quietism*—an attack so terrible that the dismay of his remaining friends had almost become despair. Bossuet possessed three formidable weapons—his influence as a courtier, his authority as a priest, his powers as an author. He wielded them all at once, and all of them dishonourably. If he was unfair in the first capacity, when he invoked the thunders of royalty to ruin the cause of a theological opponent—if he was unfair in the second, when he denounced forbearance and silenced intercession as sins against God,—he was yet more so in the third, when he employed all his gifts to weave into a malignant tissue of falsehood and exaggeration the memoirs of Madame Guyon, the correspondence of Fenelon with Madame Maintenon, and his former confidential letters to

himself—letters on spiritual matters to a spiritual guide—letters which should have been sacred as the secrecy of the confessional. The sensation created by the *Account of Quietism* was prodigious. Bossuet presented his book to the king, whose approval was for every parasite the authentication of all its slanders. Madame de Maintenon, with her own hand, distributed copies among the courtiers; in the salon of Marly nothing else was talked of; in the beautiful gardens groups of lords and ladies, such as Watteau would have loved to paint, were gathered on the grass, beside the fountains, beneath the trees, to hear it read; it was begged, borrowed, stolen, greedily snatched and delightedly devoured; its anecdotes were so piquant, its style so sparkling, its bursts of indignant eloquence so grand; gay ladies, young and old, dandies, wits, and libertines, found its scandal so delicious—Madame Guyon was so exquisitely ridiculous—Lacombe, so odious a Tartuffe—Fenelon, so pitifully displumed of all his dazzling virtues; and, what was best of all, the insinuations were worse, than the charges—the book gave much and promised more—it hinted at disclosures more disgraceful yet, and gave free scope to every malicious invention and every prurient conjecture.

The generous Fenelon, more thoughtful for others than for himself, at first hesitated to reply even to such a provocation, lest he should injure the friends who yet remained to him at Versailles. But he was soon convinced that their position, as much as his, rendered an answer imperative. He received Bossuet's book on the 8th of July, and by the 13th of August his defence had been written, printed, and arrived at Rome, to gladden the heart of poor Chanterac, to stop the mouth of the enemy, and to turn the tide once more in behalf of his failing party. This refutation, written with such rapidity, and under such disadvantages, was a masterpiece—it redeemed his character from every calumny—it raised his reputation to its height—it would have decided a fair contest completely in his favour. It was composed when his spirit was oppressed by sorrow for the ruin of his friends, and darkened by the apprehension of new injuries which his justification might provoke,—by a proscribed man at Cambray, remote from the assistance and appliances most needful,—without a friend to guide or to relieve the labour of arranging and transcribing documents and of verifying dates, where scrupulous accuracy was of vital importance,—when it was difficult to procure correct intelligence from Paris, and hazardous to write thither lest he should compromise his correspondents,—when even his letters to Chanterac were not safe from inspection,—when it would be difficult to find a printer for

such a book, and yet more so, to secure its circulation in the metropolis. As it was, D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police,—a functionary portrayed by his contemporaries as at once the ugliest and most unprincipled of men,—seized a package of seven hundred copies at the gates of Paris. The *Reply* appeared, however, and was eagerly read. Even the few who were neutral, the many who were envious, the host who were prejudiced, could not withhold their admiration from that lucid and elegant style—that dignified and unaffected eloquence; numbers yielded, in secret, at least, to the force of such facts and such arguments; while all were astonished at the skill and self-command with which the author had justified his whole career without implicating a single friend; and, leaving untouched the shield of every other adversary, had concentrated all his force on exposing the contradictions, the treachery, and the falsehood of Bossuet's accusation.

The controversy now draws to a close. Bossuet published *Remarks* on the *Reply* of Fenelon, and Fenelon rejoined with *Remarks* on the *Remarks* of Bossuet. Sixty loyal doctors of the Sorbonne censured twelve propositions in the *Maxims*, while Rome was yet undecided. Towards the close of the same year (1698) Louis wrote a letter to the Pope, yet more indecently urgent than his former one, demanding a thorough condemnation of so dangerous a book; and this epistle he seconded by depriving Fenelon, a few weeks afterwards, of the title and pension of preceptor—that pension which Fenelon had once nobly offered to return to a treasury exhausted by ambitious wars.

Innocent XII. had heard, with indignant sorrow, of the arbitrary measures adopted against Fenelon and his friends. He was mortified by the arrogance of Louis, by the attempts so openly made to forestall his judgment. He was accustomed to say that Cambray had erred through excess of love to God, Meaux, by want of love to his neighbour. But Louis was evidently roused, and it was not safe to provoke him too far. After a last effort at a compromise, the Pope yielded, and the cardinals pronounced a condemnation, far less complete, however, than the vehemence of the accusers had hoped to secure. Twenty-three propositions extracted from the *Maxims* were censured, but the pontiff openly declared that such censure did not extend to the explanations which the Archbishop of Cambray had given of his book. This sentence was delivered on the 12th of March, 1699. The submission of Fenelon is famous in history. He received the intelligence as he was about to ascend the pulpit; he changed his subject, and preached a sermon on the duty of submission to superiors. Bossuet endeavoured, in vain, to repre-

sent the obedience which was the first to pronounce the sentence of self-condemnation as a profound hypocrisy.

Madame Guyon lingered for four years a solitary prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastille. In the same tower was confined the Man of the Iron Mask, and she may have heard, in her cell, the melancholy notes of the guitar with which her fellow-prisoner beguiled a captivity whose horrors had then lasted seven-and-thirty years. There, a constitution never strong, was broken down by the stony chill of rigorous winters, and by the noxious vapours which steamed from the stagnant moat in summer. She was liberated in 1702, and sent to Blois,—a picturesque old city, whose steep and narrow streets, cut into innumerable steps, overlook the Loire,—crowned on the one side by its fine church, and on the other, by the royal chateau, memorable for the murder of the Guises; its massive proportions adorned by the varying tastes of successive generations, then newly beautified after the designs of Mansard, and now a ruin, the delight of every artist. There she lived in quiet, sought out from time to time by visitors from distant provinces and other lands,—as patient under the infirmity of declining age as beneath the persecutions of her earlier years—finding, as she had always done, some sweet in every bitter cup, and a theme for praise in every trial, purified by her long afflictions, elevated by her hope of glory, full of charity and full of peace, resigned and happy to the last. Her latest letter is dated in 1717,—Bossuet had departed, and Fenelon,—and before the close of that year, she also, the subject of such long and bitter strife, had been removed beyond all the tempests of this lower world.

In the judicial combats of ancient Germany it was the custom to place in the centre of the lists a bier, beside which stood the accuser and the accused, at the head and at the foot, leaning there for some time in solemn silence before they laid lance in rest and encountered in the deadly shock. Would that religious controversialists had oftener entered and maintained their combat as alike in view of that final appeal in the unseen world of truth—with a deeper and more abiding sense of that supreme tribunal before which so many differences vanish, and where none but he who has striven lawfully can receive a crown. Bossuet was regarded as the champion of Hope, and drew his sword, it was said, lest sacrilegious hands should remove her anchor. Fenelon girded on his arms to defend the cause of Charity. Alas! said the Pope,—heart-sick of the protracted conflict—they forget that it is Faith who is in danger. Among the many witty sayings which the dispute suggested to the lookers-on, perhaps one of the most significant is that attributed to the daughter of Madame

Sévigné. 'M. de Cambray,' said she, 'pleads well the cause of God, but M. de Meaux yet better that of religion, and cannot fail to win the day at Rome.' Fenelon undertook to show that his semi-Quietism was supported by the authority of ecclesiastical tradition, and he was unquestionably in the right. He might have sustained, on Romanist principles, a doctrine much less moderate, by the same argument. But it was his wish to render mysticism as rational and as attractive as possible; and no other advocate has exhibited it so purified from extravagance, or secured for it so general a sympathy. The principle of 'holy indifference,' however, must be weighed, not by the virtues of Fenelon, but according to the standard of Scripture—and such an estimate must, we believe, pronounce it mistaken.

The attempt to make mysticism definite and intelligible must always involve more or less of inconsistency, since mysticism is the worship of the indefinite, ignores reflective and discursive acts, and is the natural enemy of logic. Nevertheless, the enterprise has been repeatedly undertaken; and it is a remarkable fact, that such efforts have almost invariably originated in France. Mysticism and scholasticism—the spirit of the cloud and the spirit of the snow—reign as rivals throughout the stormy region of the Middle Age. The reaction against the extremes of each nourished its antagonist. From beneath the cold and rigid formulas of the schools an exhaustless flow of mysticism leaped continually into life, like the torrent perpetually produced by the glacier, which rushes out to freedom and to sunshine from under its portcullis of hanging ice. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, two Frenchmen, Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, endeavoured to effect a union, and to reconcile these contending products of the heart and brain. They sought to animate the one, and to systematize the other. In that ascetic abstraction, which hides in darkness all the objects of sense, they sought to develop, from the dull and arid stem of school divinity, the most precious blossoms of the feeling; and their mysticism resembles those plants of the cactus-tribe which unfold, from their lustreless and horny leaves, gorgeous flowers, that illumine, with phosphoric radiance, the darkness of the tropical night. The Victorines were succeeded in the same path by Bonaventura, a Frenchman by education, if not by birth, more a schoolman than a mystic; and, in the fifteenth century, by the celebrated Chancellor Gerson, who found time, amidst the tumult and alarm of revolted Paris and invaded France, to write a work on the theory and practice of mysticism. These are mystics who have no tales to tell of inspiration and of vision—their aim is to legitimize rapture, to define ecstasy, to explain the higher

phenomena of the spirit on the basis of an elaborate psychology, to separate the delusive from the real in mysticism, and to ascertain the laws of that mystical experience, of which they acknowledged themselves to be but very partially the subjects. With this view, Gerson introduced into mysticism, strange to say, the principle of induction; and proposed, by a collection and comparison of recorded examples, to determine its theory, and decide its practice. In the *Maxims of the Saints*, Fenelon carries out the idea of Gerson, as far as was requisite for his immediate purpose. Both are involved in the same difficulty, and fall into the same contradiction. What Molinos was to Fenelon, Ruysbroek was to Gerson. Fenelon wished to stop short of the spiritualism condemned as heretical in Molinos; Gerson, to avoid the pantheism he thought he saw in Ruysbroek. Both impose checks, which, if inefficacious, amount to nothing; if effective, are fatal to the very life of mysticism—both hold doctrines to which they dare not give scope; and both are, to some extent, implicated in the consequences they repudiate by the principles they admit.

Mysticism in France contrasts strikingly, in this respect, with mysticism in Germany. Speaking generally, it may be said that France exhibits the mysticism of sentiment, Germany the mysticism of thought. The French love to generalize and to classify; an arrangement which can be expressed by a word, a principle which can be crystallized into a sparkling maxim, they will applaud. But with them conventionalism reigns paramount—society is ever present to the mind of the individual—their sense of the ludicrous is exquisitely keen. The German loves abstractions for their own sake. In the isolation of his reverie, the whole province of reasoning and observation becomes as completely subjective as the inmost sanctuary of the feeling. The Frenchman will transform, by sentiment from within, the form of truth which he receives from without. The German mystic turns his back upon the schools, and is proud of elaborating both form and content from his own mind alone. Where the Frenchman is afraid lest his notions should be laughed at as fantastic and *bizarre*, the German revels in the monstrous, and is ambitious to amaze mankind by revolutionizing the world of thought. To secure popularity for a visionary error in France it must be lucid and elegant as their language—it must be at least an ingenious and intelligible falsehood; but in Germany, the most grotesque inversions of thought and of expression will be found no hindrance to its acceptability, and the most hopeless obscurity will be pronounced its highest merit. In this respect, the German philosophers resemble Lycophron, who was so

convinced that unintelligibility was grandeur as to swear he would hang himself if a man were found capable of understanding his play of *Cassandra*. Almost every later German mystic has been a secluded student—almost every mystic of modern France has been a brilliant conversationalist. The genius of mysticism rises, in Germany, in the clouds of the solitary pipe; in France, it is a fashionable Ariel, who hovers in the drawing-room, and hangs to the pendants of the glittering chandelier. If Jacob Behmen had appeared in France, he must have counted disciples by units, where in Germany he reckoned them by hundreds. If Madame Guyon had been born in Germany, rigid Lutheranism might have given her some annoyance; but her earnestness would have redeemed her enthusiasm from ridicule, and she would have lived and died the honoured precursor of modern German Pietism. The simplicity and strength of purpose which characterizes so many of the German mystics appear to much advantage beside the vanity and affection which have so frequently attended the manifestations of mysticism in France. When theosophic and theurgic mysticism arose in Germany, and attempted to construct an inspired science, which should disclose to the adept, by special revelation, the mysteries of nature and the hidden inhabitants of the fire and the waters, the air and the earth, it was associated almost everywhere with religion. Even Paracelsus was an amateur divine as well as a doctor; and dispenses, in his writings, theology and medicine together. Jacob Behmen clothes the mysteries of faith in the chemical jargon of his day, and unfolds his scientific theories in the language of the Bible. But, with all his follies, no one who has read his letters can doubt the depth and sincerity of his religious feeling. In France, where the Reformation had been suppressed, and where superstition had been ridiculed with such success, the same love of the marvellous was most powerful with the most irreligious—it filled the antechamber of Cagliostro with impatient dandies and grandees, trembling, and yet eager to pry into the future—too enlightened to believe in Christ, yet too credulous to doubt the powers of a man before whose door fashion drew, night after night, a line of carriages which filled the street.

The fourteenth century was singularly prolific, both in the east and west, in every variety of mysticism. It is traced in Spain among the *Allombrados*, whose only records are the chronicles of the Inquisition. It existed in the university of Paris, among the remaining followers of Amalric of Bena and David of Dinant, the doctrinal successors of the pantheistic Erigena. It was the forerunner of the Reformation in Germany, and pervaded, under different forms, both the higher and the

lower classes of society throughout Switzerland, the Rhineland, and the Netherlands. It was represented in Italy by Angela de Foligni and Catharine of Genoa, while St. Brigitta was its deputy from Sweden; in the east it was gross and material with the Hesychasts of Mount Athos, and sacerdotal with the Byzantine Cabasilas; while in Persia, Sufis like Dschelaleddin Rumi, Saadi, and Feridoddin Attar, adorned with all the luxuriant imagery of Oriental song, doctrines of mystical death, divine afflatus, and absorption in God, which constitute a pantheistic Quietism.

Under the great German mystics of that period—Eckart, Tauler, and Suso—mysticism was for the first and almost the last time thoroughly popular. It was occupied, it is true, with the most recondite speculations, its high-strained spiritualism urged the most impossible demands; but then its teachers wrote and preached in the vernacular, espoused the cause of the laity against the arrogance of the priesthood, stood up for the fatherland against French craft and papal domination, denounced judgment with a terrible prophetic fervour on the heads of robber-nobles and exacting priests, formed associations for safety and for reform throughout the great free towns, in which the layman and the clerk were on a level, and was, for many years, in many regions of Germany, the only kind of religion left to a people whose bells had been muffled, their mass-books shut, their churches barricaded, their priests silenced by the vindictive ban of a voluptuous pope at Avignon. In the fourteenth century the range of mysticism was wide; its tendency was to idealize the objective truths of revelation; it found a trinity and an incarnation within the heart of man; it aimed to restore men in time to the condition they were supposed to occupy before time, when they existed as thoughts in the mind of God—as archetypes within the divine word—in an everlasting *now*—without before and after; it strove to develop the divine spark, hidden in the depth of man's nature, by the gradual reduction of that nature to its nude simplicity. In the seventeenth century, and in France, this Platonic element—these aspirations after an ante-natal state—these speculations concerning the perpetual incarnation of the Word in the persons of believers, drop out of sight, and mysticism concentrates itself, with Fenelon, on the inward life of disinterested love. The reformatory character of mysticism is far less prominent in the later period; for in the fourteenth century reformation was longed for and yet afar off; in the seventeenth it had arrived, and the Gallican church, horror-stricken by Protestantism, identified every opposition to the excess of outward observance

with Luther and the devil. The reforming mysticism of Germany could accomplish no reformation because of the inherent defects of its principle. Confounding, as it did, sanctification and justification—deficient in scriptural truth, when grossly apprehended by the people it too often led to lawless excesses which disgraced it, and when retained in its purer form its refined transcendentalism could only secure the sympathies of the few.

We need not be at great pains, now-a-days, to show that mysticism is an error in *science*—that Jacob Behmen was egregiously mistaken in fancying the little room above his cobbler's shop a holy place, in which all the secrets of the universe would be revealed to him, while he sat in his chair, pen in hand; that the theosophists were wrong in imagining that their studies were like the Tower of the Universe, in which the wizard Zirfea enclosed the princes and princesses who figure in the romance of Amadis of Greece, and where all the history and mystery of the world was presented by magic to their gaze, as they reclined, spell-bound, upon enchanted seats.

Mysticism is not less an error in *religion*—an excessive subjectivity—a feverish spiritualism. It supposes the human mind to be like one of those old manuscripts called palimpsests, from which an earlier character has been effaced to make room for some later and worthless writing, and which the scholar carefully scours to remove the upper inscription and to restore the lower, which may prove some precious relic of antiquity, over-written by the barbarous Latin of a monkish scribe. Similarly the mystic proposes, by an abstraction which shall clear the mind of all that time and passion and the outer world have written there, to discover the hidden law primarily traced by a divine hand, and to find in the original of the soul, an exact transcript of the thought of God. The mediæval mystic who persuaded himself that he had succeeded in this attempt, believed his mind a mirror which in its calm presented the exact reflex of the verities of the divine nature and the unseen world (*superiora invisibilia divina*)—his impressions obtained the sanction of revelation—and to look inward and to look upward was identical. Mysticism, in its higher forms, would ascend above all historic facts and sensible images,—aspires to gaze immediately on the unrevealed Godhead, and to be lost in that as a drop in the ocean. It substitutes an unknown God for the known, and forgets that Scripture—adapted, not to an imaginary faculty of mystical intuition, but to the whole of our nature—is full of sensible images, of facts, of reasonings, and of appeals to that hope and fear which mysticism disdains. It forsakes the

common sunshine of revelation for an extraordinary light which is to illumine its narrow and ascetic seclusion, and would be lit only—as the Talmud says Noah was in the ark—by the radiance of pearls and diamonds. Its self-annihilation has often so completely substituted God for the ravished personality of the individual, that many of its votaries have regarded themselves as a kind of divinities, as vehicles of God, and grown as mad as the hypochondriac woman whom old Burton describes as afraid to shut her hand lest she should crush the world. Its morbid introspection and its asceticism have generally made its followers inactive and useless. Naturalists tell us there is a torpor produced by heat as well as by cold, and that the crocodile and the boa lie in the baking mire of the tropics, as insensible as the bear while hibernating in the arctic snow. It is the same in the spiritual world, and when the fervours of the mystic have subsided into practical Quietism, his sleep is as dead as the frozen slumber of the sceptic.

It is amusing to see how egotistical are some mystics in their abjuration of the Ego. They are never weary of talking about that which they profess to annihilate—the lamentations and confessions of their spiritual disorder minister continually to display—their eloquence shines in the description of imaginary ailments, and they parade their mental affluence as they disclose their spiritual maladies—somewhat like Zoilus, who pretended to be ill that he might exhibit to his friends the new purple counterpane he had just received from Alexandria. They remind us of that picture of Affectation so finely drawn by Pope, when he describes how she

“Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.”

The mysticism which arose in Europe to resist the exclusiveness of the clergy and the formalism of the Romish sacraments, did good service in maintaining the necessity of experimental religion against the *opus operatum*. But that mysticism which has been conducted and extolled by the priesthood, was too commonly profitable only to confessors and directors, and a most miserable experiment for its subjects. When the priests had caught an enthusiast, they availed themselves, with equal art and cruelty, of his anguish, his earnestness, his self-forgetfulness, to train him for a pattern—to stimulate his extravagance to its height;—for the more monstrous his asceticism, the more portentous and unnatural the distortions of his frenzied devotion,

the more would the crowd gather, money flow, and priestcraft flourish. Such specimens of mental and spiritual disease were commonly regarded with all the reverence the Russian serf pays to an intoxicated man, with all the veneration the Mohammedan feels for the idiot whose intellect he believes to be in heaven. These models of useless self-sacrifice were put forward by a corrupt clergy to hide their own self-indulgence, and their sanctity was employed in ecclesiastical tactics for much the same purpose to which Cambyses put the sacred birds of Egypt, when he posted a line of them before his invading army—aware that the Egyptians would rather surrender on the spot than harm a feather of their holy ibis. The fiery convulsions of these ardent natures was often found effective as a spectacle, to stimulate the sluggish devotion and the reluctant offerings of grosser temperaments,—as chemists say, that the fires of Vesuvius and *Ætna* supply the air with gases which foster vegetation on the dull and quiet plains of monotonous Holland. In France, especially, mysticism was the frequent resource of men and women overwhelmed by sorrow, or disgusted with a life of dissipation. To such the most extravagant form of religion was the most attractive; as extreme begets extreme. In some cases, as they resorted to religion, disappointed by the world, so they took refuge in Quietism when disappointed by ordinary religion. Exhausted by the trying alternations of religious hope and fear, they embraced indifference—and their Quietism was less aspiration than desperation. It is sad to think of the sufferings of many a bruised heart, seeking peace in mysticism under the guidance of some Jesuit director,—a religious *Dousterswivel*—whose pretended art is powerless to bestow that treasure of tranquillity which is always promised, never realized—who, instead of healing the wounds which the world has made, only creates new distresses, new perplexities, and new sins, by his vexatious and unnatural casuistry,—thoughts of fear, which inflame the yet smarting sore, like those stinging insects that bite and nestle in the wounds the vampire-bat has made in the flesh of the sleeper. In place of the solid, intelligible consolation needed by man, mysticism has too generally offered its intangible refinements—its indefinable divine illapses—touches—tastes, and manifestations—which emasculate, instead of bracing the soul—which vanish, like a dream, and leave it powerless and bewildered—which would be questionable fare for the taste of angels, and are but the mockery of food to mortals in the body. How happy would many of its votaries have been could they have substituted for its ethereal exaltations a little of that simple diet—the scriptural bread of life—so kindred to that element in which

man lives. As it is, however, they resemble the lamb brought into the churches on St. Agnes' day—stretched out on its cushion fringed with gold—its ears and tail decked with gay ribands—bleating to church music—petted and adorned in a manner, to it most unintelligible and unsatisfying—and seeming, to the ear of the satirist, to cry all the while—

“Alack, and alas!

What's all this white damask to daisies and grass!”

It is a poor consolation to offer men liberty in their dreams as a recompence for the wearisome inactivity of their waking hours—to give them the wings of vision in the night as a compensation for Quietist inertness by day—to emancipate the fancy, on condition of being suffered to lull the intellect into torpor. Few would be content, in our own day, thus to live but half their life, and to resemble in this respect that enchanted forest, which by day was a company of trees, but every night an army of warriors.

Among ourselves, of late, mysticism has appeared in opposition to scriptural religion. In England, Mr. Newman; in America, Theodore Parker and Emerson, exalt the religious sentiment above the Bible—question the possibility of a written revelation—announce the doctrine of disinterested love once more—propose to realize eternity in the present, by rising above the meanness of fear, and the selfishness of hope,—and, in the name of the spirit against the letter, defend their own opinions as true spirituality, and assail those of others as a corrupt literalism.

- ART. II.—(1.) *Zoology: a Systematic Account of the General Structure, Habits, Instincts, and Uses, of the Principal Families of the Animal Kingdom.* By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Two vols. London: Orr and Co. 1848.
- (2.) *The Passions of Animals.* By EDWARD P. THOMSON. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.
- (3.) *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A.L.S., &c. London: Longman and Co. 1851.
- (4.) *A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History.* By W. SWAINSON. Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.' 1834.
- (5.) *Chambers's Papers for the People.* No. 82. *Animal Instincts and Intelligence.*

THE numerous works on Natural History which continually issue from the press in this country, are a standing proof of the strong relish for this study which exists among us. But they also furnish abundant evidence, that of the many who have a taste for the pursuit, very few can give a reason for their predilection. The laboured attempts of writers to justify themselves, and to recommend their studies to the reader, satisfy him, in most cases, that the authors have formally deceived themselves, and are unconsciously endeavouring to deceive others. The arguments made use of do not come warm from a country scramble or a saunter by the river side, but cold as after thoughts. The words in which they are expressed are a sort of stock in trade common to naturalists for the last fifty years, who, as if conscious of the weakness of their case, are accustomed, not unfrequently, to lean for support on a quotation from some classical author.

The explanation of this state of things, we think to be, that natural history is studied by few as it ought to be studied. If it were rightly understood, the results would be a full justification for the time and attention bestowed on it. But *dilettanti*, of whom naturalists at present are chiefly composed, needlessly reluctant to give even the reasons which recommend their favourite pursuit to them, such as the simple love of acquisition, a pleasure in observing new forms of animal life, a liking for *any* object as a resource against *ennui*, and an inducement to take exercise, set their inventions or memories to work, and succeed in producing some account of the benign influences of their pursuit, or of its great practical uses, to do justice to the comical nature of which would almost require a Molière. To such an extent has the study of natural history been thus overlaid with false glitter, that the reader is glad when nothing is said of objects and uses;

for it is better that no reasons should be given for its study than bad ones. Moreover, though its progress is much retarded at present, from the want of some over-ruling object for those interested in the subject to pursue, yet the time has not come when all the uses and objects of natural history can be stated. Uses now undreamed of will appear as the study advances, just as in our own day it has served one important (and until lately unsuspected) use, in elucidating the history of our globe during remote epochs. The same remark applies to sciences much farther advanced than natural history. Those who, twenty years ago, devoted themselves to the study of electricity, could have given little account of the uses to which it is now put; and many still ardently pursue different branches of science, unconscious of what will be the end of their journey, but contented because they know they are in the right road.

We propose attempting in the present paper—1st, Having discussed which among the objects usually assigned as the aim of natural history, are not the true objects, to show what are some important objects which it should have in view. 2ndly, To state what are the methods by which the study must be carried on, and the direction which is most likely to lead to results of practical utility.

In discussing the first of these points, we shall refer to Dr. Carpenter's views, expressed in the Introduction to his *Treatise on Zoology*, as being a favourable example of the views generally entertained by naturalists. In the following extract Dr. Carpenter admits how little the true objects of the science are understood; but we think the errors of naturalists are much greater than those which he points out; and it is to those unnoticed by him that we are about specially to direct the reader's attention:—

'The objects of natural history are perhaps in general less clearly understood than those of most other sciences, even among those who pursue it as their professional employment. And it is partly in consequence of this misconception that its *advantages* as a means of intellectual and moral cultivation, and the pleasures which arise from the pursuit, have been, in the opinion of the author, very commonly underrated. It is usually supposed to be a science of *names* and of *intricate classification*; but it will be shown, in the course of this Introduction, that these are *not* the objects of the science, but merely furnish the mechanism (so to speak) by which its true ends are to be attained.'

After some remarks explanatory of the nature and use of classification, Dr. Carpenter proceeds—

'A very cursory inspection of the forms and structures of the dif-

ferent tribes of living beings, which are constantly presenting themselves to our notice, may satisfy the observer that amongst all there are *resemblances* and *differences*; between some the *similarity* being a prevailing feature, whilst between others the *differences* are most obvious. Amidst all the variety, he perceives on closer examination such a prevailing uniformity, that he is led to believe they are all formed on some general *plan* or *system* analogous to that which is seen to prevail in other portions of the Creator's works. And just as the astronomer is enabled to show that the great principle of mutual attraction between all the masses of matter in the universe, not only governs the regular movements of the heavenly bodies, but is constantly producing slight modifications or perturbations in their course — so does the naturalist hope that in the living kingdoms of nature some principle may be discoverable, which not only governs the uniformity that exists in the structure and actions of all the creatures belonging to them, but produces those numerous deviations from it, which are at first sight so perplexing. To discover this plan, therefore, is the highest object of the scientific naturalist, and all his endeavours should be directed to it.'

In thus comparing the phenomena exhibited by the heavenly bodies with those of animated nature, Dr. Carpenter appears to us to have underrated the difference in complexity of the two classes of phenomena. In the one case we are concerned only with motion, and that of a very simple and nearly regular kind; in the other, not only with motions the most varied and least regular, but with a great variety of mental phenomena. The labours of astronomers have succeeded in deducing the motions of the planets from a certain very simple primordial arrangement. By supposing the existence of a sun, planets, a law of mutual attraction, and certain impulses given once for all to the planets, the subsequent phenomena would proceed as a natural consequence. A few simple *facts*, or, to use a convenient word introduced by Dr. Chalmers, *collocations*, and a simple *law*, explain all the movements of the heavenly bodies. Since this machinery was first established and set in motion, no new circumstance affecting its motion has been introduced.

Now Dr. Carpenter appears to think that some arrangement analogous to this must hold in the animated creation. He looks forward to a discovery, by scientific research, that all the phenomena exhibited by animal result from some simple *collocation* of things and simple laws, both established in the beginning, and which have, without further agency, produced all the results we find now existing in the world of animated nature. And, he further thinks, that 'all the endeavours of the scientific naturalist should be directed towards 'discovering' this simple primeval arrangement. We must

remind Dr. Carpenter, however, that, as a matter of fact, the various phenomena of animal life have not been placed, to anything like the degree with the heavenly bodies, beyond the influence of external circumstances. On the contrary, they are extremely liable to modification from mundane influences. Thus, food, air, climate act upon them, and human beings can to a great extent control them. So that, unless Dr. Carpenter thinks that this great variety of influencing circumstances can also be reduced to one principle, like that of the mutual attraction of the heavenly bodies, his theory requires much modification. It may be urged by Dr. Carpenter, that these *circumstances* are, as it were, 'a known quantity,' varying only between certain limits, and that his supposition will be sufficiently confirmed, if the variety and complexity of the phenomena of the animal world are hereafter shown to proceed from the action of varying circumstances on certain simple materials, simply arranged in the beginning. If this were so, we should contend, that in directing the whole attention of naturalists to the investigation of the latter part of the subject, he is engrossing their attention with what is only half the problem, and the half in which they are least likely to meet with success. Surely the laws by which food is converted into animal or vegetable, nervous or muscular tissue, or into bony structure,—the laws under which large tribes of animals have become extinct in former times, and vegetable species most precious to man threaten to become so, in our own, are as large a part of our subject,—as much require to be explained, are as much the field of science, as the investigation of a simple cell. In sciences which have to do with phenomena, much less modifiable by circumstances than that of natural history, the discovery of the ultimate law or plan is not the object to which the student should be principally directed. Even in astronomy, where the discovery of the *plan* would have led to the discovery of everything else, it would have been beginning at the wrong end to have arrived at that first; and we are thankful that the Chaldean shepherds took a different course. For *practical* purposes, the knowledge of the form of the earth, and of the means of navigating out of sight of land, the explanation of eclipses and other alarming phenomena, have been the great achievements of astronomy; and these results had been obtained long before the great plan of the solar system could be reduced to its simplest terms—a plan which, beautiful as it is, might have remained undiscovered or been more complex, without much affecting our practice. But when we turn from astronomy to a science more resembling that of zoology, the error of aiming solely at the highest generalizations becomes

more apparent. What should we say if a chemist, who under the well-founded impression that the table of elementary substances might be increased, or diminished, or modified, should direct his pupils exclusively to its completion or rectification? Or, to compare natural history with the history of mankind, could we coincide in opinion with a philosopher who, arguing (as he might fairly do) that human history is the long-drawn consequence of the primeval feelings of man, acting with the varying circumstances in which they have been placed, should recommend the historian to make it his chief study to discover what those primeval feelings were? Such advice would meet with little sympathy at present, when the special demand on philosophy is an answer to such questions as—‘How is the physical and spiritual condition of the mass of the people, in the present day, to be raised.’ We by no means overlook the importance of the deductive method of investigating complex phenomena; but that is a different process from the one Dr. Carpenter sets before the student. Dr. Carpenter’s object is attained by the discovery of a certain plan or original arrangement, the knowledge of which plan (supposing it possible to attain it) would only be made deductively useful by launching it into the sea of circumstances.

But even conceding to Dr. Carpenter the privilege of shutting out from the naturalist the investigation of the modifications exercised on animal development by mundane causes, we doubt whether he is justified in believing that animal life commenced under any form so simple as that which gave rise to our solar system. Granted that vitality and animal manifestations depend upon structure—which is by no means certain, for we may well suppose that a structure exactly resembling, to our senses, a given structure, would not exhibit the same vital and animal phenomena, by reason of the absence of *something* imperceptible to, and never to be perceived by, such senses as we possess; granting also that all animal structure can be shown to have originated in a simple cell; yet this cell, out of which so many different tissues are to arise, simple as it may appear to our senses, must at least have as many different susceptibilities to external agents, as are these different tissues—a fact which discountenances the notion of extreme simplicity.

We may illustrate the differences between the subject matter of the astronomer and that of the naturalist by comparing them to two pieces of woven material, the one plain, the other ornamental and complicated. On examining the former, you perceive that it has been constructed on a simple plan, being first, a simple collocation of threads, and next, the repetition of a simple

motion, corresponding to a law. Turning to the other piece, which is much harder to unravel, and only to be understood by laboriously following each thread, we find that this piece, too, began with a certain arrangement of threads, though one more complex than that of the plainer piece. We also find that the motion in this case was not the simple motion of the former case, but was both less simple and more varied; and further, that, from time to time, old threads were abandoned, and new ones introduced (with changes in the pattern), so that no one plan pervaded the whole work, both the fixed and the moveable part being in a course of continual change.

The aim of the science of natural history having been laid down by Dr. Carpenter in the way we have shown, he turns to the subject of its direct advantages to man, which he elucidates by a few examples of the way in which the over-multiplication of certain destructive species has been kept down; but the skill in this direction that he records does not appear to have been due so much to knowledge of natural history as to those habits of observation which most persons engaged in practical agriculture possess.

While differing with Dr. Carpenter on some important points, we are glad to record his denunciation of 'mere collectors,' who 'estimate their acquirements more by the number of species they possess, than by their knowledge of those general principles which constitute the science of natural history.' 'It is,' he continues, 'in the search after those general principles which regulate the structure and actions of the animated as well as inanimate creation, that the noblest powers of the human intellect are concerned.' We by no means disagree with Dr. Carpenter in the importance he assigns to the discovery of general principles, on which, no doubt, the value of natural history, as a science, entirely depends. We only demur, as we hope we have made clear enough, to the doctrine, that these principles ought to be *first* principles, and are likely to be simple ones.

Among the inducements frequently held out by writers on natural history, for the study of that science, are the effects which its pursuit is calculated to produce on the moral faculties. A few remarks on this point, concerning which serious misconceptions prevail, must not be here omitted.

In comparing the nature of man with that of animals lower in the scale than himself, we see at once that the part which they have in common is that of which man has least reason to be proud. This portion of our being is, no doubt, subservient to the high ends for which man was designed; but though suited

to be a good servant, it is universally admitted to be a bad master. All our notions of a worthy character imply the superiority of the spiritual over the animal desires. We respect a man in proportion as the former rule the latter; and admit that when the animal propensities have the upper place, man is degraded into something no better than the beast of the field.

This being so, we ought not to be surprised, on examining the animal world by itself, to find that while the same beauties exist, which we had already desired in the corresponding parts of our own nature, there are also the same blemishes. The structure is beautiful, and the adaptations most ingenious; but also, when we turn to the mental part, the dispositions are most *animal*. Have we any right to expect otherwise? Are not the virtues of temperance, generosity, disinterestedness—those which belong to what is specially *human* in our nature; and sensuality, hardness of heart, and selfishness, the products of our animal nature, which it is our duty to curb, repress, or overcome? It is those naturalists (we fear not a few) who insist on finding in the animated world what is not there, and what we have no right to expect should be there, who are to blame, and who frequently, we doubt not, give a wrong bias to the minds of the younger portion of their listeners. Let us, by all means, endeavour ourselves to appreciate, and to teach others to appreciate, the numerous *animal* beauties of the world of animal life, beauties of structure, and of function without number; but let us avoid, with the utmost caution, exalting the purely animal over the human and spiritual—in fact, undoing in natural history what moral and religious instruction is intended to do. When we are discoursing on the mental qualities of animals, their dispositions and conduct to each other, let us abstain from asserting that all is harmony where so much is discord; and when we draw a lesson from *animal* life, let not the lesson be that *animal* life is the true, the beautiful one, but the very opposite; let it be pointed at as a warning, not held up as an example.

In concluding these remarks, controverting chiefly the views advanced in the Introduction to Dr. Carpenter's treatise, we by no means wish to disparage the treatise itself, which, so far as we have examined it, has the same merits for which Dr. Carpenter's other writings are distinguished. It is, we repeat, because Dr. Carpenter, while agreeing nearly with other naturalists, has expressed his views with greater clearness than they have done, that we have joined issue with him, rather than with any other author.

Before proceeding to discuss the method in which natural history should be studied, and the direction which such study

should take for practical purposes, it is necessary to state clearly some important object as an aim for the naturalist's investigations; though we certainly do not pretend to predict—we doubt even the possibility of predicting, at present—where the great discoveries of the science lie.

The utility and interest of any science must mainly depend upon its relations to the welfare of man. The problems which interest mankind most, are those which concern *themselves*; and the less bearing any particular study has on human concerns, the less hold must we expect it to have on human affections. It may seem to tell against this tale, that the science of Astronomy has been pursued so nearly to completion, while others, more concerned with man's practical wants—those, for instance, of medicine and morals—are the one extremely incomplete, and the other barely commenced. The great difficulties which beset the latter sciences, no doubt account, in a great measure, for this remarkable retardation; but there can also be little doubt that the study of medicine even now draws more students than that of astronomy; and, doubtless, when it is once generally felt that the human mind and human conduct are amenable to laws like the other parts of creation,—especially when the science of human nature and human conduct can point to any striking result arising out of its study,—that science will command even a higher interest than medicine. The same remarks apply to the study of natural history. The connexion between men and animals is much closer than that between mankind and the stars. We see, at once, that many powerful sympathies unite the two former, and we may readily infer both a high utility in the study and the direction where that utility is to be sought. We are not linked with the lower animals by our higher feelings, but by community of sensations and appetites. If the study of animals is to throw light upon the nature of Man, it must be on the latter part of it; and when we perceive how intimate is the connexion between the animal and the spiritual part in man, we shall admit that the aim of natural history is not a low one.

We conclude, then, that a great, if not the greatest aim of the naturalist should be, to elucidate that part of the nature of man which he possesses in common with other animals.

Having thus clearly before us the fact, that in acquiring knowledge respecting animals, we are likely to learn truths of the greatest importance to man, we have next to decide what is the kind of knowledge respecting animal life which is most likely to aid the object in view. We know that the most useful kind of knowledge, not only in natural history, but in everything else, is the knowledge of the *connexion* of things,—the knowledge

of causation,—or, in other words, the knowledge of the laws by which the different phenomena are united. It is precisely by laying down such laws, that any study is entitled to the name of a *science*. And natural history can only lay claim to such a title by disclosing the laws which prevail in the animal kingdom.

We may divide the investigations which the naturalist has thus to pursue, into two parts—relating to the Physical and to the Mental laws of animals—branches of the study which are as different as those pursued by the human physiologist and the mental philosopher. We have some remarks to offer on each of these branches of natural history.

In studying the physical relations of an animal structure, we have to do with that which is directly apparent to our senses; but in studying their mental feelings, we are studying that of which our senses can take no direct cognizance, the facts being learned only indirectly, as *inferences* from what we observe. This great difference between the two cases renders their methods of investigation also very different, and the one more complex than the other. The first of the two inquiries is generally more simple than the corresponding inquiries into the human framework, because the parts are more simple; moreover, we can make use more freely of experiments in the case of animals than in that of man. Accordingly, this branch of the study of natural history has advanced far beyond the other branch, and results have already been obtained of great importance towards understanding the analogous structure and functions of man. It has even gone beyond the elucidation of man's animal functions; for, by pointing out what is the part of his machinery which is concerned with those functions, it has enabled physiologists to see what is the part which is not so concerned. For instance, the localization of the different functions of the nervous system of man, has been done mainly through the comparison of that system with the system of the higher animals; those parts of the human brain to which there is least, or nothing to correspond in the brains of the higher animals, being assumed to be the machinery of the mental processes peculiar to man. Such comparisons have been extended down the whole animal series, at every step throwing light on the functions of different parts of the nervous system of man. We need not dwell more on this part of the subject, on which, we believe, all the first physiologists are agreed. What has been accomplished in the fields of comparative anatomy and physiology for the ultimate good of mankind, is already very great; and what *will* be accomplished no one would venture to predict.

From this brief statement concerning the first branch of the study, we proceed to the second, in furthering which so little has yet been accomplished. The state of this part of natural history is a striking instance how much interest may surround certain pursuits, along with very little progress in them. The press teems with anecdotes of animals, and yet book after book leaves us almost as far from understanding their mental states as if we had lived two thousand years ago. Such books are not, perhaps, without a use; they may, possibly, serve the same purpose as old ballads and chronicles to the historian; but surely *one* who would set himself to the task of *understanding* phenomena, would now be of more use than twenty fresh *recorders* of them. Chaldæan shepherds were very useful in the earliest days of astronomy, but after a certain succession of them, we found it to our advantage that a Kepler and a Newton should arise. Are naturalists content to remain for ever in the Chaldæan-shepherd state of things?

It is a curious sort of light which breaks forth at that point in the series of the sciences where mind first makes its appearance. We begin with mathematics and astronomy, which concern themselves with matter alone, and give us no reason to suspect anything behind the scene, as it were, invisible to our senses and yet influencing the matter before us. We proceed to chemistry, and while we trace the laws existing between the *matter* before us, we begin to be conscious of something behind the material curtain—to have suspicions of some *genie*, or, at least, of some affections concealed in the matter itself, and hence we talk of chemical *affinities*. Farther on we reach electricity, and here the phenomena we witness among the material particles are so strange that at last we cannot help supposing a presence, though invisible to our senses, and we call it electricity. We might not inaptly regard it as the *mind* of inorganized matter. The farther we have advanced hitherto, the more complex have our studies become. Matter, which is alone accessible to our senses, has fallen more and more in importance. Once it was everything, now it is only the face of the clock, and all the wheels and springs behind it are hidden to us. However, we can still wind our clock up and make it do good service for us. We advance again, and find ourselves in the field of vegetation, a region not very different from that we have just passed; but we call the new *genie*, not electricity, but vitality, and we begin to sympathize with it as being part of ourselves. When a flower droops or dies, we feel sorrowful, and when it shoots up in all the vigour of youth we are pleased. One step more, and we are in the animal world; and here at last we seem to recognise

the genie as an acquaintance. We are no longer restricted to what is visible to our senses alone; the forms and positions of matter are mere signs which the genie exhibits. Our business now does not consist, as in chemistry, in the difficult endeavour to connect one of these signs with another by repeated observation of them, and nothing but them. When we now see a sign, we go at once to the *feeling* which it indicates, and infer what the next sign will be from our knowledge of that feeling. We do not laboriously endeavour to understand the clock by attentively studying the hands on its face. We see its interior machinery, and thence speculate on what will happen. Thus what seems the natural order of the sciences—namely, from the more simple to the more complex—is at a certain point of the series reversed; for in recognising, as we ascend the animal scale, a something immaterial (sensations, passions, &c., which are analogous to those of man), we apply a new method to our investigations, derived from our study of man; a being more complex, it is true, but open to our investigations, because we happen to be one of the species itself. Let us examine more closely in what respect that method differs from the one we have been pursuing—in what respect the study of a human being differs from the study of simple matter, such as the astronomer or chemist is concerned with.

The phenomena exhibited to the senses by a human being may generally be resolved into certain motions, like those exhibited by a planet; or into motions accompanied by certain colours, odours, or sounds, and therefore not generically different from chemical phenomena. Yet how differently we judge of the former—what different thoughts they suggest, and how readily we understand them in comparison with what would be the case had we only those means of investigating them which we have to depend on in the other sciences to which we have referred. Let us suppose that we are examining a human being as if we were examining one of the stars or a chemical mixture. Suppose, for instance, that we are looking at the simple external life of a day-labourer, with no other means of investigating it than belong to the astronomer or chemist, and let us reflect on what we should see. We should, in the first place, perceive a human body emerging briskly from a cottage in the early morning, proceeding to a certain field, going through the movements of ploughing, harrowing, sowing, and reaping, interspersed with certain short periods of eating, drinking, talking, whistling, and, finally, returning more slowly to the same cottage, lying down, and going to sleep. Now, having thus before us a complex series of phenomena, we might proceed, in the way of the astro-

nomer or chemist, to connect one part with another. We should soon observe a certain order in which the phenomena occurred, as, for instance, that ploughing came before harrowing, sowing before reaping, and that eating came at stated short intervals. Pursuing our comparison, we may further assume that, like the chemist, we have the power of making experiments among the phenomena before us. Among the experiments we make, one may be to withdraw the *food* which we have already noticed to play some part in the proceedings. On doing so, we find in all cases, that the phenomena cease to be produced. Ploughing, harrowing, whistling, and talking, are all abandoned, and the human object of our investigations at length vanishes. Wherever human movements are going on, we find eating and drinking among them; and wherever these movements are prevented, there end the human movements. We conclude, therefore, legitimately enough, that food enters as a necessary accompaniment to all human phenomena—a conclusion which, gained, as we suppose it to have been, by the chemical method of investigation, might be regarded as a considerable step in the science of human nature. But how small a part of all the connexion between human beings and their food does this discovery lay bare to us! Instead of a simple case of necessary connexion, what we really know by other means is something as follows: that the *cause* of all those movements is a mental state, namely, the foreknowledge of what hunger is—the knowledge that food is necessary to existence—the love of life^{*}(including love of family, friends, &c.), the dread of death, and so forth. It is by knowing this inner life that we have the feeling of understanding human phenomena, and are able to interpret them. Hardly a moment of our lives passes without our building some inferences on the supposed existence in other persons of immaterial feelings, as causes of phenomena. These feelings are implied in every act of human intercourse. What ground, then, have we for so firmly established a belief in what is not and never can be cognizable by our senses?

We are well aware that the belief, into the foundation of which we are about to inquire, existed intuitively and was acted on before any reasons were asked; but we also know very well, that in former days human sympathies were extended much farther than was reasonable, and are so in the present day in certain parts of the world, and among the ignorant in our own country. It was thought, as we know, that the rustling of the groves was the tender language of the Dryads; the gushings of the fountains were the outpourings of their nymphs; and fair flowers were transformed youths or maidens. In the present

day we no longer believe in these fairy existences. As regards groves, fountains, and the flowers of the field, we think the ancient Greeks were mistaken, that their belief was not founded on fact. Are we sure that the extension we *do* give to our sympathies is warranted by reason—that the existences we do take for granted, are not fancies of *our* brain, as those were of the Greek imagination? Let us again place a case before us in all its circumstances.

If we saw before us a person in tears, should we not immediately take for granted a certain state of feeling of that person's mind, as being implied in the external appearance we witness—a state of feeling which, slightly varied, as every one will admit it may be, in different persons, yet every one believes that he understands in the main? When we consider on what this universal belief is founded, we perceive that it proceeds from an equally extensive personal experience. Every one knows what it is to shed tears, and every one is conscious how he felt at the time. If any one could be found who never had shed tears, that person would be incapable of understanding the case supposed—as incapable as a blind person is of understanding what the colour *red* is. The case, then, is one of inference; it is the extension of a case of causation, of which we have had experience to a similar case. But are we sure the cases are similar? We began by connecting ourselves in a state of tears with a given state of our feelings. We now see another person in tears, and we infer that the cause of that person being so, is his being under the influence of a similar feeling. Putting aside the fact that in reasoning from any effect to a cause, we must allow for the possibility of more causes than one producing the same effect, then the only doubt which can attach to the legitimacy of our inference is, the doubt whether one person is sufficiently like another person to warrant our applying the experience gained regarding the one to the other. Now there are, no doubt, considerable differences between both the external and internal appearance of one human being and another, but the resemblances are so much greater, that we are at least justified in making the inference provisionally. Having done so, we find out numerous ways of checking our conclusion; for instance, we know that if the state of feeling which we have supposed, does really exist, it must have had a cause, and we know from personal experience what sort of cause to expect. We can inquire, therefore, whether there was any such cause in the case before us. We find, perhaps, that there had been the loss of some near relation. Such an antecedent we are perfectly aware would, in our own case, produce exactly the state of mind which would

ultimately lead to tears. This antecedent being present in the case before us must have had an effect, and would have just the effect which we had from independent reasoning believed to be there already. Numerous other circumstances lend themselves to confirm this almost irrefragable conclusion. We endeavour to comfort the person. We use the language which, assuming the state of feeling to be what we have ourselves experienced, would we know comfort ourselves; and we find that our words have the expected effect in theirs. Notwithstanding, however, that the general extension of personal experience from ourselves to others is founded on correct canons of logic, yet the difficulties which frequently beset us in establishing the requisite data, are so very great, that in drawing such inferences, to miss is much more common, we presume, than to hit the mark. But much depends, also, on the class of feelings we are concerned with. Some states of feeling can be predicted to exist with much more certainty than others; the great difference in this respect depending on the extent to which we have succeeded in connecting states of feeling with physical states. Thus, if we see a person with perfect organs of sight looking at a given object, we may infer, without much doubt, what is the picture in his mind; but if we endeavour to push our knowledge farther, and to ascertain what other states of feeling this picture arouses, we are not likely to succeed. We may, by attentive observation, and putting one little circumstance with another, get some clue to these more remote states of his mind.* For instance, the person may *laugh*, and we may be able to recognise in the object something which causes laughter in ourselves, and thence infer his state of mind. But in all cases where neither cause nor effect are directly accessible to our senses, the difficulties of investigating human feelings are extremely increased; success generally is to be obtained only by cumulating evidence, none of which by itself would be sufficient for more than a guess. In such vast and encumbered ground, which every human being has to thread one way or another, we see the greatest variety in the amount of skill displayed. Some persons are highly successful in interpreting one class of feeling or character, and are hence said to have a knowledge of the world. The same persons may utterly fail in certain cases, which others will understand without difficulty. As a general rule, those who have had the greatest range of personal feeling will be most successful in interpreting the feelings of others; but of course an accurate knowledge of logical principles is indispensable towards any great success. Upon this view of the subject, it will be evident how important it is to understand rightly our own experiences.

The more closely we can define each particular causation belonging to our personal experience, and the more nearly we can show either the cause or the effect to correspond with something in other persons, the more securely shall we be able to extend our experiences to them. The most accurate knowledge of our own mind is one indispensable preliminary to an accurate knowledge of the mind of others.

The remarks we have just brought to an end, on the method of studying human nature, will be seen not to be an unnecessary digression from the immediate object of our paper, but to be essential to an understanding of the method we have to adopt in studying *animal* nature, and to an appreciation of the great difficulties which have to be encountered. We have noticed wherein lie the weakness and strength of our powers, in reasoning from ourselves to beings the most like ourselves; and we are prepared to see where the same must be found, in extending our inferences to those beings which resemble us less. In the present case, as in the case just discussed, our investigations will be easiest when they refer to those states of feeling which have been shown to be connected with material structure. Thus, the *sensations* of animals are much more within the range of our understanding than their higher feelings. But here even, we are met by great difficulties; for whilst there is sufficient resemblance between the structure of the organs of sense of the higher animals and those of man, to warrant us in conjecturing great resemblance between the corresponding sensations, yet there are differences between the organs in the two cases, pointing to modifications in the sensations which are connected with them. We can only combat these difficulties either by closer study of the organs, so as to ascertain, if it is possible, what sort of modification of the sensation is likely to result from a given modification of the structure; or by scrutinizing the sensation itself in its various manifestations, so as to compare it with that with which we are already acquainted—namely, the human sensation. These investigations into sensations are obviously much more difficult than the corresponding investigations into human phenomena; but we may look to well-established results from them. As we advance into the region where we have less structural basis for our inferences our difficulties increase. We shall make this evident by an example. Some animals are said to shed tears when in distress. Comparing this case with that of a human being under similar circumstances, the first hindrance to our drawing a similar conclusion, as to the mental state in the two cases, is, that while the human manifestation corresponds very closely with that which we know by personal experience,

and which we have with corresponding feelings of distress, the appearance of the animal, while in tears, resembles it only in a few particulars; thus rendering it less unlikely that some other cause produced the effect we observe. In the second place, if we look for the cause of such a mental state, and even find (and we may possibly find) that, in both cases, it was the loss of some object of affection which preceded the tears, we have in the one case a proof of the existence of the feeling, while in the other, we may have only a remarkable coincidence; for we do *not* know, from personal experience, that if a doe, for instance, loses its fawn, it feels that sort of sorrow which precedes tears in the human being, we ourselves being human beings, and not quadrupeds of the Cervine family. Thus, the foundation of the inference is weakened in both directions—first, in travelling from the effect to the cause, and next, in moving from the cause to the effect. We might strengthen these foundations in two ways: we might show that the two facts of causation, resting on our personal experience, were themselves consequences of something which we have in common with animals; as, for instance, that the connexion between tears and a certain state of sorrow was a consequence of possessing a spinal cord with certain nerves going from it; and that this same kind of structure was also the cause of our being affected by the loss of our offspring. Then, as the animal which manifested tears would possess this very structure, our inference would be as irrefragable as to the cause of their tears as it is in regard to the tears of a human being. What remains for us, if we cannot do all this, is to cumulate evidence bearing on the same point. The easiest cases for investigations are, of course, those of the higher animals, and of the vertebrata generally, as compared with the other three forms of the animal kingdom. But we cannot be wrong in presuming that it will be long before much light will be thrown on the human mind, in its animal manifestations, by the study of the analogous phenomena of animals; and that the practical utility of natural history lies, at present, in disclosing the laws which connect structure and function.

We have endeavoured thus to point out, as well as our limited space allows, some of the difficulties which obstruct the course of those who endeavour to understand the mental states of animals. We have seen that their investigations depend upon an accurate knowledge of the human mind, in the first place; for it is human feeling alone which we know by experience, and next, on a nice modification of those experiences, to suit the altered circumstances of the animal world. There is, however, another course which the student may pursue: he may study the phenomena of

the animal world as if it were inanimate, following the steps of the chemist, or the electrician, and arriving at such results as we have suggested in a sketch given above. We are sure that if any naturalist could restrict himself for a time to merely noting the order of succession of the different actions of animals, and endeavouring, by means of experiments, such as the chemist performs, to connect one with another, without paying any regard to the immaterial part of the matter, he would do much more to advance science, than those who accumulate anecdotes, for the accuracy of which they cannot vouch, and pretend, on the strength of them, to extend to the animal creation the feelings of the human mind, of which they, moreover, possess only superficial and confused knowledge.

We have an instance of the confusion introduced into the study of the mind of animals from want of method and imperfect acquaintance with the corresponding phenomena of the human mind, in Mr. Thompson's *Passions of Animals*, the title of which is a misnomer, in the first place, because it really deals with all the mental phenomena of animals, but which, whatever its title had been, must have been a disappointment. It is a work of 414 pages, consisting of numerous anecdotes, preceded by, and interspersed with, what is meant to be philosophical analysis and reflection. The anecdotes are well selected, and concisely given, but as they rest almost always on the authority of others, and are subjected to no criticism, they are less valuable than they might have been made. The matter is arranged under no fewer than sixty-five separate heads; but why so many headings should be adopted, it is difficult to account for on scientific reasons; several having the same meaning, and some, which are different in meaning, being illustrated by the same example. Thus we have *Thought*, *Sagacity*, *Discrimination*, *Foresight*, *Cunning*, and *Expectation of recurring Events* figuring in headings of different chapters. *Envy* and *Cruelty* head one chapter, while *Jealousy*, *Hatred*, and *Revenge* have each a chapter to themselves. Again, one heading is *Imitation*, and another *Communication* and *Language*, to which we do not object; but the writer ought not to interpret the cries of crickets, in answer to each other, in the one chapter as being imitation, in the other as communicating a challenge to an opponent. But Mr. Thompson's worst sins are found in the metaphysical parts of his book. We observe, by the preface, that he expresses himself much indebted to a German work by Dr. Schmarda. We cannot but think that some of the most unintelligible passages in Mr. Thompson's book are bad translations from some German author, though, knowing nothing of Dr. Schmarda, it would not be fair

to give him the discredit of being their originator. We will select a few examples of Mr. Thompson's *definitions*, in confirmation of our remarks:—

‘The expectation of the recurrence of an event is the impression of a former circumstance, which, from certain causes, and a resemblance of certain points, we are again led to entertain, and to see fulfilled; the former is caused by the memory, and the latter by the understanding; for the imagination, by a comparison of the past with the present, prepares the mind to receive a certain conclusive result.’
—p. 73.

It is needless to comment on this passage, the lucidity and grammar of which are about on a par. We pass to the author's definition of a *sensation*:—

‘We are not only aware of surrounding objects, of their appearance to our bodily senses, and (as opposed to the mind) of an outward perception of them, but we also experience impressions, and the combination of feeling which these figures have awakened in us. This mental frame or embodiment is called the *sensation*. In its first state it comes before us as an existence, or individuality, and as a mere passive impression. It is feeble in its consciousness, and only comes forth boldly, with all its lights and shadows, from its former mist, when some excitement takes place, and when it assumes some distinct character, generally either of pleasure or of pain. The feeling imparts to us the knowledge of the existence of life, either generally or in certain parts: we experience the distinction of this condition of existence only when it assumes its perfect character; but its acuteness varies in each part, according to the susceptibility of the nerves, and their connexion with the brain, and in proportion as the powers of life are weak or strong.’—p. 94.

The feeling of *Desire* is thus lucidly explained:—

‘All desire is directed to the change of some present object, and to the accomplishment of a future; it is an act of the mind, which develops itself by excitation, and stands forth in form and substance. This excitation is, hence, an active principle, proceeding from the struggle for attainment.’—p. 136.

When Mr. Thompson expresses his meaning a little more clearly than usual, he is only more clearly wrong; thus he informs us, that ‘fear and anger are not, properly speaking, independent feelings, but are rather the effects of a certain ‘state of the mind.’ The extent to which Mr. Thompson is able, by the help of these definitions, to carry his explanations of the mental phenomena of animals, may be imagined; the following is an example. After reciting several anecdotes

exemplifying the attachments which animals sometimes form for man and for each other, he concludes,

‘The psychological explanation of these actions among animals lies in their custom and intercourse with each other; but as regards their feelings towards man, we must look to another source, which is the animal mind and a bias of inclination, which is not to be diverted.’—p. 371.

It is remarkable, that when Mr. Thompson is merely relating an anecdote, his language is generally concise and appropriate; so different, indeed, from his reflective passages, that they seem to have been composed by a different hand. We shall give a few extracts from the better portions of the book in justice to Mr. Thompson, and from the interest they possess. The following observations touch on an interesting point:—

‘The motive which induces animals to attack and even destroy the wounded and disabled of their own species, arises from an impulse which is not easily defined; but the deed is perpetrated under feelings of the most intense hatred. When a wolf or hyæna is wounded, its companions instantly tear it to pieces and devour it; and among domestic dogs, the persecuted, defenceless cur, yelping in its flight from the brutality of the idle urchins in the streets, is chased and worried by every dog within hearing of its distress. Among a brood of partridges reared under a hen, one when grown up received a wound in the back, and was ultimately persecuted and killed by its fellows.’—p. 380.

We should guess that this peculiar action of animals might be explained as being the way they take to get rid of the painful feelings suggested by the sickness of something so like themselves. The same feeling may be said to exist in human beings, showing itself in the desire to get out of the way of sick persons; though the tenderer and nobler sentiments of mankind so frequently overcome the baser animal tendency. The following is an interesting trait of sagacity and good feeling in a dog, if it were not in great part due to accident, rather than intelligence. A surgeon in Leeds having found a lame spaniel, ‘carried the poor animal home, bandaged up its leg, and after ‘two or three days turned him out. The dog returned to the ‘surgeon’s house every morning till his leg was perfectly well. At ‘the end of several months, the spaniel again presented himself, ‘in company with another dog which had also been lamed; and ‘he intimated, as well as his piteous and intelligent looks could ‘intimate, that he desired the same assistance to be rendered to ‘his friend, as he had bestowed upon himself.’—p. 377.

The following passage describes an interesting fact, which we have not seen on record elsewhere:—

‘Connected with the plumage of birds is an extraordinary problem, which has baffled all research, and towards the solution of which not the slightest approach has been made. Among certain of the gallinaceous birds, and it has been observed in no other family, the females occasionally assume the male plumage. Among pheasants, in a wild state, the hen, thus metamorphosed, assumes with the livery the disposition to war with her own race; but in confinement she is spurned and buffeted by the rest. From what took place in a hen-pheasant in the possession of a lady—a friend of Sir Joseph Banks—it would seem probable that this change arises from some alteration in the temperament at a late period of the animal’s life. This lady had paid particular attention to the breeding of pheasants. One of the hens, after having produced several broods, moulted, and the succeeding feathers were exactly those of a cock. This animal never afterwards laid an egg. The pea-hen has sometimes been known to take the plumage of the cock bird. Lady Tynk had a favourite pea-hen, which at eight several times produced chicks. Having moulted when about eleven years old, the lady and her family were astonished by her displaying the feathers peculiar to the other sex, and appearing like a pied peacock. In process, the tail, which was like that of the cock, first appeared. In the following year she moulted again, and produced similar feathers. In the third year she did the same, and then had also spurs, resembling those of the cock. The bird never bred after this change of her plumage.’—p. 179.

After occupying the reader’s attention with the unsatisfactory contents of Mr. Thompson’s work, we can make him an *amende honorable* by referring him to a paper in a most unpretending and popular form, namely No. 82 of *Chambers’ Papers for the People*, in which, for the sum of 1½d., he may possess an able essay on Animal Instincts and Intelligence. The author, availing himself of recent discoveries in anatomy and physiology, is able to give explanations of some of the more marked phenomena of animal life, which, if not in every case complete, are always interesting and suggestive. We shall give one instance of such an explanation, as a refreshment to the reader.

The writer derives his explanations of the compound instincts of animals from what appear to be four laws of the intercommunication of the nervous circles of the animal body. They are the following:—1. When any moving organ has reached its extreme position, the opposing muscles are stimulated to restore it to its original place. 2. This law of the alternate extension and contraction of a single organ also holds in regard to the two halves of the body, so that the advance of the one stimulates the retreat of the other, and conversely. 3. A stimulus in one

nervous circle is propagated to another in a perpendicular direction, giving rise to a vermicular motion of the body. 4. There is a tendency in any nervous circle to originate states similar to its own in all the nervous circles of the body. The proof of these four principles rests partly on the structure of the parts concerned, and partly upon observations on their movements. So far, however, as they relate to parts of the body under the influence of the Will, they must be looked upon as natural *tendencies*, and not inflexible laws of the animal system. The application of these four laws to the explanation of the particular tendency in certain animals towards *pursuit*, is the example we shall select:—

‘There is no fact of animal existence more deeply rooted, or more constant in its recurrence than what we denominate by the term *pursuit*; taken in its widest acceptation, as meaning every instance of the exertion of the active faculties towards some object or end. The senses or the intelligence descry something in the distance desirable to be attained; and, by the activity of the frame, this something is gradually approached, and finally possessed. Now, we wish to show that this tendency belongs to the inherent and inborn peculiarities of the animal organization, and that it is in a great measure derived from the sensibilities and the laws of nervous communication above described. The odour of the victim, by the responsive stimulus, excites the respiratory muscles into increased activity—[The muscles of the chest are, as explained in an earlier part of the paper, a part of the machinery concerned in all sensations of smell]—their intensified alternation induces, by the laws of nervous communication, the similar state of alternation on the locomotive organs; just as the activity of the locomotive apparatus always increases the energy of the respiration. There is thus furnished a direct stimulus to pursuit, through the diffusion of like states from one part of the system to another. In the same way it could be shown that the tension of the muscles of the eye when fixed on a distant object, imparts, through the same tendency to a common attitude or state, a stimulus to the erecting muscles of the body; and these being stretched to the full, readily bring on the counter movement of energetic flexion; and no more is needed to set a-going a motion towards the object in question.’

Had we the power of constructing a piece of machinery out of animate, as we have out of inanimate material, we might bring the above exposition to the most satisfactory test. As it is, we cannot doubt that the chief part of the machinery is right, though we suspect some screws must be loose, and some, perhaps, wanting.

Before concluding this paper, it seems desirable to state briefly what is the advantage of *classification* to the naturalist. The true nature and object of this art has been expounded in several

works of established repute, but these expositions do not appear to have reached naturalists generally. Even Dr. Carpenter seems to value classification as a means of communicating information already acquired, rather than as a preparation for the discovery of new truths. He exemplifies its utility by two examples. In the one, he supposes that a group has been formed on account of a similarity in the internal arrangements of its different members; they having, for instance, a vertebrated skeleton, double circulation, warm blood, and being oviparous. To this group the name of *Birds* has been given. Now, he says, if we discover something new clothed with feathers, we not only call it a *Bird*, which an unscientific person may do, but having recognised it as a bird, we know, without examining its structure, that it has a vertebrated skeleton, double circulation, warm blood, and produces eggs. The only other example brought forward by Dr. Carpenter exemplifies rather the utility of abbreviated descriptions than of good classification, being merely a statement at length of the amount of information which is communicated to us when we are informed that a *dog* belongs to the genus *Canis*; family, *Canidæ*; order, *Carnivora*; class, *Mammalia*; sub-kingdom, *Vertebrata*.

The first example does not, as it appears to us, exemplify the value of classification; but the value of connecting facts not immediately perceptible to our senses with external marks, which are so. That it is not an exemplification of the peculiar value of classification we think is evident from these facts, that such connexions may be discovered, and have their whole utility, without any previous classification having taken place, and that a good classification may have been made by means of internal structure, without any connexions between it and external marks having been established, or any of the advantages pointed out by Dr. Carpenter's experience. For instance, the age of a horse is known by his teeth. If we see a horse for the first time, and notice that it possesses a certain *tooth*, we know, without further inquiry, that it has lived a certain number of years; and we may infer from this fact a number of other facts. But horses are not classified according to their age. It was not necessary to our acquiring and profiting by this knowledge of the connexion between horses' teeth and their age, that we should have previously gathered into one group all known horses of a certain age, and have given a name to them founded upon this circumstance, (which are the main features of classification.) Again, we may and do decide what position a certain species, or genus, shall occupy in a given classification by its internal structure alone, when we are unable to perceive any external mark of this

structure. Indeed, it would generally be unsafe to classify any new species of animals by external appearance alone. It is held to be indispensable to assigning to it a proper position, that its internal structure should have been examined; and not only in one particular, but in many.

We see, then, that classification must have other objects than either that of connecting the external appearance of animals with their internal structure and habits, or that of founding a scientific language. If we bear in mind the object already assigned to the study of natural history, and that classification ought to be an operation subsidiary to that, we shall perceive what objects classification has in view. If zoology be the investigation of the laws of animal life, with a view to understanding human nature, it follows that the phenomena of animal life which are before us, ought to be so arranged as to contribute in the best way to the discovery of these laws. Now, the first inference from this fact is, that the phenomena should be arranged in a series beginning with those which approach nearest to the corresponding phenomena in man, and descending gradually to those which depart most from them. We thus place the subject matter before us in a way suggestive of the laws which prevail between its different parts. The connexion between bony structure, and the manifestations of animal phenomena, are soon perceived to be so close, that an arrangement of the one in the order of resemblance is found to be the best plan for arranging the other in the same order. Having, therefore, performed this preliminary process as far as our knowledge enables us to do so, we perceive that the structure and habits of the animals so arranged do not alter always by gradual and almost insensible steps; if they did, no further classification would be desirable, but at certain points in the series striking changes in the structure of the animals occur, accompanied by changes in the other phenomena which they exhibit. By these irregularities in the series certain species become grouped together, and cut off from the rest of the series; and as we have reason to believe that special laws must hold in each of these groups, it is clearly desirable to investigate them apart; for this we lay a foundation by giving them a separate name. Classification is a mental device resembling the separation of the different parts of a complex piece of machinery, in order to examine them apart from the rest; and just as two parts of a machine may be so closely connected one with the other, may *work* so into each other, that it is difficult to examine them separately, so happens it sometimes with parts of the animal series. For instance, we see good reason to make a separate group of *Mammalia*; that is,

we see a number of animals which have certain striking peculiarities of structure and habit, accompanied by we know not how many minor peculiarities, probably connected with the former. For similar reasons we make another group of *Birds*. We anticipate that to each of these groups belong laws of their own; nevertheless, when we approach the confines of the two groups, we find the laws of the two intermingling, just as in separating the parts of a machine, we find at the point of separation that the one projects into the other. And as in examining each part of a machine by itself, we do not look so much at its point of union with the other parts as at its own independent machinery, so in endeavouring to establish the special laws which rule among the Mammalia, we do not look at the *Ornithorhynchus*, but at the species which is most characteristic of the group—the *type* of the class, as it is called.

There is much difference of opinion among zoologists, not only about the details of classification, but about the proper grouping of the principal orders of the Animal Kingdom. The system of Cuvier is founded very much upon differences in modes of nutrition, as the names Carnivora, Insectivora, Ruminantia, Rodentia, and others indicate: but this system has been objected to, apparently with justice, as being one suited rather to the disclosure of the laws of *Organic* than of *Animal* life. No doubt the degree of development of the nervous system would be the best guide to the latter, if it were not so difficult of access for our senses, and were it not also difficult to estimate its smaller modifications.

In all attempts to communicate information in zoology, it is necessary, even when adopting a natural system of classification, to introduce also artificial distinctions as a means of identifying species. Such distinctions, too, are sometimes useful to the student as a means of cataloguing his own discoveries, until he finds out a more scientific arrangement. The division of the Coleoptera among insects according to the number of joints in the foot, is an instance of what, as far as we know, is an artificial distinction; but as a means of referring to a description of any species before us, or as a guide, in default of a better, for arranging our specimens in a cabinet, it serves useful purposes.

ART. III. — (1.) *Der fabelhafte Geschichte von Hug Schapler.* Printed 1514.

(2.) *Die Sage vom ewigen Jude.* Printed 1602.

(3.) *Die Schöne Melusina.* Aus dem französischen. 1535.

(4.) *Schimpf und Ernst.* Von JOHANN PAULI.

(5.) *Till Eulenspiegel.* Printed 1495.

(6.) *Der Gestiefelte Kater.* Von LUDWIG TIECK. 1797.

(7.) *Genofeva und Octavian.* Dramen von LUDWIG TIECK.

(8.) *Liebesgeschichte der schönen Magelone und des Grafen Peter von Provence.* Bearbeitet von LUDWIG TIECK.

(9.) *Faust: eine Tragödie.* Von GOETHE.

(10.) *Die Deutschen Volksbücher.* Von J. GÖRRES. 1807.

(11.) *Buch der schönsten Geschichten und Sagen. Für Alt und Jung wieder erzählt von Gustav Schwab.* Dritter Auflage. 1847.

WHY there should ever have been any prose in Germany after the halcyon days of chivalry, of the courtly and minne-poetry, is a question best solved by looking briefly at the character of that poetry. If we oblige the chronological reader with a definite date, and take the twelfth century, with the early part of the thirteenth as its era, we find its productions consisting chiefly in epic or narrative poems, embracing every variety of legend, and displaying equal diversity in the mode of treatment.

The different character and acquirements of each poet are clearly traceable. No one could attribute the poem of *Tristan* and *Isolt* to the author of *Parzival*, nor Lamprecht's *Alexander* to Walther von der Vogelweide. In Gottfried's *Tristan* there is no wearisome entanglement of tournaments and adventures, no crowd of mushroom knights intruding themselves into every conceivable corner of the story without exciting our smallest interest; there is little to distract the attention from the hero and heroine of the old Celtic legend. We have the history of their love in graceful and passionate language, with fresh, pleasant images, and feel it to be the very soul of the gay life-loving poet infused into the tale of other days. As a thorough man of the world, ever eager after the pleasures it affords, Gottfried von Strasburg presents a most striking contrast to his great contemporary Wolfram, whom he somewhat compassionately designates an 'inventor of strange wild tales.' Wolfram also put a new life into the old Celtic and Asiatic legends; but it was a life more lofty, more vigorous; his grave contemplative mind found a spring of action deeper than the feelings, a standard of the evil and the

good, higher than the selfish one of present pain or pleasure, and a nobility and vigour of soul rising from a well-fought battle against the enticements of present gratification, which then, as now, seduced many weak and many accounted strong. It is with the hand of a master that Gottfried represents the terrible force of passion in *Tristan*, the all-absorbing, self-forgetting love of *Isolt*—beneath the clear limpid style, bearing you along with such unconscious grace, that you feel the strength and magic of rare genius. And with no inferior skill does Wolfram draw his busy pictures of the day, and rouse your interest for hero and for heroine, but his great power lies in the masterly presentation and working out of thought, rather than of feeling. Throughout his poem of *Parzival*, we are often suddenly surprised by thoughts of great depth and beauty, dropped by the way, and apart from the one great idea of the poem, which indeed almost places it above comparison with any contemporary work. It is rather a puzzling question what Gottfried would have made of *Parzival*, and Wolfram have made of *Tristan*. The school of Gottfried in course of time exchanged their luxurious and secular character for a didactic one, and chose sacred legends as their subjects; the imitators of Wolfram directed their labours to historic poems.

One more of these narrative poems, which we may just notice, is the *Irec* and *Iwein* of Hartmann von der Aue, belonging to the same Celtic cycle of tradition. The *Irec* was a youthful production, containing a very plain unvarnished heap of adventures; the *Iwein* was composed ten years later, at least before the year 1204, and here again it is the individuality of the poet, discernible in the mode of description, in the lively dialogue, and the grave warning, which arrests our attention, and charms us beyond the story itself. This subjectivity of the poet, at once so characteristic of this period, and so fatal to its poetry, is yet more striking in such productions as Lamprecht's *Alexander*, and the *Trojan War*, or the *Eneas* of Conrad von Wurzburg. The former of these poems dates about the year 1170, and relates to a legend often remodelled, as by Ulrich von Eschenbach, Rudolph von Ems, and others. It is throughout the poet who speaks, who fights the marvellous battles, and finds, or rather loses, his way into enchanted forests. He does not realize for himself, or for his readers, the age and country of his hero, but appears to put himself in his place; and with great truth and feeling shows us what would have happened to Clerc Lambert had he been Alexander the Great! The same remarks will apply to all the productions of the same period, even to the *Eneas* of Heinrich von Veldekin, though he of course was a man

of far higher talent, and one whom the Germans are proud to rank as the father of their early poetry.

As poetry of this sort became less and less favoured in the courts, the poets, having no other masters to please, naturally pleased themselves. But in thus writing after their own taste, they fell into an artificial contemplative style, abounding in quotations and learned allusions. All poets belonging to a later date than 1240 or 1250, begin to complain of the want of sympathy in the nobles, the absence of all poetic spirit and appreciation of their works, so that some fell into a bitter misanthropical mood, while others, wrapping themselves with sublime dignity in their own self-respect, and what then passed for impenetrable learning, still wrote for those who would read them, and for—themselves. By this time, too, the famous minne-poetry, with its many votaries, had fairly run itself out. Everybody copied everybody. Walther von der Vogelweide, Reimar von Zweter, Wolfram, and Ulrich von Lichtenstein, were plagiarized without mercy. The case with their ideas was just as Jean Paul declares it ever will be in Germany—that no author can light a new torch, and hold it out to the world till he throws away the end in weariness, but all the lesser ones fall upon it and run about for years with the fragments of light. The chivalry of Germany died away: the knights became robbers, who cared nothing for the poets, and the poets became philosophical, learned, in a word, unreadable. The narrators were not careful to select the best material for their labours, and, further, became so increasingly wedded to their national failing of subjectivity, that it is no wonder they should have gradually dwindled away; while the minne-singer was, from an equally dire necessity, driven out of his last resource of borrowed plumes, and thus the German nation, poetically speaking, was in a fair way of being reduced to a very satisfactory state of subjective imbecility.

In the fourteenth century, a change, equally marked, came over the political condition of Germany. The nations which had been united against their common enemy, the Saracen, discovered that, in default of better occupation, they must fight against one another; so they set to work in good earnest—England and Scotland, England and France, Denmark and Sweden, France and Aragon, Aragon and Castile, besides the perplexing differences in Austria, Bohemia, and Poland. All the effects of such dissensions were felt to their fullest extent in Germany, not as touching the state only, but also the church, and the progress of the people. Such poems as we have above alluded to, were now almost ignored. Wolfram, indeed, was read a little, early in the fifteenth century, but with far less pleasure than the old

didactic poem of *Freidank*. The people had no taste, and probably no time for revelling, as the nobles had done, in the pleasant images, or the interminable paragraphs of the courtly poets; they required something short, pithy, and instructive, as well as amusing. The stories of the old heroes, before the days of chivalry, were the subjects with which they felt most ready sympathy, and we find numbers of them now re-written in prose. At the same time, also, religious prose legends were introduced, in great numbers and short secular tales, with jests and anecdotes. After the invention of printing, in 1430, these were very widely circulated. Barren and cheerless as was the aspect of the fourteenth century in Germany, the humbler classes still retained the healthy germs of a vigorous and manly poetry, very different from the minne-lays which had preceded it. A *Volkslied*, popular as the old Hildebrand, Niebelungen, and Roland songs, but having less of the martial, more of the impassioned caste about it. These circumstances made what the Germans call the second classic era in their history of the poetry possible. And to this we owe that era, as it appeared in the eighteenth century.

But these prose stories, at the end of the fifteenth and throughout great part of the sixteenth centuries, were then the only popular literature. The art epics, with their learning and elaboration, had lorded it so long over the poetry of the people, that when these unfortunate authors, like the owl, twisted their own necks in studying the reflection of themselves, the popular feeling rejoiced in their downfall, and consigned them to oblivion with somewhat spiteful haste. There was, however, no poetry to put in its place, save the same heroic songs which the nation had sung in its childhood. Now that it was nearing manhood, it gave to these the maturer form of prose. But when we speak of these *Volksbücher* as popular literature, it must not be supposed that they were exactly to the sixteenth century what three-volume novels have been to the nineteenth. In our day, it is a rare thing to meet with a philosopher at all times so abstruse, or a geologist imprisoned beneath so many scientific strata, that he has never, since his youth, been fascinated by any fiction—never opened with pleasure, and closed with something like regret, a volume of Bulwer or of Thackeray. In proportion to the enlightenment of that age, the rude, healthy charm of the *Volksbücher* might have entitled them to a similar welcome in their day. But this remark we cannot make without considerable trepidation. It is treasonable enough so to provoke the shades of certain educated Germans of the sixteenth century. They seem even now crowding in over our threshold, and disappearing in indignant and misty confusion, like the soap-bubbles

over the edge of a boy's pipe, till one more zealous and less evanescent than the rest, solemnly compassionating our ignorance, deigns to tell us how learning, in their day, knew better what was due to its own dignity, and carefully kept aloof from the masses; how their magnificent classical attainments, their unwearied studies, which so gloriously resulted in writing Latin, and in ignoring their native tongue, raised them above any fellow-feeling for the common German herd, and that we do them unparalleled injustice to imagine the *Volksbücher*, things hawked about the country and sold at fairs, could ever have influenced the sixteenth century otherwise than mere play-bills or advertisements may influence our own. Granted, Master Scholar, that was, assuredly, about the level to which you and your fellow-shades would fain have reduced them, and, moreover, wherein you were not altogether unsuccessful. Nevertheless, in support of our opinion, we have the fact, that certain individuals, dignified (no doubt by a degenerate century) with the name of scholars, as one Goethe, and others named Tieck, Grimm, and Musæus, have bestowed no small labour on the collecting, and on the recomposition of these contemptible productions—so that the greater number are now well known as tales or dramas, and are prized alike by the scholar and the schoolboy. You must take this fact, good reader, as our plea for calling your attention to matters so childish as those which now lie before us.

The influence diffused by the commercial prosperity of the German free cities, had, in the sixteenth century, already effected much towards the amalgamation of hostile classes. The intercourse of trade brought man and man into closer contact, and served to rub off many obnoxious angles; while the new necessity for frequent journeys, stimulating a spirit of enterprise, could not fail to diffuse intelligence, and widen the range of sympathy. Still, the prevailing spirit was so much one of trade and manual industry, that the only trace of literary interest or cultivation is to be found in that dreary mechanism of the *meister-singers*, which they innocently called poetry. Business and travelling were then, as with us, the great occupations of life. Sober people would go, with perhaps less than six weeks' preparation, all the way from Nürnberg to see their cousins at Munich, or their grandmother at Cologne. Wealthy citizens sent their sons on a tour through the Belgian cities, or to one of the flourishing Hanse towns to bring home a rich wife. In this century, also, appeared the first symptoms of that rage for watering places, which must now have reached its climax, since we verily believe no German dies comfortably who has not in happier days been cured, or is not now professionally killed, in Carlsbad, Gräfrad, or Teplitz. Now, at such places, how could these good people have amused

themselves? It must, indeed, have been a pursuit of health under difficulties. Possibly some of the men would be meistersingers, and cheat the rude weather and idle hour by making scrupulously unpoetical verses. A Strasburger might at intervals read some of Hans Sachs, and Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, or Thomas Murner's last pamphlet against Luther, while one can readily fancy a family party under the trees, compensating for the bitterness of the waters, by a chapter of the *Four Sons of Aymon*, or a young lady setting aside the distaff to resume the sorrows of *Griseldis*. But from all such popular advancement, as was thus indicated, the learned, *par excellence*, kept fitting distance; mounting their frail stilts of classic learning, they walked to and fro above the crowd, superciliously overlooking those busy lesser wheels whose ceaseless and united action urges on the great machine of social life.

Many of our readers will already know as household tales, the histories of *Fortunatus*, of *Horned Siegfried*, *Doctor Faustus*, *Griseldis*, *Genoveva*, and perhaps some others, none of which therefore need further mention here. Among those which have been, and still continue to be, the most popular in Germany, is, *Duke Ernst*, a legend which existed unwritten in 1180, and in the sixteenth century received the prevailing prose form. It bears closer resemblance to the ancient heroic tradition than any which have not their origin in that remote period, and is also remarkable for its eccentric geography, and for the introduction of the Oriental wonders reported by the Crusaders, the splendour of which is fully detailed. We are here able to give only a short outline of a very long story, and can scarcely expect to do any justice to its pictorial merits. The interest is personal rather than historical, as will be found to be the case in all popular tradition. The adventures of individuals claim more ready and cordial interest than the general events of history. Many readers who might be said (more expressively than elegantly) to devour the story of Duke Ernst, would be utterly apathetic in relation to the historic events which affected whole nations. It is his personality which excites their interest, and his history which gives them their only ideas of an entire historic period. How many instances might be enumerated wherein such traditional or historic heroes have thus given character and colouring to whole centuries. It is natural for the heart and the imagination to be attracted more by men than by events. Hence, with few exceptions, it is the philosopher, and the man of culture alone, who can so far generalize as to follow out with interest all the complex causes and results of historical transactions. The peasant or the artisan has more relish for the toils and perils of Robert

Bruce, Robin Hood, and a score of heroes besides. This association of material of all sorts round one centre, will partly account for the extraordinary mixture found in most popular tales, and which the reader will not fail to criticise in the tales following. In the two stories to which we shall restrict our selection, there is the fantastic half truth, half fable of the Oriental poet, mixed up with the superstition of mediæval catholicism, the gloomy presages of the astrologer, and the fatalism of the Mahomedan, all linked with our own Christian teaching of patience under injury, of manly faith, and rectitude triumphing over evil. The restless chivalry of the West is sometimes lulled into luxurious siesta, and imagination hovers in a region undefined and undefinable; time, space, the probable and the improbable, are all forgotten, the reader's neat little craft of common sense goes to the bottom, and he is cast ashore on what seems to him the lonely island of the impossible.

With the assistance of Gustave Schwab's version, we shall now give the substance of one of these stories, begging the reader to forget utterly, for the next few pages, that he has anything to do with a grave reviewer of the nineteenth century, and to imagine rather that it is some simple-minded, credulous German of three or four centuries ago that is about to speak.

'The Emperor Otto the Red, after the death of his young wife, Ottogeba, followed the advice of his councillors, and sent an embassy to the Duchess of Bavaria, demanding her hand in marriage. Since the death of her husband, this virtuous princess had led a quiet life, employing herself in the education of her son, Ernst, and had refused all solicitations to marry again. She was therefore greatly distressed on hearing the emperor's message, and could only think of the dissensions which would arise between him and her son the duke. But Ernst, on the contrary, urged the matter upon her, saying, 'Dearest mother, I beseech you, let no fear on my account prevent your union with this mighty prince. With the help of God, who is our head ruler, I will render good service to my earthly emperor in fortune or misfortune, will always show him obedience, and will surround him and his with my arms, that I may always enjoy his favour.' So the wedding took place, with great state and splendour, in the town of Mainz, and for a time all things went on smoothly at the court.

'Now, there was a certain Count Heinrich, a treacherous and pitiless man, who could not bear to see the friendly terms on which the emperor and the empress stood with their son. Although the young duke was greatly respected by all, and had bravely

defended his step-father's lands on more than one occasion, yet the false count goes to the emperor and represents to him how diligently his son is seeking out an opportunity to put an end to his life, and to obtain possession of the whole kingdom. At first the emperor does not believe him. But Heinrich goes on to show how he has heard it from two or three, and that the danger is very great. 'Oh, my dear Heinrich,' says the emperor, in great distress, 'I beseech you, give me good counsel. If it be as you say, how am I to send my son out of the country before he can accomplish his design?'—'I would advise my imperial master,' said he, 'that while your son rides to Regensburg, you send, secretly, without the knowledge of the empress, a part of your army, which shall drive him out of the land.' So the troops were sent, and, after great difficulty, took the town of Bamberg. The inhabitants then sent word to their good duke at Regensburg of what had befallen them. Ernst went with bitter tears to his friend, Count Wetzels, wondering what base calumnies had reached the ears of his father, that he should cause so much bloodshed in his land, and be so eager for his destruction. He then assembled his four thousand men, and went out to meet Count Heinrich, who escaped from the battle with only a few followers. This defeat only added to the rage of the emperor, and he went out with fresh troops, taking town after town, and desolating the whole land. Duke Ernst then sent a messenger to his father, assuring him of his loyalty, and begging him to spare his dominions. After hearing this, the emperor paced up and down the room in great wrath, and the empress perceiving that it concerned her son, begged that his conduct might be examined thoroughly, and that he might not be condemned without a hearing. The emperor was inexorable, and the empress went to her room in great sorrow. While upon her knees praying for the deliverance of her son, and wondering whence the evil had sprung, she heard a voice, as it were from heaven, saying to her, 'The Count Heinrich is at the root of these things.' In great amazement, she sent for the messenger, and instructed him to tell Ernst how matters stood at the court, and that all his misfortunes were owing to Count Heinrich. Upon this news, Ernst took a bold resolution, and, with his friend, Wetzels, went to Spire, where the emperor had assembled all the princes. Leaving their horses with the servants, they went up into the palace, and found the emperor sitting alone with the count. Duke Ernst then drew his sword, and exclaiming, 'Thou false and treacherous count, wherefore didst thou thus foully slander me?' plunged it furiously into his enemy. The emperor, terrified at his son's violence, sprang down some four feet into a chapel,

and remained there trembling till the murderers had time to escape. They went in great haste to the Duke of Saxony; of him Duke Ernst obtained a sufficient number of troops to conduct him in safety to Regensburg. The duke assembled the citizens, and told them all that had happened, and how his father being so much stronger than he, all further resistance was in vain; he therefore counselled them to render true allegiance to the emperor, but told them he must take his treasures, and turn his back upon his people. And their hearts were very heavy when they saw their good duke ride away. Forty knights accompanied him on a journey to the Holy Sepulchre; and his mother sent him secretly one hundred silver marks, which he divided among them. So they took the nearest road into Hungary, and were well received by the king, who sent men with them to guide them safely through the forests. At Constantinople, they were most graciously entertained, and remained for three weeks at the court. By that time a large and beautiful ship came in, which the king ordered to be well manned and well stocked with provisions. For six weeks they sailed with fair wind; but one night a storm arose, and the ship was in great danger, and the other twelve ships which were with the duke all went to pieces. At last the sailors were unable to find out where they were, and their stock of provisions was nearly ended. In the midst of these difficulties, they reached an unknown coast. Here they landed, and Duke Ernst and his knights mounted and rode towards a town, which they saw in the distance. It was beautifully built, with a thick, high wall, huge towers, and surrounded by a broad moat. After riding about it at a distance, they resolved to return to the ship, and having eaten and drank what little they had, put on their armour, and the duke gave Count Wetzel the standard with the motto, 'God's word standeth for ever.'

'Now the inhabitants of this country were called Agrippines. The king had just set out with his followers to waylay an Indian princess, who was passing through his land on her way to the foreign prince whom she was to marry. After long deliberation, and with some fear, the duke entered the town; they met no one in all the streets, and at length they dismounted before a beautiful castle. In the hall they found a table spread with delicious fare; as though for a wedding feast; so they all sat down, and ate and drank as much as they liked, and sent for those who were on board the ship also to come and refresh themselves. The next day they came again to the palace, and ate and drank, and walked from one beautiful room to another, till they found a chamber in which stood two splendid bedsteads

of pure gold, and the coverings of cloth of gold; in the middle of the room was a table covered with a magnificent cloth, on which a delicate repast was laid out. Next to this was a small saloon, and a garden with a beautiful fountain leaping from silver pipes into two golden troughs. So Duke Ernst and his friend Wetzel bathed in the fountain, and then laid themselves down to sleep in the golden beds. After they had rested, they went once more round, admiring the wonders of the palace, when Count Wetzel suddenly espied a large army advancing towards them; the duke then proposed they should hide themselves, and see what these people did. The people entered the town in great state, but Ernst and his friend were not a little amazed to see that one and all of them had the neck and bill of a crane. The king now took his seat at the table, with the beautiful princess, whom he had carried off, sitting beside him; he often turned round his bill towards her that she might kiss him, but the good maiden was full of sorrow, and turned aside her head, wishing she were in a forest with wild beasts, rather than with such fearful-looking creatures. Meanwhile, the two gentlemen behind the door whispered to one another, and noticed the distress of the lady, and Duke Ernst vowed that he would risk his life to save her. But they were much afraid the people should discover the ship, and the knights they had left there, and the knights in the ship were equally anxious for their duke and his friend. When the long meal was at last finished, the people all went away drunk, and cackling like geese; the king retired into a beautiful room laden with golden ornaments, and sent two servants to fetch the princess. Duke Ernst and Count Wetzel sprang from their hiding-place as she was led by, and struck off the head of one servant, the other rushed into the presence of the king, exclaiming that the Indians were there to carry away their princess. The king sprang up with a loud cackle, and ran his bill into the maiden's side, so that she fell to the ground. This so enraged the duke, that he ran the king through with his sword; he then raised the princess, but she had only breath to say a few words of gratitude. When they saw that she was dead, they had only their own safety to care for, and fought their way bravely to the gates of the town. But these were closed, and the enemy was fast overpowering them. Now it chanced that the gentlemen in the ship had set out to see if they could anywhere see the duke; they heard the noise in the town, and with their battle-axes at last broke the gates, and saved him and his friend, together with the body of the princess. But they had no sooner safely set sail, than the Agrippines set sail also, and showered poisoned arrows after

them like snow. Fortunately, the duke had on board a sort of catapult, with which he sent three or four ships to the bottom; and the others seeing they could get no good, went back to the town and buried their king.

‘On the fifth day, after fair wind, the captain of the ship saw a dark mountain rise in the distance, and at the sight broke out into fearful lamentations. No power could save the ship; for greater strength, it had been studded over with huge iron nails, and the magnetic power of the mountain now drew them out, and the ship fell, and floated piecemeal on the water.’

Then our story goes on to show how these adventurous knights escaped by the marvellous help of ox-hides and huge vultures; how they made their way through the stream of a terrible mountain pass; how this brought them into a country peopled by Cyclops, having their one eye in the centre of their forehead; how the duke and his followers did much wise and valiant service for the king of the Cyclops, against a people called Sciapodes, who had but one foot, that foot, however, being of such structure and dimensions, as to fit them for great achievements on land or water; also against a people who had ears long enough to serve them for mantles; and against giants, whom none before were ever known to conquer; and then the story proceeds.

‘Now that there was no more assistance to be rendered to the King of the Cyclops, the duke one day said to his friend, ‘Dear Wetzel, I once heard, that in India, there are very little men indeed, who are constantly at war with the crane-people. I should much like to see them. Will you go with me; and I will then take some more soldiers?’ The count was very willing; and, taking abundance of provision, they set sail for India. The good people were very much alarmed at the sight of such great warriors, but were right glad when they heard they were come to bring peace, and not war. The duke won for them an easy victory, and only took as reward two of the dwarfs; and returned to the king of the Cyclops, who had given him five large towns and castles. One day, as he was walking on the sea-shore, a ship came into the harbour from India, driven by the wind; and they told the duke how their king, who favoured the Christians, was, on this account, at war with the sultan of Babylon, who desolated the land with fire and sword. Duke Ernst then went home, and told the count about it; and they agreed to sail the next day with the captain. Orders were given to provision the ship, the strange people the duke had collected were put on board, and all left before the king heard anything of it.’

We cannot follow the duke through all his victorious adventures in the regions of the Sultan of Babylon, and of the King of the Moors, but will rejoin him at Jerusalem.

‘When he had been there half a-year, two pilgrims came who knew him, and who went away and told the Emperor Otto all about the marvellous people whom his son had brought from strange countries. The emperor was very much astonished, and gave them handsome presents. Then he went to the empress, and said, ‘Dear wife; I will tell you something wonderful. Your son Ernst is in Jerusalem, and has grown quite grey.’ The empress was amazed and delighted at these words. ‘Truly, sire, the grey hairs which he has, have come from no small sorrow. He has suffered much injury in his lifetime!’

From Jerusalem the duke went to Rome: and when he had seen all the town, he said, one day, to Wetzel, ‘My dearest friend; let us turn towards our fatherland. You know how many dangers we have encountered, and, with God’s help, overcome; but my greatest misery seems still to be, that my father will not lessen his anger toward me, although I am innocent. Therefore I beg you, dear friend, tell me what I had better do.’ The count then advised the duke to go to Nuremberg, where the emperor was to hold a diet; and who knows, said he, how Providence may not help us by that time. No sooner said than done. They secretly entered the town of Nuremberg; and soon after them came the emperor, and all his court. On Christmas Day, the empress and her ladies all went to the church; this the duke saw, and mixing among the people, came up to his mother with the greeting, ‘Give me an alms, for Christ’s sake, and for the sake of your son Ernst!’ The empress replied, ‘Alas, my friend, I have not seen my son for very long. Would God he were alive, you should then have alms enough!’ Then said the duke, quickly, ‘Madam, give me the alms, and I will go hence again, for I am in disgrace with my father, and cannot come into favour again!’ The empress said, ‘You are then my son Ernst?’ He replied, ‘Mother, I am your son; therefore help me to find favour again.’ The empress then told him to come the following day to the church; and when the Bishop of Bamberg read the Gospel, he and his friend Wetzel should throw themselves at the emperor’s feet, and beg his forgiveness. Their example should be followed by all the court; and she hoped it would not be in vain. So the duke followed her advice; and when the service was ended, he threw his cloak over his face, and bowing before the emperor said, ‘Most gracious lord and emperor, I beseech your majesty to forgive

‘a sinner, who has long erred, but who yet is innocent of the ‘chief charge against him.’ The emperor replied, that the pardon must depend upon the nature of the crime. Then the empress and all the court rose, and besought him, on this holy and joyful day, to pardon the offender. The emperor, at last, consented; but said he would see who the man was. The duke then threw back his mantle; and when he saw his father’s cheek redden with anger, he made a sign to his friend Wetzel, for it had been agreed that he should stab the duke rather than allow him to become the emperor’s prisoner. But the emperor, seeing the whole court thus intercede for his son, said, ‘And where, ‘then, is thy friend, Count Wetzel?’ The count then gladly approached, and received the kiss of reconciliation from the emperor. So every one went home well pleased; and the duke heard how basely the Count Heinrich had slandered him, and then told his innocence of all the charges; and how he had always been true and loyal in his heart. Then the emperor heard, in great amazement, how he had met with so many wonders, and had so many escapes; and he said to Duke Ernst, ‘My dear son, because you have been so much tried and ‘wronged, I promise, before these gentlemen, that you shall have ‘all your lands again, and many towns beside.’ So the duke rode with his friend into his own land, and received the joyful homage of his people; and he reigned there very long in peace. And the emperor went to the Diet, at Spire, and held a great feast, because his son was come back. The duke’s mother also, ordered many workmen to Salza, and there built a splendid minster, in which she was afterwards buried.’

We need not mention the point of this story that will remind our readers of the tale of ‘Sinbad the Sailor.’ It is doubtless one of the many traveller’s tales brought from the East, either by the Crusaders, or by the learned men who, some years later, not unfrequently took one or two voyages into foreign parts before giving themselves to labour for life. Accounts of such travels were read with great eagerness in the sixteenth century, and were especially congenial to its youthful enterprising spirit. The wonders of *Duke Ernst*, and other romances, would doubtless pass unquestioned, among the wild poetic versions of real discoveries, to which multitudes everywhere gave delighted credence. Many years of travel, and of newly-opened commerce, passed away, before the stories of Russian steppes, with their salt lakes, boiling springs, and ghostlike birch-woods, then for the first time heard of, were to be received as more authentic than other tales of haunted wells and desert islands. Sailors have ever been super-

stitious, and travellers, in times past, hardly less so. Distant lands, in the middle ages, and long after, were all the lands of fable.

The story of the *Four Sons of Aymon* springs from the old Charlemagne tradition-cycle, and is full of exciting incident. Its length precludes us from doing more than name it. A translation has, we believe, lately appeared in the *Traveller's Library*, by William Hazlitt. As a sample of those *Volksbücher*, of a less martial character, we will just sketch an outline of the universal favourite, the *Fair Melusina*—which was translated from the French by Düring von Ringoltingen, and printed about 1535.

‘Once upon a time, there lived at Poitiers, in France, a count, named Emmerich, who was a great astrologer; he had also very large estates, and spent much of his time in hunting. In the neighbouring forest lived another count, who was his cousin, but who was very poor, and had a great many children. Count Emmerich had a great respect for his cousin, and was anxious to assist him in bringing up his family as became their noble rank. He, therefore, gave a large banquet, to which he invited the Count von der Forste and his sons. As they were going away, he begged his cousin to leave his youngest son Raymond behind, that he might educate him as his own child; the manly form and engaging dispositions of the youth had so won his heart, that he should be quite unhappy if his request were not granted. So Raymond was left behind, and conducted himself so well as to gain the affections of all in his new home. One day the count, attended by Raymond and a large company of gentlemen, went out into the forest to hunt a wild boar. The animal led them a long chase, and killed many dogs; the count, with the faithful Raymond at his side, still pursued, until the moon rose, and they found themselves alone in a green glade. Raymond then proposed they should return, and endeavour to reach the nearest peasant's house; they, therefore, rode slowly on through the tangled underwood till they came upon the road to Poitiers. The count then looked up at the stars, and after studying them in grave silence, turned with a deep sigh to Raymond. ‘Come here my son, I will show you a great phenomenon, such an aspect of the heavens as is rarely seen!’ Raymond begged to be further instructed in the matter. ‘I see,’ continued the count, ‘that in this hour some one will kill his master, and will thus become a mighty powerful lord, greater than all his ancestors!’ Raymond listened in silence; meantime, they came upon a fire which had been lighted by the

other gentlemen of the party, so they dismounted, and sat down by the fire. They were no sooner seated than they heard a loud crashing in the branches behind, and had scarcely time to seize their weapons before a wild boar was upon them, foaming and tearing up the ground with rage. Raymond begged the count to save himself in a tree; this proposal offended him greatly, and seizing his spear he rushed furiously at the boar, but the stroke was too weak, the animal pushed it aside, and with one spring brought his enemy to the ground. Raymond now drew his spear in great haste to finish the boar and save his master, but in the heat of his zeal he drove the spear through the boar deep in the body of the count; he instantly withdrew it, but too late, count Emmerich lay dead, covered with blood.

‘In the greatest distress Raymond now fled from the place, he knew not whither. His eyes were blinded with tears, and he sent forth the most bitter lamentations and complaints against the destiny which had not only deprived him of his best friend, but had made him the instrument of his death. Wrapped in these gloomy thoughts he came to a well, beside which stood three beautiful maidens, and would have passed by without seeing them, but the youngest stepped forward and addressed him. Struck with the marvellous beauty of her countenance, he sprang to the ground, and besought her to forgive his unknighly conduct in passing without a greeting; he pleaded his deep and sudden grief which had almost deprived him of his senses. He then told her all that had befallen him; and the mysterious maiden gave him much kind and affectionate counsel, with many happy prophecies of the future, so that Raymond’s anxious face wore a pleasanter air, and the roses of hope succeeded the paleness of despair. He promised to devote his whole life to her, and to be directed by her counsel as the shadow is by the sun. Raymond further agreed to her condition, that if she became his wife, he should on every Saturday leave her entirely to herself, should make no effort to see her, nor allow any other person to do so; at the same time she promised on that day to go nowhere, but to remain quietly in her own apartments. The beautiful Melusina, seeing Raymond readily make so great a promise, fearing he undertook more than he would be able to perform, said to him: ‘You appear certainly to render cheerful obedience to my will, but I see you promise more than you intend to perform; let me tell you, however, that should you ever thus break your faith, at your door alone must lie all the misery that will arise from it—for not only must you then lose me inevitably and for ever, but misfortune will follow you, and your children’s children.’ After much more talk, they

at length took an affectionate farewell, Raymond promising in all things to follow the advice of Melusina, who was so beautiful and so wise, he could not tell whether she was a mortal or a spirit.

‘At the castle, Raymond found all in distress and confusion at the absence of the good count, but as so many gentlemen who had been with him knew nothing of where he had gone, no one suspected Raymond of knowing more than he appeared to do. Presently two of the servants returned, bringing the body with them, which they had found in the wood, beside the boar; and a very solemn funeral took place, at which none wept more sincerely than the affectionate Raymond. All the estates now came into the possession of Count Emmerich’s son, Bertram, and many nobles and gentlemen assembled to receive their lands from the new lord. Raymond, following the plan he had agreed upon with the fair Melusina, also presented his request, that for his past services, he might be allowed to have a piece of land near the well, if it were only such a piece as a deer-skin would cover. Raymond received the grant in due form, with parchment and seal. Immediately afterwards he met a man carrying a deer-skin, this he bought, and had it cut into the narrowest strips; he then set out, with proper men, to take possession of his land. One end of the skin he fastened to the well, and measured round it as far as the strip-line would reach. It was found to include a rich piece of land, watered by a broad stream; and all the men were astonished at the cunning of young Raymond, especially his cousin Bertram, who laughed heartily, and was greatly pleased when he heard it. The next time Raymond met his betrothed at the well, he received great praise for his discreet conduct. ‘Follow me,’ said she, ‘and let us thank Heaven that it thus prospers our undertakings.’ She then led him to a retired chapel in the forest, which Raymond was amazed to find filled with people, knights, ladies, citizens, and priests who conducted the service. Wondering if he were among men or spirits, he asked his bride whence all these people came in that solitary place, and who they were. Melusina then told him they were her subjects, and turning to them, enjoined upon them, thenceafter, the most implicit obedience to Raymond as their lord and master. This they all solemnly vowed.

‘The court of Count Bertram soon after received another visit from Raymond, and they wondered what should have brought him there again. Raymond readily obtained an audience of his cousin, and began thus:—‘Most gracious cousin, be not angry that I have so soon and unexpectedly presented myself at your court again, but I have something to tell you, which so nearly

‘concerns me, that I do not think I should leave you in ignorance. I have won a beautiful bride, and am come here to beg, most respectfully, that you and your mother will honour us with your presence at our wedding, which will take place at the Well. If, therefore, I and my betrothed may hope for such honour early on the coming Monday, we shall esteem it a peculiar happiness, ever to be remembered with gratitude.’ Bertram then inquired, with great curiosity, who the lady might be? ‘She is a noble, rich, and powerful lady,’ replied Raymond, ‘but of her descent I am still ignorant, and shall remain so until after the ceremony.’ At this communication Bertram was much astonished, and still more amused; however, he politely accepted the invitation, saying, his desire to see this goddess would make the time appear very long.

At length the wished-for day arrived, and the Count Bertram set out with a very numerous suite, who passed many jokes by the way, wondering whether the whole might not prove to be some magical deception, since the place of meeting bore a very suspicious character. When they reached a rocky height commanding the plain in which Raymond’s well lay, they were astonished to see it covered over with beautiful tents of all sizes, scattered picturesquely among the trees, and beside the stream; there were also numbers of people, apparently strangers, walking to and fro on the grass. This led them still more to believe the whole was the work of enchantment. Their thoughts, however, were now interrupted by the approach of a company of sixty knights and noblemen, all in the most magnificent attire; these conducted the gentlemen into a superb tent, and a company of noble ladies received the Countess and her attendants in the name of the bride. The company then assembled in the chapel, and were ranged in a circle round an altar of the richest workmanship. The dress of the bride sparkled with gold, pearls, and precious stones. After the mass had been performed with the most exquisite music, Raymond and Melusina were led to the altar to receive the blessing, and the bride was then conducted by the Count of Poitiers to the tent; here golden vessels were offered to the guests, and water poured upon their hands; seats were then taken at the table. After the first course, Raymond and some of his knights arose from the table and waited upon the guests. The repast was followed by a tournament, from which Raymond carried off the prize, which was a precious ornament, set in diamonds. In the evening the bridal pair were led, with a procession of music and torches, to their tent, which was of thick silk and stripes of gold, all embroidered with birds and

lilies. The music of flutes and soft voices continued all night without the tent, but Melusina reminded her husband of his promise, and warned him of certain ruin if he should break it.'

It will be readily seen how much there is in these descriptions resembling the chivalric romances, more especially those of France. And apt as we are to regard such details as tedious, and to exclaim against the frequent repetition of such adventures as becoming monotonous rather than exciting, we have to bear in mind that fiction has an end to accomplish, no less than history or philosophy. From the fragments of its fiction we look for indications of an epoch in its domestic and social conditions, in its tendency and general characteristics, as shown in paths branching off from the high road of the historian—mosaic bits, which, from their very littleness, go to form what proves both harmonious and instructive. History gathers its bearded sheaves of ripe events, leaving a lesser harvest for a merry band of gleaners, who store it with laughter and song, and send it forth again, as their contribution to the general happiness.

But our philosophy must not be allowed to prevent us following the course of our story. Well, the course, in substance, is this—the wedding feast lasts fifteen days. Raymond then occupies himself in building a strong castle with many lofty towers. Melusina, in process of time, becomes the mother of ten sons. These sons differ much from each other, one, for example, having one eye, another three, and their characters are not less varied. The brothers do many striking things, each after his nature. At length a friend provokes the curiosity of Raymond about the cause of his wife's mysterious seclusion every Saturday; after much conflict, the count resolves to secure, unobserved, a sight of what passed in the secret apartment of Melusina on that day. To his amazement he sees his beautiful wife engaged in magic ceremonies, become half-fish and half-woman, and much beside. As might be supposed, this dissolves the enchantment; the mysterious wife mysteriously disappears; Raymond becomes disconsolate, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and dies at a good old age, seeing most of his sons rise to wealth and honour; and Melusina, too, having foretold the fortunes of her house before her departure, still loves her husband, Raymond, and before his decease, returns to apprise those near him of his approaching end.

Now, to enter into the spirit of such a specimen from the comparative childhood of literature, and to understand the condition of mind to which it was addressed, this story must of course be regarded with something like that unquestioning faith with which

it was once received—at least, by the young and uncritical. Supernatural ladies of this beneficent order are by no means uncommon in early Teutonic literature. The charm of such illusions depends on our being able to believe as Raymond for a while believed—but in our case, as in his, all will be dispelled, if we begin to be too curious and grow sceptical.

Let us now leave these graver histories for those of a lighter description. We shall find these to be still more the immediate production of the existing social relations. Society, at that period, was made up of contrast, and gained in life and vigour from the constant friction of opposing elements. Mixed with the ungo-vern-ed love of mirth, the reckless self-indulgence, of a people, as it were, sowing their wild oats, are the signs of an approaching manhood, in grave questionings and anxious disputations. Martin Luther, with his lion heart, and ready speech, ever valiant for the highest truth; and Hans Sachs, with his shrewd wit and laughter-loving eye, pouring forth comedy and satire, are contemporaries especially characteristic of their age. And it is in such extremes that true satire must have its rise. Side by side in the soul of the satirist are *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Take away the one or the other, and the power and beauty of the character are gone. If we mistake not, it is the humorist Hood who says—

‘There is no music in the life
That sounds to idiot laughter only;
There is no note of mirth,
But hath its chord in melancholy.’

The genius which speaks to us in the inspiration of the loftiest tragedy and tenderest pathos, is often that which gives itself vent in the gayest humour, the keenest repartees. The rainbow of true wit must be formed of sunshine and of cloud. Mirth saves the sadness of reality from settling into gloom, gravity points and plumes the merry arrow, that it may not go forth idly and without an aim. It is so with nations as with individuals; and hence comes the conflict and fusion we meet with in the sixteenth century, producing along with the gravest writings, the greatest German satirists, and sending forth a stream of popular farce and humour, which provided occasion for laughter to succeeding generations. At this time, moreover, the remorseless *régime* of ceremony and etiquette, which had so long frozen the higher classes, and rigidly excluded the lower from any better intercourse than with their own, was gradually breaking up. Ideas concerning the rights of the governing and the governed underwent a change. People began to see what they had long only

indistinctly felt, and the separation of classes and the excesses of the clergy were declared to be evils, and assailed as such. For many a day, the only representative of freedom had been the court fool, who, revelling in his licence of equality, made a most refreshing use of it, satirising rich and poor, but invariably leveling his hardest hits at the highest heads—careless though the effect as it came upon his back consisted of something weightier than a witticism. The satirical tendency of the period saw in these pranks and follies of the fools no insignificant weapon, and led to the collection and arrangement of them round some mythic personage, as Burkhardt Waldis, Till Eulenspiegel, or the Friar Amis of the thirteenth century.

We have already seen how the heroic tradition, in a prose form, became once more welcome in its old home among the people. In the same manner, though in a different spirit, the old brute tradition was now also revived. In its first appearance, this tradition was a development, or manifestation rather, of the forest life and tastes of the early Germans. Their daily familiar association with the habits and instincts of the animal creation, taught them to attribute to it a half-human character, which is the spirit of the brute tradition. And when this social intercourse was interrupted, as by beasts of prey, their superstition would clothe such rude disturbers with supernatural terrors. Hence it is we hear of were-wolves, and other marvels. The famous brute epic of *Reynard the Fox*, which had been brought back again out of the Netherlands, assumed, however, in the eyes of this generation, an entirely new character. It was looked on and enjoyed as a bold, elaborate satire upon kings, courts, and priests; and to the prevailing quarrels between the clergy and the laity it owed many a new edition. In imitation of this work rose fables, and numberless stories of animals; the latter, however, failing to realize the mystic half-human element, which should be their special beauty. Where such heroes are represented as definite animals, or definite men, (though still called by animal names,) their hold on the imagination is greatly lessened. Master Reynard is more than a mere fox, and yet too much of a fox to be a man; the charm thus becomes complete, and is irresistible.

From the *Volksbücher* of this humorous caste we are somewhat at a loss to select a specimen. That which will perhaps admit of being indicated in the least space, is the *Lalenbuch*, or *The Citizens of Schilda*. The inhabitants of this town were so widely celebrated for their wisdom, that they received embassies from the most distant kings and statesmen, summoning them to give their

advice upon important questions. This celebrity proved, after a time, somewhat inconvenient, inasmuch as it often happened that the women were left at home alone to plough, sow, and reap. But, as we shall see, their wisdom was not for other people's use only. After mature deliberation, they resolved to lay aside this superfluous possession. From the day of that determination each was to emulate his fellow in stupidity. At first, this was rather a difficult matter; but soon, as the magistrate said, 'they were clever enough to take to it quite naturally.' One of the first improvements which they now undertook in their town was the erection of a new town-hall. It rose to a great height, with three walls forming a triangle; but notwithstanding the beauty of the design, it was discovered, on the first day of assembly, that they were unable to see anything in the interior. They, therefore, with great promptitude, ran and fetched large sacks, held them open in the sunshine, then hastily closing the mouths, rushed into the hall, concluding that this manœuvre would be followed by a full blaze of sunshine. Great was their dismay at finding themselves still in the dark; and they gladly followed the advice of a traveller, who told them to take off the roof from the building. This they did; and fortunately had a dry summer.

The citizens of Schilda also built a new mill, and for this purpose had hewn a stone from a quarry at the top of the hill. This they carried down to the mill; but then they remembered how, in felling the wood for the town-hall, one tree had rolled down by itself. 'Are we come to be real fools,' quoth the magistrate, in a great rage; 'we might have let the stone roll down, and have spared all this trouble.' So, with great difficulty, they carried it up again to the quarry. 'Oh!' exclaimed one of the men; 'how shall we know where the stone rolls to?' 'That is easily settled,' replied the magistrate; 'some one must put his head into the hole, and go down with it.' So the stone and the man went down the hill-side into the millpond. When the rest reached the bottom of the hill, and saw neither man nor stone, they suspected foul play; and said the man must have gone off with the millstone. They therefore sent word to all the neighbouring villages, 'that if a man were seen walking with a millstone round his neck, he should be taken, and should suffer the extremity of the law as a common thief.' But the poor fellow lay at the bottom of the pond, and had drunk too much water to be able to make his defence. Not long after this, there was a report of war; and the people were greatly concerned for the safety of the bell in the town-hall.

They at length agreed that the sea would be the safest place to put it in. So they went out in a ship, and dropped the bell slowly down, making a notch in the ship's side, that they might know the precise spot. When the war was over, they set sail again to recover their treasure; but though the notch was still in the ship, they never found their bell. The stupidity of the Schilbürger had long ceased to be assumed; and their melancholy end was such as might be anticipated from their consistent life. It happened thus:—In the town of Schilda there were no cats; and barns and houses were overrun with mice. One day, a traveller passed with a cat under his arm. An innkeeper asked what it was. 'A mouse-dog,' replied the stranger; and it forthwith commenced considerable execution among the mice. So the stranger kindly settled with the good citizens, that they should have the cat for a hundred gulden. They carried it into the castle, where the corn was, and then remembered they had not inquired what the animal ate. A man was dispatched after the stranger; who, however, fearing they repented the bargain, took to his heels. 'What does it eat?' shouted the man, at a great distance. '*Wie man's beut*' (what you please) replied he, hastily. But the peasant understood him, '*Vieh und Leut*' (men and cattle), and ran home in great consternation. From this it was clear that when the mice were eaten, the cattle and themselves would be the next victims; but no one dared to touch the creature. So they thought it would be a lesser evil to lose their corn, and promptly set fire to the castle, in order to destroy the cat. But the cat jumped out of the window into another house; this they bought, and burned likewise; but the creature walked quietly on to the roof, and began washing her face. This solemn elevation of the paw was construed into a menace of mortal revenge. One brave man commenced an attack with a long spear; but puss calmly ran down it. This climax so horrified the beholders, that they simultaneously fled; and the village was burned all but one house. With their wives and children the Schilbürger wandered into the forest; and having lost their all, sought other homes in countries far and near. So that, even in our day, there is no town in which some of the race of the Schilbürgers may not be found.

And as we have all met with Schilbürgers in our time, so we have all heard of one Whittington, who also chanced to find a cat a very marketable commodity.

Our patient reader, now, doubtless, looks to us for some information respecting the early authors of the stories, the

characteristics of which we have submitted, with our best fidelity, to his judicious criticism. But laudable as this spirit of inquiry may be in the abstract, there are occasions on which we cannot profess to admire it, if it be expected of us that we should preserve even the ghost of a conscience. In the present instance, we consider it annoying, intrusive, malicious. Our only reply is, that a few were composed and penned by a Thuringian princess, in the fifteenth century; and it is possible, that the literary dilettante, Niclas von Wyle, may have had something to do with some others of them; but this is scarcely probable, since he was far too busy in translating Italian, and running after literary ladies. Our information, therefore, on this point, becomes 'beautifully less' as we attempt to gather it up, and resolves itself into a statement of our own utter ignorance, with this consoling reservation, however, that we cannot refer the baffled inquirer to a more enlightened authority than ourselves. It is sufficient for us, humble persons as we are, that, in common with such obscure authors as the said Goethe and Tieck before mentioned, we have found it pleasant, and something more, to place ourselves amidst the times when such fictions could be invented, and amidst the wonder-loving circles among whom they could be narrated, believed, and enjoyed.

ART. IV.—*Reports from the Select Committees of the House of Commons on the Law of Mortmain.* 1851–2.

It has been asserted by a learned and eloquent historian of the Christian Church,* that the law of Constantine, which empowered the clergy to receive testamentary bequests, and to hold land, was a gift which would scarcely have been exceeded if he had granted them two provinces of the empire. In the space of two centuries, from the reign of the imperial convert to that of Justinian, the eighteen hundred churches scattered over the Roman territories were enriched by the munificent and inalienable gifts of the sovereign and the people. Gibbon, in his malicious, but we fear, on the whole, truthful, representation of the effect of this edict, depicts, in his usual sarcastic language, the arts by which that wealth was acquired, and the purposes to which it was often abused.

‘In the capital of the empire, the females of noble and opulent houses possessed a very ample share of independent property, and many of those devout females had embraced the doctrines of Christianity, not only with the cold assent of the understanding, but with the warmth of affection, perhaps with the eagerness of fashion. They sacrificed the pleasures of dress and luxury; and renounced, for the praise of chastity, the soft endearments of conjugal society. Some ecclesiastic, of real or apparent sanctity, was chosen to direct their timorous conscience, and to amuse the vacant tenderness of their heart; and the unbounded confidence which they hastily bestowed was often abused by knaves and enthusiasts, who hastened from the extremities of the East to enjoy on a splendid theatre the privileges of the monastic profession. By the contempt of the world, they usually acquired its most desirable advantages; the lively attachment of perhaps a young and beautiful woman, the delicate plenty of an opulent household, and the respectful homage of the slaves, the freed-men, and the clients of a senatorial family. The immense fortunes of the Roman ladies were gradually consumed in lavish alms and expensive pilgrimages; and the artful monk, who had assigned himself the first, or possibly the sole place in the testament of his spiritual daughter, still presumed to declare, with the smooth face of hypocrisy, that *he* was only the instrument of charity and the steward of the poor. The lucrative, but disgraceful trade, which was exercised by the clergy to defraud the expectations of the natural heirs, provoked the indignation even of a superstitious age; and two of the most respectable of the Latin fathers very honestly confess, that the ignominious edict of Valentinian was just and necessary; and that the Christian priests

* Milman, vol. iii.

had deserved to lose a privilege which was still enjoyed by comedians, charioteers, and the ministers of idols.*

The Valentinian law checked without eradicating this evil, by imposing many limitations upon the testamentary bequests of women, and the most distinguished churchmen of the day complain, not so much of the limitations themselves, as of the fact, that the clergy had rendered them necessary. Jerome, rebuking the prevalent corruption of the clerical order, and relating what he had seen, probably at Rome, presents a striking picture of the prevailing vice. ‘*Si pulvillum viderit, si mantile elegans, si aliquid domesticæ supellectilis, laudat, miratur, attrahat, et se his indigere conquerens, non tam impetrat, quam extorquet, quia singulæ metuunt veredarium urbis offendere.*’†

A singular law, made some years subsequently to the edict of Valentinian, proves at once the insufficiency of that edict to extirpate the corrupt practices of the clergy, and justifies the severe language of the historian. Such deaconesses of the church as were of noble families were prohibited from disposing, under pretence of religion, of their jewels, plate, and furniture, or of such other things as were marks of honour in their families; but even the repeal of this law was obtained two months after its enactment by the influence of the priesthood.‡

Without doubt the wealth of the church, however improperly acquired, was often applied to very beneficent purposes. Many bishops expended the large incomes of their churches on works of utility and benevolence. The whole power and resources of the State were, in that age, absorbed in the duty of checking barbarian encroachment, repressing revolts, and punishing rebellions. Its spirit was selfish, its heart was corrupt, and its aspect stern and unrelenting. The church was the depositary, guardian, and dispenser of all the sacred charities and humanities of life. It took under its exclusive care, the poor, the sick, the unprotected, and the disconsolate. It built and it supported almshouses, hospitals, orphan asylums. It even, occasionally, ministered to the health, convenience, and luxury of the people. Theodoret, bishop of Cyros, whose diocese was considered a poor one, was nevertheless able to save enough out of his revenues to erect porticoes for the use of the city, to build two large bridges, to construct a canal from the Euphrates to the town, which had before suffered from want of water, and to repair and improve the public baths, which were indispensable

* *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. iv. p. 26.

† Ep. 22. ad Eustochium, s. 28.

‡ *Cod. Theod. lib. xvi. tit. 2.*

for the inhabitants of the district. Many of these and other similar undertakings, unless they had been accomplished in that age by the wealth of the church, would not have been effected at all.

But the church was to act a far more important part in secular affairs, before its true nature was recognised, and a barrier opposed to its temporal dominion. The long decay of the imperial government was favourable to the growth of sacerdotal power, which embodied whatever of moral influence survived the dissolution of the Roman empire. The bishops were the natural chiefs of the towns; they were at once their magistrates and their protectors; they dispensed justice, mitigated barbarian ferocity, and became the councillors of barbarian kings; they had long been accustomed to the exercise of civil authority; they soon aspired to absolute dominion; they succeeded in establishing an influence which no then existing government could resist, and by often sharing and sanctioning the excesses of power, they made steady and sure advances to unlimited authority in the State.

But Europe was not then ripe for a theocratical sovereignty. Meantime, an intermediate position was open to the clergy, and they eagerly embraced it; they became great landed proprietors, and formed themselves into a hierarchy of manorial lords.

‘The devotion of the conquering nations,’ says Mr. Hallam, ‘as it was less enlightened than that of the subjects of the empire, so was it still more munificent. They left indeed the worship of Hesus and Taranus in their forests, but they retained the elementary principles of that and of all barbarous idolatry, a superstitious reverence for the priesthood, a credulity that seemed to invite imposture, and a confidence in the efficacy of gifts to expiate offences. Of this temper it is undeniable that the ministers of religion, influenced probably not so much by personal covetousness, as by zeal for the interests of their order, took advantage. Many of the peculiar and prominent characteristics in the faith and discipline of these ages, appear to have been either introduced, or sedulously promoted, for the purpose of sordid fraud. To those purposes conspired the veneration for relics, the worship of images, the idolatry of saints, and martyrs, the religious inviolability of sanctuaries, the consecration of cemeteries, but above all the doctrine of purgatory, and masses for the relief of the dead. A creed thus contrived, operating upon the minds of barbarians, lavish though rapacious, and devout though dissolute, naturally caused a torrent of opulence to pour in upon the church. Donations of land were continually made to the bishops, and, in still more ample proportion, to the monastic foundations.’*

* *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 500.

The French monarchs of the first line of kings, the Carolingian family, and their great chief, the Saxon emperors, the kings of England, and Leon, hardly set any bounds to their liberality. In Charlemagne, however, the clergy, although they partook largely of his bounty, found a master—at once penetrating and powerful—subtle as themselves, and profoundly skilled in human nature—he made great use of ecclesiastics; indeed they were the principal officers in his administration, but in making them serve his purposes, he never for an instant allowed them to use *him* as an instrument for their own. It was his practice, it appears, to note down his thoughts previously to holding his councils, and a series of questions is extant, which Charlemagne proposed to put to his bishops and counts at one of their general assemblies. They are framed in a spirit of sly satire and quiet reproof, which is extremely amusing.

‘To ascertain on what occasions, and in what places, the ecclesiastics and the laity seek to impede each other in the exercise of their respective functions? To inquire and discuss up to what point a bishop, or an abbot, is justified in interfering in secular offices, and a count or other layman in ecclesiastical affairs? To interrogate them closely as to the meaning of those words of the apostle—‘No man that warreth for the law entangleth himself with the affairs of this life?’ Inquire to whom these words apply.

‘Desire the bishops and abbots to tell us truly, what is the meaning of the phrase, always in their mouths—‘Renounce the world,’—and by what signs we may distinguish those who have renounced the world from those who still adhere to the world: is it merely that the former do not bear arms, or marry publicly?

‘To ask them further, whether he is to be considered as having renounced the world, whom we see labouring, day by day, by all sorts of means to augment his possessions; now making use for this purpose, of menaces, of eternal flames, now of promises of eternal beatitude; in the name of God, or of some saint, despoiling single-minded people of their property, to the infinite prejudice of the lawful heirs who are, in very many cases, from the misery in which they are thus involved, driven by their necessities to robbing, and to all sorts of disorders and crimes.’*

This secularization of the church became more and more conspicuous as the feudal system developed itself. Many of the bishops and abbots had entered the clerical order from the barbarian armies, to partake of its riches and share its aggrandizement; and they brought into the church the same characters, passions, and pursuits which had distinguished them in the palaces and camps of their sovereigns. They kept hawks and

* 1 Cap. v. 811. s. 4, and Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilization en France*, c. 21.

hounds; they entered into all the rude sports of their vassals; the trumpet often echoed through the courts of their castles, and the sounds of revelry through their halls. They had no objection to an occasional foray, and pillaged a forlorn traveller or a passing company of merchants as unscrupulously as a modern brigand.* They conferred knighthood, took a part in many of the petty wars of the day, and marshalling their armed retainers, often appeared at their head, clad in complete steel, and rushed with all the impetuosity of military chieftains into the thickest of the battle.

The vast and continually increasing acquisitions of the church at length attracted the serious attention of sovereigns. The public revenues became impoverished, and the feudal profits arising from land, such as reliefs, wardships, marriages and escheats, were, from year to year, seriously diminished, until the national strength was in danger of being exhausted by a gradual reduction in the number of military tenants. The first attempt to check the increasing rapacity of the hierarchy was made by Frederick Barbarossa in 1158, who enacted that no fief should be transferred to the church without the permission of the superior lord. Louis IX. inserted a provision of the same kind in his '*Establishments*.' Castile also made similar laws. In England the alienation of land in mortmain seems to have been practised to a considerable extent at a very early period. Selden, however, states that a licence from the crown was necessary for that purpose among the Saxons, at least sixty years before the Norman conquest. Donations of land were the usual reward by which the Saxon princes repaid the services of their instructors in Christianity, and in every kingdom of the heptarchy some of the choicest manors of the crown were separated from its domain, and irrevocably allotted to the church.† The city of Canterbury, with its dependencies, was bestowed by Ethelbert on the missionaries, and the church of Winchester received a grant of all the lands within the distance of seven miles from the walls of that capital. The clergy of France even possessed landed property in England. Before the close of the eighth century, the monastery of St. Denis, then in the neighbourhood of Paris, held extensive estates on the coast of Sussex. The monastic establishments of England, too, had gradually acquired the most prodigious possessions. When the property of the abbey of Glastonbury was ascertained by order of the King of Mercia, it was

* Guizot, in his enumeration of provincial councils held in France, refers to one convoked at Lyon, in 569, whereby two bishops, one of Embrun, the other of Gap, were deposed as being *thorough brigands*.

† Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, p. 78.

found to comprise no less than 800 hides; and in the enumeration of the different estates belonging to the monks of Ely, are mentioned more than eighty places situated in the neighbouring counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, Hereford, and Huntingdon.*

The first known legal restraint imposed upon these alienations of landed property in England, was by Magna Charta, a clause in which statute prohibits all gifts to religious houses without the consent of the lord of the fee. The evil had grown to such a magnitude in the reign of Edward I., that four statutes were enacted by his parliaments against gifts in mortmain, in the hope of applying a remedy to the increasing mischief which such gifts were inflicting upon the commonwealth.

The ingenuity of the ecclesiastics was, however, more than a counterpoise to the power and resolution of parliaments, and Sir Edward Coke, who never regarded the clergy with much affection, is much impressed by their sagacity, and commends them highly for their prudence in retaining the *first lawyers of the day* to aid them in their attempts to evade, by all kinds of cunning devices, the laws of mortmain which were directed *against them*. They, or rather their lawyers, have the credit of inventing those subtle contrivances, or fictitious suits, known as *common recoveries*, which maintained their ground in our laws up to a very recent period, as well as uses and trusts, which still form the foundation of our modern system of conveyancing. The policy of these statutes was undoubtedly, in the first instance, wholly feudal and military; but other evils incidental to the tenure of ecclesiastical property at length presented themselves. The number of freeholders requisite for the administration of justice in petty jurisdictions became considerably diminished, and numerous duties inseparable from the territorial constitution of England, could not be properly discharged. The courts of assize, the courts-leet, the hundred and county courts, were insufficiently attended, and the view of frankpledge sometimes could not be held from the paucity of jurors. In the reign of Richard II. we first detect the existence of a commercial spirit influencing the legislation on the subject of mortmain; but it is doubtful whether it had any considerable influence, and had not its origin in a jealousy of the growing power of corporations.

The enactment of a statute† made at this time, extends the prohibitions created by Edward I. to all guilds, fraternities, and commonalties, having perpetual succession. The political consequences of large masses of land becoming perpetually inalien

* Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, p. 132.

† 15 Rich. II. c. 5.

able, were undoubtedly beginning to be felt. The same inconvenience was incidental to the possession of estates by lay as by ecclesiastical corporations, but the crown was beginning to regard with marked distrust that rising spirit of liberty which animated societies manifesting a new-born sense of coming importance and freedom.

The state of society at that period of approaching transition, was most deplorable. The idea of moral government had almost vanished from Europe.

‘Awed by his nobles, by his commons cursed,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst.’

The feudal system shed its blighting influence over the whole of social life; oppression appeared under every form, and was felt by every class. Nobles and priests were equally avaricious and equally demoralized. The great fendatories were the eagles of society, who glutted their ravening maws with the struggling victims of their rapacity; the ecclesiastics were the vultures who fed on the prostrate, the dying, and the dead.

The church spoiler, as it was, became at times the prey of the oppressor, and was made to disgorge its ill-acquired wealth by the daring fierceness of some noble who had exhausted the resources of his own limited domain. We find in every country lamentations on the part of the clergy over the plunder of ecclesiastical possessions, and it is Mr. Hallam’s opinion, that but for these deductions, they must have almost acquired the exclusive ownership of the soil. They did, he asserts, enjoy nearly one-half of England, and he thinks a greater proportion in some countries of Europe, and that they reached, perhaps, their zenith, in respect of territorial property, about the conclusion of the twelfth century.

The mendicant friars were the most formidable competitors of the secular clergy for testamentary bequests, and they gave the church at one time very considerable uneasiness. These fanatics were long the scandal of Christendom. Jerome describes, in his graphic style, a similar form of knavery or enthusiasm which appeared in his day:—‘Avoid,’ says he, ‘men loaded with chains, with the beard of a goat, a black coat, and feet naked in spite of cold. They enter into the houses of nobles, they deceive poor women laden with sins; they are always learning, and never arrive at the knowledge of truth, they feign sorrow, and, apparently abandoned to long fasts, they make amends at night by secret feasts.’* England was infested to an extraordinary degree by these vagabonds. The clergy, fearing their rivalry,

* St. Jerome, Lett. 18.

or perhaps roused to a sense of shame at their own scandalous practices, levelled a canon against the artifices of the friars at a provincial synod held at London, in the year 1343. The ninth article of that council denounces those mendicant friars, who, 'abusing the confidence of dying persons, persuade them to 'make wills prejudicial to their families.' But, as the synod dared not directly attack the friars, who were under the special protection of the pope, it proceeds to debar from the benefit of christian burial all those who should thereafter be prevailed on to dispose of their estates so unreasonably.*

The legislation of Henry VIII. included objects not directly contemplated by the earlier statutes of mortmain. The mind of the nation had been long agitated by religious controversy, and the reforming spirit manifested itself by several acts of parliament which struck directly at certain gross and prevalent superstitions. The statute 23 Henry VIII. c. 10, prohibits, except for the limit of twenty years, all dispositions of land 'for perpetual obits, or the perpetual service of a priest for ever,' as subjecting the crown, lords, and subjects of the realm to the same inconveniences as lands aliened in mortmain. The statute 1 Edward VI., c. 14, after a long preamble condemnatory of superstition and false doctrines, repeats the enactments of the previous statute, and includes 'perpetual 'lanps for the dead,' among the prohibitions of the law.

It was not until the reign of George II. that any additional legislation of an important character in reference to mortmain took place. The celebrated statute was then passed which is popularly known as the Modern Mortmain Act. But the statute 9 George II., c. 36, cannot strictly be called a statute of mortmain, but is an act for restraining the alienation of land to *charitable uses*. Mortmain, in strict legal signification, is simply the acquisition of real property by corporate bodies having perpetual succession. The law, as it existed before the statute of George II. was, first, that lands might be conveyed or devised to corporations, and held by them under a licence from the crown, but not without one; secondly, that lands might be conveyed or devised to individuals, for charitable purposes, without any restriction whatever; and, thirdly, that personal estate might be given either to a corporation or to individuals for charitable purposes, without any restriction whatever. The statute of George II. was then passed, by which it was enacted that no real estate should be given to any person, or to any corporate body, for any charitable uses whatever, unless such gift 'be made by deed, 'indented, sealed, and delivered in the presence of two witnesses, 'twelve months at least before the death of such donor, and be

* Rapin's *England*, vol. iv. p. 109.

‘enrolled in his Majesty’s High Court of Chancery within six calendar months next after the execution thereof; and unless the same be made to take effect in possession for the charitable use intended, immediately from the making thereof, and be without any power of revocation, reservation, trust, condition, limitation clause, or agreement whatsoever, for the benefit of the donor or grantor, or of any person or persons claiming under him.’ The first effect of the statute was to prohibit all devises, whatever of lands to corporations, or to individuals, for any charitable purpose whatever. The second effect was to restrict conveyances of lands to individuals for charitable uses in the manner mentioned in the act. The third effect was, that any estate or interest in lands is prohibited.

This statute was framed by the great Lord Hardwicke; but it is extremely difficult to discover the precise evils which he intended to check. It cannot be supposed that his transcendent intellect, and unimpassioned nature, could have been influenced by imaginary dangers, or that he was led by any instinctive antipathy to superstition, under any of its forms, to legislate on insufficient grounds. The debates on the bill, as reported in the parliamentary history, are meagre and unsatisfactory. The Established Church is rather pointedly alluded to, but whether justly or not we have no means, at the present day, of ascertaining. Lord Hardwicke is reported as strongly vindicating the laws of mortmain:—

‘But for these statutes, my lords,’ he says, ‘we should never have had a reformation; nay, I doubt much whether we should have had a layman the proprietor of a landed estate in all England. The statute of Henry VIII. prohibited alienation of land in trust for any superstitious use; but we have found out a sort of use, called a charitable use, opening an abyss without bottom and without bounds.

‘As a sincere Christian,’ he continues, ‘and as a true lover of the Church of England, (without being an admirer of ecclesiastical power,) and as a good subject, I am for laying a restraint upon such donations as is proposed by the bill now before us; and one of my chief reasons, my lords, is, lest the clergy of our established church should be tempted and instructed to watch the last moments of dying persons as insidiously as the monks and friars did in the darkest days of popery and superstition. The opportunity is established by the laws as they stand at present; they may, by so doing, increase the wealth and the power of the church; nay, they may increase the revenue of their own particular cure. These were the motives of the popish clergy. They did not propose to enrich their own private families; and if this stumbling-block should be left any longer in the way of our present church, we may depend upon it that new doctrines will be set up, and all the

ensnaring tenets of the Church of Rome revived by degrees, and *strongly recommended in pastoral instructions.*’*

Whatever may have been the actual or apprehended dangers which gave rise to the Mortmain Act of George II., it appears to have been assumed that the clergy of the Church of England were not free from the suspicion of the practices above imputed to them. It is not improbable that some abuses under the act known as ‘Queen Anne’s Bounty Act’ awakened the anxiety of the legislature. The act, however, has been relaxed, to a considerable extent, by several subsequent statutes, and some of a recent period, in favour of the Church of England, for encouraging the augmentation of poor livings, providing sites for schools, and for several other religious and benevolent purposes; and by the statute 2 & 3 Will. IV. c. 115, the laws applicable in England to Protestant dissenters, in respect of their schools and places for religious worship, education, and charitable purposes, are extended to the Roman-catholic subjects of the realm in respect of their establishments of the same description.

The Court of Chancery exercises an important jurisdiction over charities in this country. The Lord Chancellor, acting on behalf of the Crown, possesses the right of regulating them on principles of public policy, of watching over their administration, and guarding them from abuses. Lord Hardwicke, as Chancellor, carried out his Act of Mortmain by a very strict and jealous interpretation; and succeeding judges have generally followed his example. It has long been an established principle, for instance, that a bequest of money, to be laid out in land, is void under this statute; even a gift of money, for the purpose of building a church, unless a site has been previously obtained, is inoperative; and money secured on a mortgage cannot be taken by a charity, because, by exercising the right of foreclosure, the interest might be converted into land. It will not suffer, however, a charitable intention to be defeated for want of an object, if a general intention so to apply money has been plainly expressed. In the words of Sir William Grant—‘Whenever a testator is disposed to be charitable in his own way, and upon his own principles, we are not to content ourselves with altogether disappointing his intentions, but we make him charitable in our way, and upon our own principles, if once we discover in him any charitable intention that is supposed to be so liberal as to take in objects not only within his intention, but wholly adverse to it.’ This is the doctrine known among lawyers

* *Parliamentary History*, vol. ix. p. 1142.

as *cypres*; that is, that a testator's charitable intentions shall never, if possible, be wholly disappointed; but if his plans cannot be carried out in conformity with his expressed views, the court will remodel them altogether. A strange instance of the extent to which this doctrine has occasionally been carried occurred in the time of Lord Hardwicke, when that great judge decided that a bequest for the establishment of a Jewish jcsuba, or assembly for reading the law, was void, on the ground of public policy; but decided that the fund should be applied, under the king's sign manual, for the benefit of the *Foundling Hospital*.

The subject of charitable bequests has recently occupied a large share of public attention, with reference as well to the statutes of mortmain as to testamentary bequests by enfeebled, sick, or dying persons. Two select committees of the House of Commons—one appointed in 1844, the other in the last session of parliament—have fully investigated this subject, and much evidence was taken on both occasions. The committee of 1844 reported, but far from unanimously, in favour of some relaxation of the Mortmain law; but, considering the constitution of that committee, and particularly the known opinions of its chairman (Lord John Manners), by whom the report was doubtless prepared, it can be no matter of surprise that his subsequent experiment in legislation was followed only by abortive results. Another committee, very fairly composed, commenced its labours in the session of 1851, and presented to the House of Commons a very valuable body of evidence, but abstained from any expression of opinion upon the subject submitted to its inquiry.

The Roman-catholic body has been in this kingdom for a length of time, as a religious community, unconnected with the state, in the enjoyment of the most unrestricted freedom in regard to schools, chapels, and charitable institutions; and as respects religious liberty, it stands on a perfect footing of equality with dissenters of all denominations. But certain suspicious, and some very discreditable transactions, which have recently been brought to light, have convinced us that the practice 'of watching the last moments of dying persons,' and extorting testamentary bequests, is as frequent at the present time as, to repeat the words of Lord Hardwicke, 'during the darkest days of popery and superstition.' A few of the cases which are detailed in the evidence of the report before us, will sufficiently justify this opinion; and we think, at the same time, demonstrate a clear necessity for some additional and very stringent legislation.

First, then, with respect to Ireland. A learned gentleman, a near relative of the Archbishop of Dublin, had his attention accidentally called, while on a recent visit in Ireland, to certain wills made by Roman catholics in the city of Dublin. Having obtained a copy of a will said to have been improperly procured from the Consistory Court, he discovered that it bore the date of the day on which the testatrix died, that the executor was a Roman-catholic clergyman, that he had prepared the will, and that it was attested by two Roman-catholic curates. The personalty was sworn under 4000*l.*, and the bequests to various Roman-catholic institutions amounted in the aggregate to 2400*l.*, the reverend gentleman was a legatee to the amount of 500*l.*, to three relations were given legacies of only 100*l.* each, and the residue was given to the 'Deaf and Dumb Institution.'

Circumstances connected with this will having naturally raised a general suspicion of Roman-catholic practices, application was made to the Registrar of the Consistory Court of Dublin, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there existed in the office wills of a similar character to the preceding, particularly where the death of the testator took place immediately or soon after the date of the will. The following is the result of the inquiries.

1. Will of a widow, dated April 1, 1848, death of the testatrix, April 15th, 1848. Executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman: property sworn under 450*l.* Legacies to the Society of St. Vincent of St. Paul, 40*l.*; Widows Society, 20*l.*; Sisters of Mercy, 20*l.* To the executor, for his own use, 100*l.*; for masses, 50*l.*; three legacies to individuals, 150*l.* To the executor, 300*l.* in trust for her niece,—100*l.* to be appropriated for her apprenticeship, the remainder of the 300*l.* to be paid to the niece on her coming of age, *or marrying with the priest's consent*; residue to the executor, to be disposed of for charitable purposes. We have to remark on this will that a gift for masses is in effect a gift to the priest; and that, by refusing his consent to a marriage, the bequest for the benefit of the niece would fall into the residue, and belong to the priest.

2. Will of a widow; executor, the same Roman-catholic clergyman as in the preceding case, united with another; date of the will, March 14, 1848; death of the testatrix, September, 1848; property sworn under 300*l.*; bequests to various charitable institutions, 180*l.*; masses, 60*l.* Legacies to relations, 80*l.*

3. Will of a widow, date August 7th, 1849; date of the death August 8th, 1849 (next day), property sworn under 2000*l.*; executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; bequests to two Roman-

catholic priests of 50*l*. each; other legacies 120*l*.; the residue to the executor for charitable purposes. In this case both the witnesses to the will were 'markswomen,' neither of them being able to write their names; and out of 2000*l*. a sum of only 130*l*. was given to persons who could be called relatives.

4. Will of a widow; date of the will, March 16th, 1850; death of the testatrix May 13th, 1850; executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; property sworn under 800*l*.; bequests to the executor for his absolute use 200*l*.; to other persons 200*l*.; *residue to one of the legatees previously named*, probably a nominee of the priest on a secret trust.

5. Will of a William Manning; executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; date of the will, January 15th, 1848; death of the testator, April 10th, 1848; property sworn under 100*l*.; bequests to the executor 10*l*.; to the same for funeral expenses and masses 10*l*.; to the same for repairing a chapel 10*l*.; to the testator's brother 10*l*.; to a relative 8*l*.; residue for masses.

The above wills were, it is stated, only a few selected from *seventy* or *eighty* of a similar character, bearing dates between the years 1848 and 1850, with varying intervals between the dates of the will and the deaths of the testators. In all cases sums of money were left for masses.

6. A maiden lady residing in Lancashire, whose whole property consisted of about 3000*l*., and who had lived on terms of uniform affection with her relations, having died, they found, to their extreme surprise, that, by a will which was dated February 25th, 1837, the testatrix having died in the following month, the whole of her property had been absolutely and unconditionally bequeathed to a perfect stranger, a small shopkeeper in a country town. On being called upon to account for having been made sole legatee of a person to whom he was in no way related, he referred the inquirer to 'the priest.' This priest had figured conspicuously in a celebrated will cause tried in the same county, and the petty tradesman was frequently employed by him in the capacity of a residuary legatee. He held, and probably still holds, a sort of office in the management of Roman-catholic temporalities. This person was known as 'the general legatee' of the ecclesiastical staff, a post which he has filled on numerous occasions in the county of Lancaster. Proceedings were commenced for impeaching the will, but they were speedily abandoned in consequence of the interference of the priest. The money was understood to be held on secret and illegal trusts, and employed on objects connected with the propagation of the Roman-catholic religion.

There is, it seems, a peculiar mode of evading the law against superstitious uses practised by the Roman-catholic clergy, namely, by inducing a testator to leave what is termed a *spiritual will*. A sum of money is bequeathed absolutely to a friend of the testator, or possibly to some total stranger, and a separate paper is signed directing its application, which is held to bind the nominal legatee *in foro conscientiae*. These secret trusts are extremely difficult to detect, because, in addition to the general uncertainty attending a bill of discovery in chancery, the principle might be held to apply that no party can be called upon to make an admission which will forfeit his interest. The extent to which the law is successfully evaded under this system of secret trusts, may be inferred from the fact stated by a Roman-catholic gentleman, a barrister of great respectability, that he had reason to know, that within the last few years the Roman-catholic bequests in London amounted to no less than 100,000*l.*, and that a set of rules exists which requires the clergy, in the case of dying persons, to obtain money for the purposes of a specified fund, and that the rule, or something equivalent to it, extends to all the districts of England.

The following is an example of the suspected operation of this system. A Roman-catholic gentleman, possessed of considerable wealth, upwards of eighty-one years of age, with a family of three daughters and two sons, had made a will, when in full possession of health and unimpaired vigour of mind, giving the whole of his property to his children. About three months before his death, he informed his eldest son that he had made another will, and that he had thought it right to give some portion of his reversionary property to 'the church.' He had been ill for a considerable period, and was then in a very declining state. He made a new will in May, and died in the following June, and by a codicil, made only a few days previously to his death, he excluded his eldest son from all control over his affairs. Under the first will there was no gift to institutions connected with the church of Rome. He had bestowed munificent donations for religious and charitable purposes in his lifetime; he had erected a large chapel, and contributed to endow a college. Under the second will he gave the whole of his property to the vicar-apostolic, for the time being, of the London district, at the decease of the survivor of the children—absolutely without any trust or reservation whatsoever, to the exclusion of five children, who never received the smallest intimation that they had forfeited in any degree their father's favour, or their own reasonable claims upon his bounty. Their

interest was restricted to one, for life only, and was coupled with very stringent provisions against any attempt at alienation. The effect of this final disposition of the property upon the eldest son is thus described by the solicitor of the family: 'the will has quite destroyed him; he was before in very good health; he is quite an altered man in consequence.'*

An elderly lady, residing in London, of very considerable fortune, expressed a sudden wish to the late vicar-apostolic of the London district to give him, without reserve, 60,000*l.* The bishop had some incomprehensible scruple in taking the whole of so munificent a gift. He protested that he could conscientiously accept *only* 40,000*l.*, and that sum was accordingly transferred without delay, into the names of trustees, nominated by the bishop. A deed of gift was executed, which contained a power of revocation. Some near relatives very naturally endeavoured to induce the lady to change her mind, and they succeeded in persuading her to revoke the deed; their solicitor applied to the trustee for a copy of the instrument, but it was refused. The bishop was applied to, but in vain. A deed of revocation, necessarily informal, was then prepared and executed. On the death of the lady, an application was made to the trustees for a transfer of the fund—it was refused. Proceedings in Chancery were commenced, which ended in a compromise. Had the registration of such documents been essential to their validity, no insuperable difficulty, we may observe, would have been found in acquiring a correct knowledge of the contents of the deed. A transfer of stock, before the decease of a testator, appears to be a very frequent device, both for evading the payment of legacy duty and the law against superstitious uses. 'I have found,' says an intelligent solicitor, 'in the course of my inquiries, several cases in which persons ostensibly living in very good style, and in every way becoming their rank, have died, but I can find no trace at Doctors' Commons of any will, or administration, taken out to those people, and I deduce from this the belief that sums in the stocks have been transferred into the names of themselves and two trustees, and that the trustees have taken by survivorship. *All those persons have been acquainted with Catholic priests.*'

The case which has recently occupied so large a share of the public attention, *Metairie v. Wiseman*—a case, which for gross abuse of spiritual influence, for audacity and artifice, stands unexampled, we believe, in the records of such transactions even in the church of Rome, is so generally known in its minutest

* Evidence of C. E. Scrinow, Esq., *Report*, p. 170.

particulars, that it is quite unnecessary to enter into any of its details. The suit instituted by the relations was compromised by a relinquishment, on the part of the trustees, of more than two-thirds of the property. Métairie, the principal plaintiff, a poor man, it may not be generally known, returned to France. He had no sooner arrived at his native town than he was subjected to incessant persecution. He had a family of six children, of which three were attending the communal school, they were immediately expelled. The priests, whenever they passed him in the streets, pointed at him with scorn; his business forsook him; he was utterly ruined, and obliged to leave the place of his birth, and settled as an alien in the only country in Europe where he could feel himself secure against the effects of priestly persecution.

The present state of the law on the subject of mortmain and bequests for charitable purposes, is most unsatisfactory; and it is with much pleasure that we find a wish evinced on the part of the Roman-catholic laity for some greater protection against the abuse of clerical influence, than any existing statutes afford. 'If I were to speak,' says a learned gentleman (Mr. F. H. Riddell), to whose evidence we have previously referred, 'of the neighbourhood with which I am most intimately acquainted in the north of England, I should say that the Roman-catholic gentry there, almost to a man, would be in favour of an extension of the law of mortmain.'

On the general policy of an alteration in the law, says the Archbishop of Dublin—

'It is certainly my opinion that we should very scrupulously guard against the danger, which I know to be considerable, of people almost *in articulo mortis*, sometimes with their faculties enfeebled, and the fear of death just pressing upon them, making very rash bequests, and leaving their natural heirs very ill provided for, sometimes not provided for at all; and if any provision could be made that would not interfere with a sober, deliberate, and well-advised bequest, I do think that that would be very desirable. Complaints have been brought before me privately, as an individual, and supposed to have some influence with the law-officers and with the Government, in which I find that I could not interfere at all; and it seemed to me to be a grievous hardship, in cases resembling those which were collected for this committee by my registrar.*'

The power of testamentary bequest is far from being a necessary incident of property. It should be carefully guarded from abuse, and it has been often narrowly restricted in many ancient

* Evidence, p. 468.

as well as modern communities, and can only be permitted in due subordination to the claims of justice, and to the general interests of the state. Wills were unknown at Athens until they were introduced by the laws of Solon; and private testaments by the father of a family were first authorized by the twelve tables. Indeed, the Roman laws were particularly careful to guard against arbitrary, partial, or unjust dispositions; and the rights of inheritance were carefully guarded against the imprudence or prodigality of a dying man, and the heir was empowered to deduct a clear fourth portion for his own use, before the payment of any legacies whatever. A corporate city could neither inherit an estate nor receive a legacy. The formalities of wills were of an elaborate, and, at one period, of a very burthensome description, in all countries governed by the civil law. A will is still a solemn act, requiring to be made before a notary public, and is registered or minuted in his office.

Throughout the whole of Germany, real property can be held by ecclesiastical bodies only with the consent of the Government, and the law of France is at the present time much more effectual in protecting the last hours of dying persons from priestly importunity than the law of England. By one of the articles of the '*Code Civile*,' all persons in attendance on a man in his last illness, such as the medical men and clergymen of the particular religion to which he belongs, and all who have access to him as assistants, are prohibited from taking any legacy whatever; and with reference to hospitals, charities, and places of public utility, no person can give property to such institutions by will, unless the bequests are afterwards confirmed and sanctioned by the state.

Many of the evils which the ancient statutes of mortmain were originally framed to counteract, unquestionably no longer exist. The total change which has taken place in our social and political condition, render these laws, in many of their provisions, obsolete and inappropriate. We should, therefore, be inclined to suggest a total repeal of these now antiquated laws, and the enactment of a new and comprehensive statute, embodying so much of the original policy of the Mortmain Acts as it may be thought desirable to retain at the present day, and embracing objects and interests now greatly needing, and equally entitled to the protection of the legislature. The distinction between real and personal property in reference to charitable bequests, ought certainly not now to be recognised, and the statute of George II., now in a great degree ineffectual, must be very considerably extended in its provisions. The formalities of registration should be required in all gifts, of whatever nature, for

charitable purposes, by persons in their lifetime, and a proper interval should elapse between the date of the deed and the death of the donor, to give the instrument validity. We are strongly of opinion that all wills containing charitable and religious bequests beyond, perhaps, a certain small amount, should be executed with additional formalities. These formalities should be sufficient to prove that the party was not acting under influence, that he was fully cognizant of the nature of his act, and that he was of competent understanding. Machinery fully sufficient for this purpose already exists in this country. We need only specify the judges of the county courts, commissioners of bankruptcy, or even justices of the peace, as very proper officers for this duty. No religious or charitable body should take property under any bequest, unless the will is executed according to these forms. The inconsiderable advantage which the Established Church might derive from her present partial and somewhat invidious exemption from the penalties of the statutes of mortmain would be more than counterbalanced by the suspicion which that exemption might be calculated, perhaps unfairly, to engender; for it is greatly to her honour that one solitary case alone is to be found, in the multitudinous reports of the Court of Chancery, in which any of her clergy are discredibly affected in regard to undue spiritual influence and improper solicitations.

These charitable and religious bequests have their origin in some of the highest principles of our nature, and the legislature ought not to impose needless or unjust restraints upon the indulgence of public benevolence; but in proportion as the spirit of public charity is pure, it ought to be protected from imposition, misdirection, and abuse. In the present constitution of society, a very large proportion of those beneficent works which, in earlier ages, could only be undertaken by the state, are now very properly left to the beneficence of individuals, or of associations organized for purposes which do not, in accordance with modern theories of government, come within the sphere of its administrative activity. We look accordingly, in these days, mainly to religious societies themselves for the efforts requisite for their own extension; and the magnificent and charitable institutions which adorn the metropolis, and are scattered with no sparing hand over the country, attest that the private virtue of a well-ordered community is an inexhaustible fountain of public good, and that the state has only to protect, rarely to divert, perhaps occasionally to purify, the channels in which the salubrious stream will never cease to flow.

We have no faith in the frequent assumption, that the just claims of children, and the reasonable expectation of heirs, may be invariably left to the natural affection, and to the sound and conscientious feelings of testators. A mind in a healthy state may be proof against improper clerical solicitation; but it is otherwise when its energies are suddenly struck down by sickness, its equilibrium overthrown, its natural instincts perhaps palsied, and its fears aroused by the prospect of impending dissolution. Then the minister of a grasping hierarchy seizes his opportunity—intimates, perhaps, the hope of redeeming lost opportunities of good by one work of extensive beneficence—whispers in the ear of the dying penitent the recompence due to alms—suggests the importance of prayers for the dead, and the efficacy of masses for the repose of the soul—and either lights up the languid eye by a glowing representation of Paradise, or assails the obdurate heart with the threat of purgatorial fires, and mutters a sentence of despair.

The practice of interfering in the testamentary disposition of property in a spirit of corporate, perhaps, rather than of selfish cupidity, is the transmitted and incurable vice of the Church of Rome, and must affect all churches ruled by a dominant and irresponsible priesthood—‘*Totius autem,*’ says Cicero, ‘*injusticiæ nulla capitalior est quam eorum qui cum maximo fallunt id agunt ‘ut viri boni esse videantur.*’ We may fairly assume that the examples which we have adduced, in the preceding pages, of priestly interference, form but a very small proportion of, we fear, those numberless cases of blighted hopes, wounded affections, disappointed expectations, cruel injustice, and flagrant wrongs, which cannot possibly be brought to light, for ever hidden as they are in the inscrutable recesses of the ecclesiastical conscience. It is, therefore, our earnest wish to see the question of charitable and religious bequests made the subject of early and effectual legislation, but not for the purpose of discouraging such bequests, and assuredly not with the intention of proscribing or stigmatizing them. We desire, indeed, that their number should be multiplied; but we would free them from any taint of unfairness, or even the possibility of suspicion. Some such legislation, we are convinced, is required for putting a stop to those secret practices, and to that systematic evasion of the law, of which very many of the Roman-catholic clergy are most justly suspected; and it is equally necessary for the protection of families, for the interests of justice, for the honour of religion, and for the credit of the commonwealth.

A supplementary report on the law of mortmain has very

recently been made by a select committee of the House of Commons, and it embodies some useful, not unmixed, however, with some objectionable, recommendations. It suggests that it should be made incumbent on all persons to whom real or personal property is given or bequeathed, for any permanent, charitable, or religious object, to make a return either to commissioners, or to some public board, of the nature of the gift, and of the particular purposes to which it is to be applied. The committee further propose, that the statute of superstitious uses of Edward VI. should be repealed, together with all the legal inferences which have been deduced from it, and that there should be some permanent definition as to what gifts should be deemed void upon the ground of public policy or superstitious uses. The committee manifests some leaning towards the latter object, by expressing a regret that while no legacy or bequest for a charity properly so-called, would, by the existing law, be deemed superstitious, a gift by will made by a person *for his own benefit after his death*, would be held void.

With respect to the appointment of a commission or a public board for receiving returns of all legacies for charitable objects, such a regulation would certainly act as an effectual check to the practice of secret trusts; but a more permanent tribunal might, we think, be established with a jurisdiction over the whole system of charities, and with power to control and modify, from time to time, the trusts of all eleemosynary foundations, in accordance with the inevitable changes of national opinion, the necessary alterations in public policy, and even the presumed intentions of the original benefactors themselves, and we do not believe that such occasional and cautious interposition would in the slightest degree check the current of voluntary bounty for any laudable charitable and religious undertaking. The public is now well informed of the flagrant abuses which have crept into the management of eleemosynary, and more especially of caputular trusts; and, with respect to land more particularly, it is notorious that charities supported from that source become wealthy beyond the dreams of their founders, and to a degree absurdly disproportioned to their objects. A wide field of inquiry is open to the legislature, which we hope soon to see occupied by intelligent and indefatigable labourers. The wisdom of our judges established the rule against perpetuities, which invalidates a trust suspending the right to enjoy the income of property for more than twenty-one years from the death of some person in being at the creation of the trust. Why should not parliament with equal wisdom condemn that rule of our law

which allows a man to devote property for ever to any purpose, however foolish or even mischievous, if it is not technically superstitious, irreligious, or immoral; and why should it not subject the trusts of all property settled for charitable purposes, after the lapse of fifty or sixty years to revision and modification?

A former 'vicar apostolic' of the London district is said to have declared, that he required only a repeal of the law of superstitious uses, as a sufficient lever to make England a Roman-catholic country. It creates in us, therefore, no surprise to find Dr. Wiseman urging that repeal before a select committee of the House of Commons. In proportion, however, as our neighbour's bulwarks are undermined by the subtle and persevering enemy of national independence, it behoves us to look carefully to our own. It has been the recent and unhappy fate of some continental nations to fall under the yoke of military despotism (the sad but sure penalty of democratic excess), and they seem destined to sink for a time under the more degrading dominion of priestcraft. Despotism and popery have taken counsel together to stifle the liberties of mankind. The rulers of Europe, in allowing their treacherous ally to 'darken the intellect and to enslave the soul,' may be assured that they are adopting a policy not less disastrous to themselves than to their subjects. A hierarchy guided by a spirit of persevering aggression upon the civil power, will not long content itself with merely ministering to the temporary necessities of kings. The Church of Rome can never abandon its claim to universal sovereignty; it will never cease to grasp wealth by unhallowed means as a potent auxiliary of its ambition; and it has never long abstained, except in periods of extreme depression, from exerting its theocratical ascendancy over the politics of the world. The papacy proclaims itself to be a theocracy. It can never, consistently with such a pretension, relinquish its struggle with the powers of the earth, until it has subjected them to its will, and put all things under its feet. We know, indeed, that this prodigious usurpation upon the freedom of humanity cannot succeed, that it owes its portentous magnitude chiefly to the dense mist of ignorance through which it is viewed, and that when it shall have run its destined course, it will vanish like some hideous phantasmagoria before the light of Christian truth, which will, we confidently believe, eventually shed its influence on the whole family of man. But Europe may have to pass through many conflicts before that desired consummation. The spiritual and temporal swords may again clash in fierce hostility, and the papacy may in-

flict manifold humiliations on its victim; but it will at length be universally acknowledged to be incompatible with the existence of civil government; princes and people will resume the powers which of right pertain to them, and wresting the spoil from the gripe of priestly avarice and ambition, eventually establish human freedom on principles designed by providence to be immutable and eternal.

ART. V.—*Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France et à la Révolution Française.* Par BENILLE et BARBIERE. Paris, 1820 et 1830.

WE resume the fertile theme of French Memoirs, on which we treated at some length in our numbers for August and November; and though a third article will by no means exhaust the subject, it will suffice, we trust, to bring us to the point from which our retrospect may conveniently terminate, and the works subsequently published be regarded as belonging to current literature.

The memoirs of Jean Baptiste Colbert, Marquis de Torcy, present a work of great interest to the statesman, the diplomatist, and the writer on international law. The author of these volumes was the son of the Marquis de Croissy the brother of the great Colbert, and, consequently, the nephew of that statesman. Like his father, he was bred up to diplomacy, and served as ambassador in Portugal, in Denmark, and in England. His volumes treat of the negotiations from the Treaty of Ryswick to the Peace of Utrecht, and were first published at the Hague in 1756. These memoirs, says Voltaire, deal with details which every one who wishes thoroughly to sound the depths of affairs should know; but their chief merit lies in the sincerity and moderation of the author.

One of the most interesting memoirs of the period of the Regency was written by Mademoiselle Delaunay, afterwards Madame de Staal, by which latter name she is perhaps better known than by that which she inherited from her father. This lady was born in Paris, in 1693, and was the daughter of an artist who emigrated to England, where he died while she was in infancy. The young orphan, accompanied by her mother, received an asylum at the abbey of Saint Sauveur, in Normandy, where she passed a portion of her childhood. If nunneries on the continent of Europe were good for nothing else, and, under

many aspects, presented nothing on which the mind reposes with satisfaction, they at least occasionally afforded an asylum, or a temporary resting-place, to the bereaved and unfortunate, and afforded them that repose and quiet necessary to the bruised and wounded spirit, and to the unprosperous or unfortunate in a worldly sense. From the convent of St. Sauveur the young Mademoiselle Delaunay passed to another convent at Rouen, in which, owing to the friendly interest taken in her fate by the superioress, she was treated as a person of distinction, and received a brilliant education. The death of this good mother abbess, in 1710, when Mademoiselle Delaunay had attained her seventeenth year, obliged the young person to seek refuge in another conventual house in Paris, where she became acquainted with the Duchess of La Ferté; the lady who, according to the memoirs of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and mother of the Regent, was exiled by Louis XIV. because she pretended to be desperately in love with his Majesty, and carried his royal portrait about in her carriage—a proceeding which, as it rendered his Majesty supremely ridiculous, excited his utmost indignation. Madame la Ferté, charmed with the accomplishments and *esprit* of the young Delaunay, carried her to Versailles and to Sceaux, where she was presented to the Duchess of Burgundy, the Duchess of Maine, and the first ladies of the court.

After Mademoiselle Delaunay had been shown about in this manner, as a kind of literary prodigy, for some time, seeing and being seen by the learned and fashionable celebrities of that day, and being subjected to some humiliations, she at length found herself forced to accept the place of *femme de chambre* in the establishment of the Duchess of Maine. It may be asked, who and what was the Duchess of Maine? The Duchess of Maine, be it known, then, to all whom it may concern to be accurately informed on the point, was a grand-daughter of the great Condé, and sister of the Duke of Bourbon, who had, in 1692, married the club-footed Duke of Maine, the first-fruit of the doubly adulterous amours of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. The lady, contrary to the erroneous statement of M. St. Beuve,* generally so correct, was six weeks younger than her weak and feeble husband, who had been brought up by the widow Scarron, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, and possessed from nature, and improved by culture and education, a mind superior to that of the duke. La Bruyere, it is well known, was the preceptor of her brother, the Duke of Bourbon, and the sister,

* *Causeries de Lundi*, tome iii.

there can be little doubt, profited by the instructions of the lively and ingenious author of the *Caractères*. From the period of her marriage, the duchess—called, from her small stature, *la poupée du sang*—assumed an ascendancy over her lord, and subjected the timorous duke to her imperious will. *La poupée*, though small in body, had large desires and vaulting ambition, and desiderated to play a part in the state and at court. Indeed, she wished to have a *petite cour* of her own; and with this view induced the duke to purchase Sceaux from the heirs of M. de Seignelay, at an expense of 900,000 livres.

It was at Sceaux—where the duchess had been already about sixteen years established—it will be remembered, that the Delaunay first made her *débüt*, and that her first duties as *femme de chambre* were entered on. She tells, in her memoirs, the humiliating and disagreeable scenes she was obliged to endure. How the other *femmes de chambre* mocked and laughed at her,—how she was placed in a room without a fire-place,—and how she had to undergo the most painful humiliations. These are related with a clearness and ingenuousness very delightful. Calumniated by the household of the duchess, ill appreciated by the lady herself, the poor creature was about to surrender herself up to utter despair, when a happy circumstance occurred which somewhat brightened her position. A letter she wrote to Fontenelle by the order of *la poupée du sang*, in which she exhibited all the graces of an accomplished style and playful wit, obtained a prodigious success. The letter was read at dinners, and *petits soupers*; talked of by *beaux esprits*; and copies were circulated like *nouvelles à la main*. From the period of this literary success, the duchess looked on the Delaunay in a new light. She made her her *confidante*, reader, and amanuensis; and the poor young woman, who, a little while before, was obliged to walk about long corridors, with a view to warm her frozen limbs, or to seek the cheerful look of a fire in the apartment of another, was more comfortably lodged, and more considerably treated. It may by some be supposed that the disposition or character of Mademoiselle Delaunay was in fault; but we are bound to say there is no evidence of this in contemporary history. She says herself that the people in the convents in which she was brought up, exhibited towards her that strong liking which solitude and idleness impart to all the affections. We know, too, men of letters and learning felt kindly towards her; that the Abbés Vertot and Chaulieu wished to settle annuities on her; and that she had inspired tender sentiments in more than one breast.

Her cruel treatment by her mistress does not appear to have arisen from any vice of temper or disposition, but solely from the indifference and insensibility of the great to the position of those beneath them. The Duchess de Maine thought herself a demigoddess—thought that her husband, in consequence of the will of the Grand Monarque, inherited the right to reign *de par le Dieu*. It was not likely that a being possessed with such sentiments would bestow a thought on the personal comforts of even a superior mind reduced to the position of a *femme de chambre*. In truth, Madame de Maine was wholly engrossed by what she considered more important considerations than any relating to service or servitude. Before the edict of 1714 had legitimized her husband, she had directed his illegitimate aspirations to the highest place in the state. To deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency was the purpose and design of the duchess. With this view, she entered into the conspiracy, as it is called, of Cellamare, one of the objects of which confederation was to deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency, and to confer it on the Duke of Maine. While the conspiracy was yet brewing, the club-footed husband of the ambitious dwarf or *poupée du sang* was translating the *Anti Lucretius* of Cardinal Polignac—if scandalous chronicles speak truly, a too-favoured lover of his wife; whereupon, his better half, reproachfully, addressed him thus: ‘You,’ said she, ‘will awake some fine morning and find ‘yourself a member of the Academy, at the very same time that ‘the Duke of Orleans is regent.’ These stinging speeches were not without their weight. The duke entered heart and soul into a plot which was to be carried into execution by the bold measure of seizing the Duke of Orleans bodily, and transporting him out of the kingdom. Historians and memoir-writers agree in calling this plot the conspiracy of Cellamare, but, in truth and in fact, it was the conspiracy of the Duchess of Maine. The plan was conceived and determined on in the private apartments of that lady, and nearly all the elements were moulded when it was deemed necessary to engage Cellamare in the scheme. The Spanish ambassador played in it but a secondary and subordinate part; he was but the agent between the duchess and Madrid. Cellamare, according to Richelieu, was a heavy and ceremonious man, without any of the qualities necessary to produce success on such an occasion.*

We learn from Mademoiselle Delaunay, before we hear anything of Cellamare, that a Baron de Valey had been employed in the affair by the Duchess of Maine, who was recommended by

* *Mémoires de Richelieu*, tome iii.

Father Tournemine. It is no part of our business here to go over the details of the conspiracy. We may, however, be permitted to state that the letters containing its pith and substance were confided to the Abbé Porto-Carrero. This abbé was arrested, with all the documents on his person, at Orleans, by means of information conveyed by a famous courtizan, named La Fillon, in the pay of Cardinal Dubois, the minister of the regent. Porto-Carrero, and one of the subordinate agents and secretaries of the Spanish embassy, were, it appears, in the habit of frequenting the establishment of La Fillon; and having in their cups let fall some mysterious words, La Fillon proceeded to the lieutenant of police, and stated all she knew and could learn. The history of the discovery is given at some length in the *Causes Célèbres du Droit des Gens*;* and, curiously enough, the grave author of this diplomatic compilation concludes his account with a long quotation from the *Hermîtes en Prison* of M. Jouy, published in 1823, in which are interesting and dramatic details of the affair, from which it will not, of course, be expected that we should make extracts in this place.† The result of the discovery was, that the ambassador was expelled from France—that the Duke of Maine was imprisoned in the Château of Doullens, the duchess in the Château of Dijon, and poor Mademoiselle Delaunay in the Bastille. It was alleged that she had favoured the communications of her mistress with the Spanish ambassador; and it is quite possible she did so, as an English lawyer would say, ministerially, using the pen of the duchess, and writing in her name as amanuensis and secretary. Be this, however, as it may, Mademoiselle Delaunay unshrinkingly sustained the interrogatories of Leblanc and D'Argenson, and in no degree compromised the duchess. It is to the credit of human nature that many who knew little of her, and on whom she had no claim, were kind to her while in prison, where, to use her own phrase, *les femmes tiennent à les agréments encore plus qu'à leurs passions*. During her long sojourn in the Bastille, she committed nobody by her revelations; whereas the duchess committed both herself and others. When Mademoiselle Delaunay left her prison, her prudence and circumspection were ill requited. The duchess received her coldly, and in no degree ministered to the wants of a person who was wholly without fortune, and who had rendered such essential services. Friends, however, were not wanting to do that which Madame de Maine ought to have done spontaneously.

* *Causes Célèbres du Droit des Gens*, par le Baron Charles de Martens, tome i. Leipzig, 1827.

† Jouy: *Les Hermîtes en Prison*, tome ii.

The *poupée du sang*, on regaining her liberty, returned to Sceaux, and the Delaunay also resumed her former position in the service of an ungrateful mistress. To this circumstance it is that we owe the numerous details of ducal and courtly life we find in these memoirs. The intrigues, the passions, the frivolities, the weaknesses of the whole circle of men and women there assembled, are painted to the life. We find Malcieu and Genest, the Duke de Nevers and Hainault, Destouches, ambassador and poet, the Abbé Chaulieu in love with Mademoiselle Delaunay at eighty, and M. de St. Aulaire, who was admitted a member of the Academy for the impromptu quatrain which he made for the duchess, on the systems of Descartes and Newton.

‘Bergère, détachons nous
De Newton, de Descartes,
Les deux espèces de fous
N’ont jamais vu le dessous
Des Cartes,
Des Cartes,
Des Cartes.’

At her château at Sceaux, the duchess invented an Order, called the *Mouche à Miel*, of which she was at once founder and Grand Cross. There was a bee on the collar or medal, with this device, *Piccola si, ma fa, pur, gravi le ferite*. Then there were comedies and tragedies, in which the duchess figured on the stage; and *petits jeux*, in which the large nose of the Abbé Genest was ridiculed. All these, and many other things, Mademoiselle Delaunay states with great particularity, thus throwing considerable light on the manners of our neighbours a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty years ago. It is, however, the account of her own feelings, conduct, and sufferings, that renders Mademoiselle Delaunay’s book so delightful a biography. Nothing can be more graphic than the account of her arrest, which took place on the 29th December, 1718. She tells us how the *mousquetaires* ransacked her books and papers, and even her mattress, to find proofs. The minuteness with which she goes into details is wonderful. As though the reader should be wearied with these *minutiæ*, she remarks, there are no more attentive and accurate observers than people in prison. Mademoiselle Delaunay was three weeks in the Bastille before she was examined. She ingenuously tells us, that on the morning on which the commissaries came to her, she took the precaution of putting on a little rouge, not for the purpose, of course, of heightening her charms—a Frenchwoman never does that—but for the purpose of concealing her emotions. While in the Bastille, Mademoiselle Delaunay became acquainted with the Chevalier du Menil, like

herself a prisoner. Maisonrouge, one of the officials, supplied the parties with writing materials, and a correspondence, poetical and gallant, ensued between them. Du Menil affected to be smitten with the mind, attainments, and person of the lady, but no sooner did he obtain his liberty, than she was forgotten. After her exit from the Bastille, the Duchess of La Ferté wished to marry Mademoiselle Delaunay to Dacier, the translator of Homer, who had lost his wife. No sooner, however, did the Duchess of Maine hear of this than she threw every obstacle in the way of the match, as she had previously raised every impediment in the affair of Du Menil, when he was disposed to propose. In this the *poupée du sang* exhibited no interest or concern for the welfare of her dependant, but only considered her own selfish views. How little have the great and powerful changed in France during a hundred and thirty years, notwithstanding so many revolutions. In all her *affaires du cœur*, we may remark, Mademoiselle Delaunay appears to have been singularly unfortunate. She was in love with M. de Silly, and the way he requited her affection was to employ her to write letters to a lady of rank, with whom he was carrying on an intrigue; she was in love with M. du Menil, and he jilted her; she had a tender feeling for Valincourt, and it led to nothing; and Maisoncourt had a tender feeling for her, and she sacrificed him to Du Menil.

An attractive piquancy is the chief characteristic of Mademoiselle Delaunay's style. She initiates us into the best and most literary society of the time—Fontenelle, La Motte, and that clever M. St. Aulaire, who, being requested by Madame de Maine to go to confession, replied to her—

‘Ma Bergère, j’ai beau chercher,
Je n’ai rien sur ma conscience,
De grâce, faites moi pécher,
Après je ferai pénitence.’

After having spent many years in the service of an ungrateful mistress, Mademoiselle Delaunay at length married an old officer, a Swiss by birth, a Baron de Staal, to whom the Duke of Maine had given a company in the Guards, with the title of Maréchal de Camp. With the fortune of her husband, a small pension allowed her by the duke, and some legacies left her by friends, the Baroness de Staal was now in a position of competence. She henceforth enjoyed all the prerogatives of ladies attached to the person of the duchess, and rode with her patroness in her carriage, then deemed a high honour. But with all this she was not happy. When united to M. de Staal, she was no longer young, and the illusions of life had already passed. ‘When I

'had no rooms but little corners,' says she, 'good company visited me; when I had good rooms, nobody came.' Whereupon she remarks, 'But I was young then, and youth gives us more than we can acquire in losing that precious advantage.'

For forty years Mademoiselle Delaunay was about the person of the Duchess of Maine, and she has given us a complete picture of the lady, of her husband, and of the society which clustered around them. The style of Madame de Staal is admirable, whether as regards purity, precision, or the charm of a pleasing narrative.

A gossiping work, which throws much light on the period of the Regency, and the earlier part of the reign of Louis XV., is the Memoirs of Louis René Marquis d'Argenson, commonly called *D'Argenson la Bête*. The marquis was brother of the Count d'Argenson, Minister of War, and was himself for three years Minister for Foreign Affairs. Both brothers were school-fellows of Voltaire. The work is desultory and unmethodical, very much in the fashion of Ana; but it is authentic, and contains a great deal of valuable matter on the leading statesmen, diplomatists, and men of letters, who flourished from 1700 to 1755.

It is impossible to know the history of Louis XV. without having read the memoirs of Madame du Hausset, the *femme de chambre* of Madame du Pompadour. Madame du Hausset was the widow of a poor gentleman, and a person of intelligence and talent, who was induced by unprosperous fortunes to accept the place of first *femme de chambre* to *Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson*, the daughter of a commissary in the army, the wife of Le Mormand d'Etioles, and the mistress of Louis XV., afterwards created Marchioness of Pompadour. There is not much of talent or style in the memoirs of Madame du Hausset, but they are written truthfully and in good faith, and give us a perfect picture of the society and court of 110 years ago. We learn from these memoirs the deliberate plan that Madame de Pompadour adopted to retain her lover. There were *spectacles*, as they were called, *des petits cabinets*, journeyings to Choisy, Crecy, and Bellevue, *petits soupers*, and *petits jeux*, in which some of the first names in France were engaged. Among the actors who condescended to play under Madame de Pompadour, were the Dukes of Orleans, d'Agen, de Nivernais, and de Duras, the Count de Maillebois, the Marquis de Courtenvaux, the Duke de Coigny, the Marquis d'Entraigues, the Duchess de Brancas, the Countess d'Estrades, and many others. Among the musicians were the Count de Dampierre, the Marquis de Sourches, the Prince de Dombes, &c. The sums which Madame de

Pompadour and her brother obtained from the monarch were immense. In 1762 and 1763, the sums in hard coin the Pompadour and her brother Marigny, created a marquis, touched, amounted to 3,456,000 livres. In 1749 the Pompadour received from the king a mansion at Fontainebleau, an estate at Crecy, the castle of Aulnac, Brinborion, Sur Bellevue, and the lordships of Marigni and St. Remy. In 1752 she further obtained a mansion at Compiègne, a mansion at Versailles called the Hermitage, the estate of Menars, the mansion of Evreux at Paris, &c. We learn indeed from Madame du Hausset, what was well known before, that Madame de Pompadour encouraged the sciences, arts, and letters, and patronized the philosophers and encyclopedists. The chief credit, however, which she deserves as a politician, was in aiding to expel the Jesuits, a work in which she was helped by Madame de Choiseul. The Pompadour had for enemies all those among the *Cagots* who sustained Madame de Maintenon, and by this class she was severely and unjustly judged. Every one is now aware that ministers were made and unmade—that generals and marshals were appointed to the command of armies at this woman's instigation and bidding. Systems of foreign policy resulted from her caprice and whim. A few bitter words of the King of Prussia caused her to incline to the Austrian alliance. This is not the place nor the occasion to enter into the secret history of the diplomacy of France, but we may here remark that the profligate morals of the era of Louis XV. were as promoting a cause of the first Revolution, as the profligate wars and excessive expenditure of the era of Louis XIV. It ought to be stated that the Pompadour took a warm interest in the fortunes of literary men. Voltaire dedicated to the favourite his *Tancrede*; and Duclos, Crébillon, Marmontel, and others, were warmly patronized by her.

We know no more delightful memoirs in any language, French, English, Italian, German, or Spanish, than the memoirs of Marmontel. For a natural style, not excluding elegance and polish, they are only inferior to the Confessions of Rousseau. It is true they have not the wonderful and magical eloquence of Jean Jacques, but there is a very equable flow of clear and polished prose, which one can peculiarly appreciate at a time when style, both in France and England, is become far too slipshod. There is a freshness about Marmontel's account of his earlier years which is quite enchanting. His description of the little town of Bort, in which he was born—his *tableau* of his family—his account of the scholars, his schoolfellows, at Mauriac—his description of his interview with Masillon—and of the attempts of the Jesuits to get him into their society, are so many

gems. In no two volumes that we know, is the Parisian society of the 18th century better portrayed. Here we have Kit-kat sketches of Fontenelle, of Marivaux, of D'Alembert, of Grimm, of Morellet, of Raynal, of Jean Jacques, of St. Lambert, of the Abbé Maury, of Mirabeau, of Barnave, and *tutti quanti*. Nor are portraits of ministers and mistresses wanting. We have Choiseul and D'Aiguillon, and Kaunitz and Lord Albemarle and Mademoiselle Navarre and Mademoiselle Clairon, the Pompadour, and others. We have also a sketch of the Bastille from the same polished hand, in which Marmontel bears out the representations of Dumouriez, and consequently altogether destroys the testimony of the lying Linguet. Marmontel was cast into the Bastille for a satirical writing on the Duke d'Aumont.

The *Mémoires Secrets sur les Règnes de Louis XIV. et de Louis XV.*, of Duclos, were not published during the life-time of that 'étourdi,' as M. Forcalquier Brancas calls him. These memoirs are written in an exceedingly clear and concise, but somewhat dry style. No man knew better how to paint the vices and to strip off the pretended virtues of his countrymen, than Duclos. In the volumes to which we refer, he exhibits a rapid, piercing historical '*coup d'œil*.' Senac de Meilhan said of Duclos, in reference to his history of Louis XI., that he knew perfectly well how to hit off men with whom he had supped, but that he had never supped with Louis XI. This, however, cannot be said of the memoirs of the time of Louis XV., for with many of the characters whom he paints he had supped and lived in intimacy. Of all the works of Duclos, this is perhaps the one which discloses his especial talent, and it is therefore confidently commended to the historical reader.

There is no work which throws more light on the social and literary history of the France of ninety or a hundred years ago, than the Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame d'Épinay. These memoirs have now been four or five and thirty years before the world, and certainly they have given us, in the nineteenth century, a much better idea of the morals, manners, mode of life, of thought, and of action, in the eighteenth century, than we have derived from any source previously opened to us. Madame d'Épinay was the daughter of M. Tardieu d'Esclavelles, an officer who was killed in the service of his country, in the campaign of 1735, while she was yet in her infancy. As the fortune of the surviving widow was small, Mademoiselle d'Esclavelles was taken by an aunt, Madame de Beaufort, to reside with her in a convent, where the education of the young lady was completed under the superintendence of a relative, who possessed more firmness than her own mother. So soon as her

mind and manners were formed, the young Louise d'Esclavelles was taken by her mother to the château of M. la Live de Bellegarde, one of those rich farmer-generals of whom St. Simon has given us a vivid description. Madame de Bellegarde, it should be stated, was the sister of Madame d'Esclavelles. Madame de Bellegarde had a son, who, at this period, had just completed his studies; and as his cousin, without being absolutely beautiful, was distinguished by grace, expression, sensibility, and by a cast of countenance described as at once '*noble et spirituelle*,' it is not wonderful that M. d'Epinay, the eldest son of M. de Bellegarde, fell in love with her. They were married in December, 1745, when Mademoiselle d'Esclavelles had attained her twentieth year, the husband being a few years older. There can be little doubt that at the period of the marriage, and for a considerable while afterwards, Madame d'Epinay, who was of a tender and timid character, entertained the purest affection for her husband, and that he, for a while, reciprocated her warm affection. But he was a man of an unsteady, volatile character, fond of pleasure and dissipation, and they had not been more than six months married, when his frequent absences, his inconsiderate grossness, and his dissipated and disgraceful manner of life, shocked and saddened a woman of tenderness and sensibility. For a considerable period Madame d'Epinay bore this conduct in silent grief; but M. d'Epinay having, on one occasion, returned from an orgy intoxicated, accompanied by a male companion as drunk as himself, and both having in this state entered the chamber of the wife, with a view to continue the carouse in the bedroom in which they had disturbed the slumbers of a lady then advanced in pregnancy, it may be supposed that the sorrow and suffering which had been long pent up found vent in indignant words, and that the family and friends of Madame d'Epinay were no more than herself silent as to this disgraceful and brutal conduct.

M. d'Epinay was not a man to listen to reason. Instead of reforming his character and mode of life, one outrageous indelicacy succeeded to another, until at length his proceedings became intolerable. One might have supposed that the character of father (for his wife had now borne him a son and a daughter) might have given a new sanction to the neglected and forgotten duties of a husband. But such was not the fact. M. d'Epinay proved himself not merely a disreputable, but a despicable reprobate, such as no woman of right feeling could respect or esteem. The anguish of mind that she suffered from this conduct of her husband is well painted in Madame d'Epinay's memoirs. For a while she continued to perform her duties exemplarily towards him and her young children. Her sufferings, her vigils, her

tears, are recorded with an eloquent pen. To these succeeded an isolation and retirement that preyed upon her health, and threatened her reason. To dissipate her grief, and drive away domestic chagrin, Madame d'Epinay, at the instance of her friends, again resorted to society. In the gay world into which she entered, she met with a Monsieur de Franceuil, a receiver-general of finances, the son, as her own husband, of a farmer-general. Franceuil was a gentleman of agreeable manners and varied accomplishments. He was, like Madame d'Epinay, a good musician and an accomplished actor. A married man, he was labouring, too, under a domestic calamity, his wife being afflicted with mental alienation. The parties frequently met, in public and in private. They sang together, they acted together, in comedies and in operas; and in their common domestic misfortunes found a species of mutual solace. Madame d'Epinay soon discovered a new pleasure in the visits of this young, agreeable, elegant, and accomplished man. Touched with his attentions, she long struggled between duty and honour and criminal passion, and might have ultimately been victorious in being virtuous, had she not listened to the counsels of one of her own sex—an unmarried lady, arrived at the mature age of thirty—one Mademoiselle d'Ette, whose character, like that of many married and unmarried ladies of the time and generation, was none of the best. To the counsels of this wicked and intriguing woman Madame d'Epinay gave attention, and the result was, that she forgot her duty both to herself and to others; and subsequently, as is ever the case, paid the penalty in suffering, in sorrow, and in neglect. The accomplished lover, the friend of Rousseau, Duclos, Didérot, and d'Holbach, after awhile left Madame d'Epinay, left music, operas, and musical composition and entertainments, for the bottle, for the gaming-table, and for the *coulisses*. On this subject we do not care to dwell at any length. It is a distasteful and disagreeable theme, yet it is a matter which should be carefully noted, as a specimen of ordinary life in certain ranks in the days of Louis XV. The connexion between social and moral corruption, and political changes and revolution, is much more concatenated and close than many are willing to suppose. Madame d'Epinay was neither better nor worse than other ladies of her acquaintance, circle, and kinsmanship, from 1748 to 1768. She 'supped and sinned,' to use the alliterative phrase of Sydney Smith, like all ladies, from A to Z. Of the sinning classes, indeed, we should say that she was far better than the Mademoiselle d'Ettes, the Madame Jullys, the Madame Versels, the Madame d'Houdelots, *y tutti quanti*, of whom she makes mention in her memoirs. To

her friendship with Francueil, as it was called, succeeded a friendship with the German, Grimm, who had originally come to Paris as travelling tutor to the Count of Schoenberg, and who subsequently became the intimate friend of the encyclopedists, and one of the most original and judicious critics of the era of which we write.

Through Grimm, Madame d'Epinay, who had previously known Rousseau, became acquainted with Duclos, Diderot, D'Holbach, Voltaire, the Abbé Galiani, and various others of the *beaux esprits*, wits, and men of letters of the eighteenth century. It is this which makes her three volumes unique in point of literary interest, and gives to them a real value as *tableaux*, not merely of social and financial, but of literary, philosophical, and artistical life. There is a great deal about Madame d'Epinay and her sister-in-law, Madame d'Houdelot, in the Confessions of Rousseau. She is also mentioned in the correspondence of the Abbé Galiani, of the Baron d'Holbach, of Duclos, of Saint Lambert, of Voltaire, of Tronchin, and of many other celebrated men of the time. With most of them she lived in familiar and friendly intercourse. They sat at her fire-side, they partook of her dinners, they ate her suppers, they lived on her good cheer—more especially did Duclos and Rousseau do so; and the latter accepted a house, La Chevette, rent-free, and various presents at her hands, with every expression of gratitude and contentment. Yet there never were two men, perhaps, who behaved to a woman of whose salt they had eaten, with blacker ingratitude than this pair of philosophers. We must confess we rise from reading the memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, and the letters of these very men in exculpation of their own conduct, with feelings far different from those of satisfaction. It must be admitted by all reflecting persons, that the most eloquent prose-writer in the French language, the Swiss Rousseau, was, in many, indeed in most respects, as sneaking, double-dealing, and insincere a caitiff as ever existed. The more charitable way to consider his conduct is to regard him as a scarcely accountable being—as one often hallucinated, and, more especially when he allowed his passions or his morbid sensibility to have play, as one perfectly *non compos*.

There is infinitely less excuse for Duclos than for Jean Jacques. Rousseau was a morbid, diseased creature, with the temperament of genius. Suspicious, jealous, irritable, envious, mistrustful of his best and kindest friends, remorselessly vain, and unforgiving when he suffered, or fancied he suffered, a slight at their hands. He was provided with hats and coats; to use the words of Sydney Smith, he borrowed, begged, and be-

trayed, and never paid, for he was a crazy madman. But Duclos, with all his occasional vehemence, was a man cool and caustic at one and the same time; cynical, sensible, and, with all his rudeness and brutality, distinguished by strong sense and Norman subtlety and finesse. When, therefore, we find a person of such a character conducting himself after the fashion of Duclos, we must pronounce him, in the language of Molière, to be "*fourbe fourbissime*." It should be remembered that when Duclos played the gallant towards Madame d'Épinay and sought to succeed, if not to supplant, his friend Francueil in the lady's good graces, he was twenty years her senior, was a member of the French Academy, deputy to the States of Brittany, and historiographer of France. Duclos was entirely and altogether a man of the world, had lived from his earliest years with men of the world; whereas Rousseau, with the eloquence of an inspired and the genius of a gifted mind, was always a wayward child in conduct, claiming an exemption from all moral duties. Duclos and Rousseau emerge, we repeat, with no credit from this correspondence. Grimm, on the contrary, without speaking of the immorality of his conduct, which ought to be reprobated, appears in other respects as a man of good feeling and good sense, though somewhat hard, dry, rigid, selfish, and impassive. Grimm was thirty-three years old when he first became acquainted with Madame d'Épinay, and their intimacy continued for seven-and-twenty years—in fact, till the period of the lady's death, in 1783. During all that long period from 1756 till 1783, Grimm was occupied in literature, and in a correspondence with some of the northern courts, which brought him in a considerable yearly revenue; and when he was either ill or absent from Paris, it was Madame d'Épinay who held the pen for him. It may be asked how these memoirs of Madame d'Épinay first saw the light? The answer is, that the memoirs were commenced for Grimm in 1757, during a period when he was absent on a campaign with Marshal d'Estrées, in Westphalia. The MS. was then in the form of a journal, in which the authoress revealed her thoughts, her feelings, her pleasures, her chagrins, her sorrows, &c. Grimm, an excellent critical judge, was so pleased and delighted with the work, that he could not cease from devouring it with his eyes till he had finished outright 2500 pages of MS., and he prayed Madame d'Épinay to continue the journal, whenever she felt inclined to do so. The lady followed the advice. The MS. was never published in the lifetime of Grimm, who, it may be added, survived till 1807, when he expired at Gotha, in his 89th year. It was not till eleven years after this period, namely, in 1818, and five-and-thirty years after the death of Madame

d'Epinay, that Mr. Brunet, a Parisian publisher, purchased the MS. from, we believe, Grimm's clerk or secretary. In so doing he certainly exhibited a keen commercial judgment on a literary undertaking, for there has seldom appeared a work that caused more interest or excitement. Some affected to be scandalized at the disclosures, and the partisans of Rousseau, who were numerous five and thirty years ago, in Paris, raised a great cry against Madame d'Epinay, but the verdict, nevertheless, passed against the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, in favour of Madame d'Epinay. Few there were to defend the memory of Duclos, for it appeared from the memoirs that he had obtruded his gallant attentions on Madame d'Epinay, and that it was not until she had turned a deaf ear to his criminal solicitations that he went about sowing imputations on her conduct and her fame. Nothing can paint better than these volumes the time and the men. It is a living and speaking picture, such as only a lively and clever woman, equally acute and solid-minded, could write. There was Madame Jully with her *cher ami*, Jelyotte, the singer; there was Madame d'Houdelot with her *cher ami*, the Marquis de Saint Lambert; there was Duclos carrying on a too free conversation with Mademoiselle Quinault; there was Franceuil, a man of fashion, living with the Polignacs and men of fashion about court; all these doings and meetings took place at the château of a young, rich, and distinguished woman, whose father was a man of condition, whose father-in-law was one of the richest farmers-general in France, and whose husband still enjoyed considerable fortune notwithstanding his extravagant and profligate squanderings.

No one can read these memoirs, extending in the thirty-eight years from 1745 to 1783, and be surprised that in six years afterwards France was in the throes of a revolution. Considering the morals and the manners that generally prevailed from the time of the Regency down to the epoch painted by Madame d'Epinay, one only wonders that a revolution had not broken out in the time of Louis XV., and not in the time of his successor.

In the tenth book of the Confessions of Rousseau, there are many revelations touching the society of Madame d'Epinay; but in endeavouring eloquently to excuse himself, the citizen of Geneva does not better his position. It may be, indeed, that in his intercourse with Grimm, Rousseau was blameless, but nobody can acquit him of ingratitude towards Madame d'Epinay. In the long defence of himself, Rousseau introduces the names of Diderot and Duclos, but all he says does not contribute to raise their moral and social character, or to elevate his own. In closing our remarks on the D'Epinay correspondence, we may observe,

that had it been the lot of this lady to have married an honourable and upright and moral man, who had shown her good example, and given her good advice, and not thrown her into the company of so-called philosophers, she might have fulfilled all her domestic duties, and been spared all the shame and all the suffering ever incident to the course which, in other circumstances, she followed. In her latter years, Madame d'Epinay, it ought to be stated, devoted herself in an exemplary manner to the education of her children and her grandchild, Mademoiselle Belzunce. The *Conversations d'Emilie*, written for the latter, obtained the Monthyon prize of the French Academy, as a useful, moral work. It is curious that the competitor of Madame d'Epinay for this prize was Madame de Genlis, a woman of the worst character and most slippery reputation, moral, personal, and political. That Madame d'Epinay was a woman of more than ordinary talent there can be no doubt. Her style is clear and flowing, and her delineation of character admirable, indeed, intuitive.

The memoirs of General Dumouriez were first published at Hamburgh in 1795, and attracted at that time, and indeed for a considerable period afterwards—we might say till 1814 or 1815—very considerable attention. That they are little read in our own day is very certain, albeit they contain much profitable matter, and a great deal that throws light on events from 1760 to 1793. Few men have been more adventurous or ambitious than Dumouriez. He received a good education at the college of Louis le Grand at Paris, and his mind was still further improved by the instructions of his father, a man of ability and learning. Young Dumouriez entered the service as cornet in the regiment of Escars in 1757. In 1759 and 1760, he was wounded several times. In 1761, he obtained the rank of captain and the cross of St. Louis, and in 1762, was *reformé*, or, as we say in England, put on half-pay. But inactivity was quite incompatible with the disposition of Dumouriez. He travelled into Italy on foot, and offered his services to Paoli against the Genoëse, and to the Genoëse against Paoli. Both parties rejected his offer. He ultimately joined an enemy of Paoli. Returning to France, he presented to the minister, Choiseul, several memoirs on the conquest of Corsica, for which he received a payment in money, which enabled him to travel in Spain and Portugal in 1766. When the conquest of Corsica was decided on in 1768, Dumouriez was called into active service, and advanced to the rank of colonel. Subsequently he was employed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the approbation of Louis XV., in Poland in 1770, and in several foreign missions down to 1777. But a

mission relative to the Swedish Revolution got him into a scrape. The king had not confided this mission to the Duke d'Aiguillon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the duke caused Dumouriez to be arrested at Hamburg in 1773. He was placed in the Bastille, in which he remained six months. He gives a full and interesting account, admirably told, of his sojourn in this prison, and of the interrogatories he underwent. But the most curious part of his memoirs, beyond all question, more especially at this particular moment, are his plans for an invasion of England, and a descent upon Jersey, Guernsey, Portsmouth, Plymouth, or the Isle of Wight.

The second volume of Dumouriez's memoirs are chiefly occupied with an account of his efforts to create the now magnificent port of Cherbourg, and to appease the troubles of Normandy. In the latter chapters of this volume, he enters into an account of his negotiations and plans of campaign. The third embraces military details, in which the talents of a very clever writer are well exercised in justification of his movements as a general. Dumouriez spent his latter years in England. He received from our government a pension, and communicated many useful notes to the War-office on the conduct of the campaign in Spain and Portugal from 1809 to 1814. On the return of Louis XVIII., he expected to have received the baton of Marshal of France, but his only reward was a pension of 20,000 francs as a retired general officer. No one can thoroughly understand the history of France from 1760 to 1800 without reading the memoirs of Dumouriez. To use the words of the Prince de Montbarey, in speaking of him, he was '*petillant d'esprit et rempli des connaissances.*' We fear there is also a great deal of truth in M. de Montbarey's concluding sentence, '*le sujet le plus propre à l'intrigue que j'ai jamais connu.*' Dumouriez lived at Ealing till 1822. Thence he removed to Turville Park, Buckinghamshire, now the abode of Lord Lyndhurst, at which residence he died in 1823.

There is no work among the modern memoirs of France that will disappoint the reader more than the memoirs of Rivarol, edited by Berville, and published by Baudoin in 1824. Rivarol left behind him the repute of being one of the cleverest and wittiest men of his day, and a diner-out of the first magnitude; yet a more stupid book than his memoirs it has not been our fate to encounter.

The memoirs of Bouillé, which first appeared in London in 1797, and which were then published by Cadell and Davies, in the Strand, were reprinted in Paris in 1801, and subsequently in the collection of Berville and Barrière in 1821. We know no work written by a soldier which more clearly and lucidly explains

the causes of the French Revolution. Mallet du Pan, whose memoirs have been recently published, declares that this volume is written with the straightforwardness of a soldier, and the truth of an honest man. It must be remembered that Bouillé was an actor in all the grand scenes that he essays to paint. A monarchist by conviction, he was moderate and well-disposed towards the people, and did not, like many hot-headed men, reject everything that savoured of change. In early life, de Bouillé had served in the French West Indies, and witnessed the progress of the American war of Independence. There can be little doubt that if M. de Bouillé had succeeded in covering Louis XVI.'s retreat from Paris, he would have suggested to the monarch the necessity of frankly governing by constitutional principles. But as the flight of Louis was checked at Varennes, de Bouillé was forced to change the plans which he had matured at Dun-sur-Meuse. Quickly assembling all the troops he had in hand, he directed them to march on Varennes, and placed himself at the head of the royal German regiment; but when he arrived at this town, the monarch had already departed. Compromised by this move, de Bouillé was obliged to emigrate. He proceeded to Coblenz, where he was well received by the legitimate princes. De Bouillé had strong prejudices against Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans. He describes him as the most atrocious and the meanest of villains, and tells us in 1797, what has since become notorious, that Mirabeau had within a short time received from the king 600,000 livres, besides a monthly allowance of 50,000 livres. It is generally supposed that the simple and easy tactics of the French were invented by Napoleon, but whoever reads the memoirs of de Bouillé and Dumouriez, will find that these and other generals had invented a new system of tactics and manœuvres, to which the nation was indebted for a great part of its victories.

We would pause but a single moment on the memory of the Prince of Montbarey, minister of war under Louis XVI. These volumes, published simultaneously in Paris and in London in 1826, containing a number of details relative to the courts of Louis XV. and XVI., and the personages who figured therein, are, though agreeably enough written, neither so remarkable by their contents or their revelations as to justify us in dwelling on them at any length.

One of the most interesting series of memoirs in the French language are those of Madame Roland, published in 1820 by MM. Berville and Barrière. The sufferings of this lady as wife, as mother, as woman, have become matter of history. Her memoirs, written in six weeks, were composed during the period

of her captivity, when she was environed by everything that could render life loathsome, and imprisonment almost unendurable; yet they breathe an admirable air of serenity and fortitude, and of that purity and stainlessness of character which she exhibited during the whole of her thirty-nine years of a short and troubled existence. Before we enter on any critical remarks on the memoirs, it may be necessary to say a little as to the character and history of this unfortunate woman.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, there lived, in the most crowded part of the old city of Paris, a man of the name of Gratian Phlipon, an engraver and painter, distinguished by more feeling than judgment, who married a pretty and amiable woman, whose maiden name was Margaret Bimont. Seven children were the fruit of these nuptials, but they every one died in early childhood, excepting one, a daughter, Manon Phlipon, who was born into this world of sorrow in 1756. It may be supposed that the one surviving child was idolized by its mother, a mourner over so many early tombs. Manon's earliest love was for flowers, and the fond mother indulged the infant with all she could procure in the market or elsewhere.

Nor was the father less indulgent than the mother. His pictures and his engravings were at the child's service; they were strewn in her path; and amidst the caresses of father and mother, and pleasant and agreeable objects both of nature and of art, the child attained her fourth year. Without any serious trouble or application, but quite in playing and amusing herself, Manon learned to read. We learn from her own memoirs and autobiography, that the more she read, the more she desired to read. Her curiosity was insatiable and unbounded, and she soon found means of gratifying it. At the side of her father's studio or workshop there was a vacant room, in a press in which she discovered a shelf, in which one of the pupils of her father kept a number of books concealed, no doubt with a view to while away his time when he ought to have been working. Manon took one of these books at random, which turned out to be Dacier's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*. The work, which she read in her seventh or eighth year, pleased her amazingly; and she tells us that from this time she became a Republican. That Plutarch produced a great impression on her mind is clear from another circumstance. Her mother was a serious and devout woman, as these things are understood in the Roman-catholic church; and she herself, in her earlier years, felt a species of enthusiasm in the pompous rites and gorgeous ceremonies of the Romish religion; yet she tells us that, in the Lent of 1763, when she was only seven or eight years old, she carried her *Plutarch* with

her to church, and read it during the service, as though it had been the *Semaine Sainte*, a book of devotion then, and we believe still, in vogue during Lent on the Continent, and in England and Ireland, under the title of the *Holy Week*. When about to make her first communion some time afterwards, Manon appears to have been struck with her profanity on this occasion, for she implored her parents to send her to a convent, in order that she might more profitably approach what devout Romanists call the Holy Sacrament. As she imploringly threw herself on her knees, her mother yielded to her request, and she was sent to the establishment, Rue Neuve St. Etienne, Faubourg St. Marceau. Though Mademoiselle Phlipon grew out of the religious ecstasies of which she gives an account in her memoirs, and which she practised at the convent—albeit she was philosophical at sixteen, and sceptical at twenty—yet she acquired, totally irrespective of dogmas, doctrines, or creeds, certain moral and religious convictions which she never lost, and which were a lasting consolation to her in the days of suffering and sorrow. The young novice remained but a year at the convent; but at the expiration of that period, she did not return home to her parents, but went to the house of her paternal grandmother. There, though she encountered many priests, and read the works of St. Francis de Sales, and other burning and shining lights, confessors, and doctors of the Romish church, yet her mind was unconvinced, and those very books of devotion which were thrust into her hands augmented her doubts; these doubts were fortified by the conversation of a friend of her grandmother, one M. de Boismorel, who, whether a professing Roman-catholic or not, was a Puritan and a reformer at heart. After a considerable sojourn with her grandmother, Manon returned to the parental roof. She resumed her singing and dancing-master, and gave up all idea of a cloistered life. Her days were now passed in study; she read Fenelon and Tasso, and every book that fell in her way, and, among others, Pascal and the Port-Royalists. On these she meditated and reflected, for their severe and rigid principles, their stoicism and self-denial, had an attraction for her mind. With the modern French philosophy she was disgusted or saddened. Admitting that Helvetius might be a guide in the depraved circles of Paris, she, in the abstract, rejected his doctrines, and maintained that they could not either guide or govern a people in a virtuous state of society.

The accomplishments and knowledge of Mademoiselle Phlipon soon became the talk of her circle and quarter. These attainments and this knowledge placed her, intellectually, far above the class in which she was born and educated, and, indeed, ele-

vated her above the petty noblesse, who, nevertheless, indulged in airs of superiority. This chafed the haughty spirit of Manon; and she tells us herself that it caused her to look on the doctrines and principles of the revolution with favour. At seventeen years of age Manon was a fine girl, and as it was supposed her father was a prosperous man, there was no want of suitors: some of these were of the half-ruined *gentilhommerie* of the provinces; some of them were well-to-do tradesmen in the quarter in which the family lived. Among the rest, there was a wealthy butcher who served them, who used to way-lay mother and daughter on high days and holidays in their walks, dressed in a shining suit of black. The amorous sheep-slayer respectfully saluted them, offering them a bouquet; and further sought to win his way to the heart of the young girl by directing his shopman to send, now and again, such delicacies as his *boucherie* afforded, in the shape of a *ris de veau*, or a lamb's fry; but vain were these efforts of the man of meat. A man of medicine—a full-blown doctor—next proposed, in whom Manon expected to find refinement and knowledge; but he turned out a pedantic prig; and as the girl's heart was untouched, he too was summarily rejected. It were needless to pass in review the many who proposed for Mademoiselle Phlipon. Those who are curious on the subject we would refer to the memoirs, which give a picture of the French system in reference to marriages in that day. The father occasionally made the daughter answer the proposals of marriage in his name. While affairs were in this position, Manon was attacked with the smallpox, but it did not in anywise affect her beauty. Her anxious mother watched over her bed with a mother's solicitude; and on the girl's recovery, tried to induce her to accept the offer of a young jeweller, of good looks and excellent character; but as the man was without culture, the daughter declined to unite herself with a person whom she could not respect. That mother whom she fondly loved Mademoiselle Phlipon was destined soon to lose. While she was out visiting some friends in a distant part of Paris, her mother was seized with paralysis, and died on the very night of the seizure. This made a deep impression on the young girl; for a long while she was prostrated with grief, and reduced to the brink of the grave. But time, the great healer, at length poured balm into her wounds. She was aroused, too, from her grief and melancholy by the conduct of her father. After the death of her mother, Phlipon, the father, sought relief abroad, and in dissipation, wasting his substance and the patrimony of his daughter in frivolous pleasures and on a mistress. His business grew daily worse; and it was under these circumstances,

and to save herself from pecuniary ruin, that she secured to herself, from the remnant of her father's fortune, a small income of 500 francs a year, with which she retired to a convent. While preparing to accomplish this step, books were her resource. She studied, she reflected, she observed; she put her observations on paper; and some men of letters who had become acquainted with her, and took pleasure in her society, pronounced that she would distinguish herself in the world of letters. But Manon had at this period no such views, for an authoress, said she, loses more than she gains. Her object in these literary employments was her own happiness, and she truly says the public never interfere in that without spoiling it. The plan of life she now adopted required great resolution and self-denial; she exhibited both. Her food was simple, was prepared by herself, and consisted of rice, vegetables, and bread. As her habits, however, were simple, her mind contented, and her time chiefly engrossed in study, she gave no thought to her homely, if not coarse, fare. Through a schoolfellow with whom she corresponded, she became about this time acquainted with Roland de Platière, who was two-and-twenty years her senior. This respectable man was a native of Villefranche, near Lyons; his family was an ancient one connected with the magistracy, or, as the French say, *la robe*. Roland had been born to competency — nay to riches; but while yet in infancy, sudden misfortunes had fallen on his family; and at nineteen years of age he was forced to seek his fortune. His family wished him at this period to enter the church, but he had too independent a spirit to do so. At the time he became acquainted with Mademoiselle Philpon, he was employed in the administration of manufactures at Rouen and Amiens. He also was a man of simple and frugal habits, a great reader, a thinker, and a person of somewhat cold and austere habits. Whenever he came to Paris, he visited Mademoiselle Philpon, having been on the first occasion struck with her beauty and her strong and simple character. There was much community of feeling already between the parties when Roland was obliged to set out for Italy. To his brother, who was prior of the college of Cluny, at Paris, he had addressed letters describing his journey. The prior, doubtless by the direction of the writer, communicated the letters to Mademoiselle Philpon, who found them clever and observant, but deficient in grace of style. This species of intercourse, literary and social, had lasted for five years, when Roland made a direct proposition of marriage. The young woman answered that she 'was highly honoured by his preference, but was obliged to refuse him.' 'I have nothing,' said she, 'but 500 livres of

rent and my wardrobe, and how shall we live? 'I should be a bad match for you, and I think no more of it.' Roland, nevertheless persisted, and wrote to the father from Amiens, but the disorderly and free-living artist did not like the staid and austere character of his future son-in-law, and his answer, which he read to his daughter, was dry if not offensive. It was on this occasion that she left the paternal residence and took up her abode in the convent. The letter of her father to Roland grieved and wounded her; for though she did not love Roland enthusiastically, she respected and esteemed him in the highest degree. Six months after the father's letter Roland came to Paris, and proceeded to the convent grate to see Mademoiselle Philpon. The sight of the lady revived his feelings and renewed his hopes, and when he sent his brother, the Benedictine, on the following day, to persuade her to marry, Manon, on consideration, thought it was better she should exert her abilities and courage in the honourable state of marriage than in the solitude of a convent. With these praiseworthy feelings she consented to become Roland's wife in 1780, being then of the mature age of four or five and twenty, while her husband was on the shady side of six or seven and forty. In the fulfilment of her duty she hoped for happiness. She was her husband's friend, companion, and amanuensis, giving herself wholly up to the calls of labour and duty. 'I became,' says she, the 'wife of a truly good man, who, as he grew to know me more, loved me better. Married in the full force of reason, I was not the victim of any illusion. In considering the felicity of my partner I perceived that there wanted something to my own.' It would appear from these words that this ardent and enthusiastic woman was well aware that she had made a sacrifice. There was a need, says Lacretelle, that she should love something, and for that reason, perhaps, it was that her love of liberty was somewhat exaggerated. When she appeared in society after her marriage, men of her own age wondered at seeing a young and pretty woman leaning on the arm of a grave and serious looking man, so much older than herself. I felt, says Madame Roland, that I might love some one of these men, and I shuddered at the thought. To avoid and struggle with any feelings of this kind, to vanquish temptations, as it were, she gave herself up to labour; with every study and occupation of her husband she bound herself up. Our misfortune was, she writes, that he (meaning Roland) accustomed himself only to think and write by me. In this the reflective reader will not agree with Madame Roland. Probably it was the absorbing nature of these occupations which ever kept her steadily to the path of duty. The first year of their marriage was passed in Paris. There Madame Roland was the

correctress of her husband's proofs. For a long time she was not permitted to change an iota in the text. She never contradicted her husband. She persuaded herself to think that he knew more and saw things better. This feeling must have arisen from real humility of heart, for there can be no doubt that she was superior in intellect, if not in attainment, to her husband. Roland was soon after this period named inspector at Amiens. In that town they passed four years, and it was there Madame Roland became a mother. These four years may be said to have been her only years of happiness. In 1784 the husband was transferred to the district, or as it was then called '*la généralité*' de Lyon. For two of the winter months she inhabited the city of Lyons, but the rest of his time was spent at Villefranche and Thesée, where his family had property. In her memoirs she admirably describes the kind of life she led in this remote district, gardening and gathering fruit, visiting, consoling, and physicking the poor, superintending the labours of rustic and domestic economy, reading, writing, and correcting proofs. These homely occupations were diversified by occasional trips and travels.

In 1784, she, with her husband, visited England, where his *Mémoires sur l'Éducation des Troupeaux et de la Culture des Laines*, published between 1779 and 1783, had excited some attention, and where other works of his on the fabric and manufacture of woollen and cotton velvet, and, above all, his *Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures*, had made him even better known. During their sojourn here, husband and wife were received at the parties and conversaziones of Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. It is evident, from her memoirs, that Madame Roland formed a high estimate of our system and institutions, and was penetrated with respect for the people. In 1787, she also visited, with her husband, Switzerland; but of this journey she tells us little or nothing in her memoirs. It is very evident, however, that the contrast between countries enjoying an ample measure of freedom and France, made a deep impression on her, and also on her husband. About this period, Madame Roland entered into correspondence with Brissot, one of the most ardent of the men professing the doctrines which contributed to produce the Revolution. With these doctrines both she and her husband became familiar; and so friendly were they to them, that the pair had serious thoughts of emigrating to America: but the age of the husband interposed an obstacle to the plan. This was in 1786, when Madame Roland was at least two and thirty, and when Roland had attained his fifty-fourth year, and when, though the mind of France was fermenting, people had no idea that an outbreak was so near at hand. In that year Madame Roland

had certainly no presentiment of what was to occur in 1789. 'Seated in my chimney corner,' she writes, 'at eleven o'clock in the morning, my husband at his desk, and my little daughter knitting. I am conversing with Roland, and overlooking the work of the child; enjoying the comfort of being warmly sheltered in the bosom of my family, and writing to a friend, while the snow is falling on so many poor wretches.' In the midst of this peaceful existence it was that the Revolution came to give vigour to opinions she had long deeply felt, which had silently smouldered in her breast, and to which she only gave expression before her husband. With what beaming joy she witnessed the dawn of the new opinions we are eloquently told in her memoirs. Yet all is not gold that glitters. Nor do Liberty and Fraternity become practical truths in any nation, though noisily bellowed through the throats of 100,000 men. It is very evident Madame Roland thought the popular party had grown somewhat overbearing and despotic. 'Is the question to be,' she asks, 'whether we are to have one tyrant or a hundred?' On the breaking out of the Revolution, her husband was elected into the municipality of Lyons. His integrity, his firmness, his attachment to the popular party, excited many enemies. Lyons was, at this period, 40,000,000 livres in debt, and 20,000 men were thrown out of employment. It was necessary to represent these things to the National Assembly, and Roland was chosen for the task.

In 1791, they both arrived in Paris, from which they had been absent since 1786. Madame Roland was now in the meridian of beauty, full of ardour and vivacity, and enthusiastic in the cause of what was called liberty and philosophy. Their house became the place of meeting of the Girondists, for four days in the week, during the seven months they remained in Paris. At these re-unions, Brissot was a constant, and Robespierre and Danton occasional, visitors. They were, indeed, eventful months. To her friend Henry Brancal, who was then in London, she discloses her hopes, her fears, her wishes as to public events. On these letters, and the events they allude to, we cannot pause. Suffice it to say, that Madame Roland had caused herself to be received in several fraternal associations, and agreed in opinion with those who looked upon the dethronement of Louis XVI. as the salvation of France.

When the mission of Roland was finished, he returned to Lyons; but as the Assembly had suppressed the inspectors of manufactures, his administrative career was altogether at an end. Madame Roland, it is clear, regretted the obscurity of her life, and her absence from the scene of action. This discontent was natura-

to an ardent disposition, to a mind desiderating a career of activity and usefulness both for herself and her husband. The course of the Revolution led husband and wife back to Paris. In December of 1792, they arrived in the capital, and found the Ministry of Delessert and Bertrand de Moleville *in extremis*. The probity and administrative talents of Roland were now generally known, and Brissot was not slow to proclaim them at every corner. Propositions were made to him to become Minister of the Interior; and, having taken the advice of his wife, he answered, that he was ready to devote himself to the public interests, or, as in the slang of that day it was called, '*la chose publique*.'

Dumouriez—the clever and versatile Dumouriez—was at this time Minister of Foreign Affairs. Roland at first believed in the good intentions and good disposition of the king, but he had not been long in office before his wife did everything that in her lay to create a contrary impression on her husband's mind. In fact, she openly proclaimed herself the adversary of the king; and when Louis refused his sanction to the decree against the priests, and for the camp of 20,000 men, hers was the hand which drew up the letter to the sovereign, signed with the name of Roland. This ill-advised letter is given in the appendix to the second volume of her memoirs, and anything less civil and ceremonious in expression it is impossible to conceive. As Roland received no answer to this discourteous, if not insulting, communication, openly rebuking the monarch, he read it in full council. The king listened to the reproofs with admirable temper. Two days after, Roland, with the three colleagues who had signed the document, received their dismissal, and Dumouriez, whom Madame Roland, in her first volume, describes as having '*l'esprit délié et le regard fauz*,' and whom she speaks of in another place as possessing '*ce qu'on appelle de l'esprit et moins qu'aucun moralité*,'—Dumouriez, we say, kept his portfolio. Madame Roland, in our minds, imprudently sent her letter to the Assembly, and the applause which it there excited sufficiently avenged the affront which her husband had received from the court. Whether the letter was, as is stated by Lacroix, the occasion of the event of the 20th June, we do not undertake to say, but the 20th June was, at all events, the prelude to the events of the 10th August; and after that sanguinary day, the Girondin ministry was re-appointed, and Roland again entered power, with great hopes for liberty. Between the first and second ministries of which Citizen Roland formed a part, there is, however, a great distinction.

During the period of the first ministry of her husband, Madame Roland appeared to have been actuated by a blind and

unreasoning hatred to all institutions, to the royal family of France, and to everything connected with aristocracy. Her conduct, we must say, exhibited passion and prejudice, however much she may have wished to have been just. In the second ministry of her husband, however, when, as Lacretelle says, she had to struggle with crime, with anarchical and with sanguinary principles, her courage was sublime as long as the combat was possible, and calm and resigned when that struggle was useless. One of the first miseries of Roland in his second ministry was to find Danton his colleague. The one, as is well known, was corrupt and venal, whereas the other was of a purity and puritanism almost cynical. It is, therefore, not wonderful, that Danton did everything that in him lay to get rid of Roland—that he calumniated Madame Roland and caused her to be run down in the clubs. The days of September were now advancing, and Marat, Robespierre, and Danton were beginning the Reign of Terror. Roland and his wife were threatened, and an attempt made to arrest the former. At this period Madame Roland wrote to her friend Brancal, in London:—‘My friend: Danton leads all; Robespierre is his puppet; Marat holds the torch and dagger; this ferocious demagogue reigns, and we are his slaves until the moment when we shall become his victims.’ Of that revolution of which she was once so enthusiastic an admirer, Madame Roland was now ashamed. She proclaimed it hideous and deformed by monsters, and used all her efforts to overthrow the Jacobins. During the massacres her husband displayed an energy and heroism very remarkable. He addressed a letter to the Assembly, in which he denounced the crimes of the people. He called on the authorities to stop the massacres, offering his own head as a sacrifice. On the 23rd September, Roland reported on the state of the capital and of France. He energetically described the disorders of Paris, and insisted on the necessity of preventing a recurrence of them. This vigour elevated his character with his own party, but as he was not seconded sufficiently he offered his resignation. The Girondists entreated him to remain in the ministry, and he remained till the 22nd of January, 1793, fruitlessly struggling against the anarchical Mountain. No sooner had he resigned than sinister reports were spread against him. His friends now gathered round him and advised him to escape from the vengeance of the faction. He resolved to retire to the neighbourhood of Rouen, when the opportunity offered. His wife intended to depart for Villefranche, and had asked for passports, which she obtained with difficulty. Just as she was about to set out on her journey she was seized with nervous colics, to which she was very subject. For six days she was con-

fined to her bed, and when, on the 31st May, 1793, she proposed to set out on her journey, it was already too late. Six armed men presented themselves at the house of Roland, and signified to him an order of the Committee of Public Safety. The examiner denied the competence and the legality of the committee. While her husband was reasoning this question with the myrmidons of power, Madame Roland, just recovered from the illness we have mentioned, determined to proceed in person to denounce to the Convention the arbitrary measure of which her husband had been the victim. Clothed in a mourning robe, and a black shawl, she penetrated through the soldiers who guarded the entrance of the Convention, but was stopped at the door by the huissiers. She then asked for Vergniaud, but Vergniaud, pale, exhausted, and absorbed, knew not what to say to her, and advised her nothing. Returning home after this fruitless day to her house in the Rue de la Harpe, she perceived her husband was not in his room. He had concealed himself in the house of his landlord, having got rid of the men who came to arrest him. Madame Roland might at this period have escaped from her dwelling, but she disdained to do so. Retiring to bed, she was awoke at 12 o'clock by men, who presented an order for the arrest of her husband. At 6 o'clock in the morning a new band made its appearance, presenting an order for her own arrest. All her papers were seized, and seals affixed upon every portion of the furniture in which anything might be concealed. One of the commissaries of police was desirous of even sealing up a piano, not knowing to what use a conspirator might turn that instrument. At the sight of their unhappy mistress thus in trouble, the servants burst into tears. 'So there are, then, people who love you in your establishment,' said one of the sbirri. 'I have never been surrounded by any other,' was her reply. A hackney-coach now advanced amidst cries of *à la guillotine*. It was in the midst of this sinister and menacing cortège that the commissaries and Madame Roland arrived at the prison of the Abbaye. The walls of this place were still red with the blood of the September massacres, and the wife of the keeper, who had a heart within her bosom, provided for Madame Roland a separate chamber. Into this narrow and solitary spot the captive entered, but as she possessed fortitude of soul and tranquillity of mind, the result of a pure conscience, she was neither agitated by terrors nor by fears. Her first care was to arrange her cell in the most orderly manner. This done, she had recourse to Thomson's *Seasons*, a book which she loved to read in happier years. Resigned, in so far as regarded her fate, her only anxiety was for her husband

and child. A friend now induced her to write an energetic letter to the Convention, but though she complied with his request she expected nothing from these men. It was after her letter had been despatched that she learned the arrest of twenty-two Girondins, whose fate, like her own, might be said to be sealed. Writing on the latter event to a friend, she expressed herself in a few lines remarkable for their beauty and truth. 'Liberty, said I to myself,' she remarks, 'has two sources: good moral principles which produce wise laws, and that intelligence which unites men together by a knowledge of their rights.' Madame Roland then went on to say that 'she was formerly of opinion that the human species would improve, and that happiness would be the portion of all; brilliant chimeras,' she adds, 'seductions which had charmed me, all, all had vanished in the frightful corruption of this city of Paris?' Then she exclaims: 'What do you seek, ye brigand band of anarchists? You proscribe virtue. Shed then the blood of those that are virtuous. *Ce sang répandu sur la terre il la rendra dévorante, et la fera s'entr'ouvrir sous vos pas.*'

While in the prison of the Abbaye, the compassionate heart of Madame Roland was open to every tale of woe. On entering the prison, the wife of the ex-minister of the Interior was possessed of some money. Her habits were those of a person, if not accustomed to luxury, at least accustomed to an easy, if not a liberal expenditure. Day by day she diminished her personal expenses, and ended by breakfasting on bread and water, with a dinner of a few vegetables. The sum thus retrenched from her usual enjoyments was distributed to the poorer prisoners. Whilst thus practically performing acts of charity and benevolence, Madame Roland occupied her solitary moments in study, in composition, in drawing, or in music.

When she had been a little more than three weeks in prison, she was told that she was at liberty, and that there was no charge against her. At first she doubted of this good news; but reflecting that she had a child, an only daughter, she bethought it would be wrong in her to remain in prison a day longer than she was forcibly detained. A hackney coach was therefore called, which she entered, directing it to drive to her home. She had scarcely bounded out of the coach, on the staircase, when two men addressing her, said, 'You are the citoyenne Roland, and in the name of the law we arrest you.' She, trembling, read the *mandat d'arret*, and, resigning herself to her fate, accompanied the officers to St. Pélagie. Thus, with a refinement of cruelty, the woman who was discharged in the morning was arrested again in the same day. At St. Pélagie, by paying for it, she obtained the

privilege of a separate room. Even in that room she was surrounded by horrible neighbours. Next her were placed women of the town, and opposite to her murderers and assassins. Yet it was midst the obscenities of the reckless and degraded, midst the blasphemies of malefactors and murderers, that she composed her memoirs; in which there is much of imaginative eloquence, and grace of style. It was surrounded by such horrible neighbours that she read Shaftesbury and Thomson, and wrote her notes on the Revolution—so full of profound remarks and striking portraits.

The separate cell of Madame Roland was about six feet wide, and as it was in the month of July, the hot sun rendered such a dwelling intolerable. The prison-keeper's wife, a kindly woman, obtained for Madame Roland an isolated apartment on the ground floor, in which there was a piano. An inspector one day passing heard the sound of music. Abruptly opening the door, he found the accomplished prisoner seated at the instrument, and severely blamed the keeper for granting her this indulgence. Madame Roland was forced to return to the infamous neighbourhood she had left. To add to her grief, she learned that all her friends were proscribed. She was not sure of the safety of her husband, and trembled for the fate of her child, left without protectors in the midst of a revolution which was swallowing up everything.

These were considerations calculated to unnerve the stoutest male heart; but whatever Madame Roland felt, she preserved outwardly a stoical courage. At one time the thought of suicide entered her mind, and the poison was at hand, ready to put an end to her sufferings; but as the trial of the Girondins was advancing, and she was to be called as a witness for them, she resolved to raise her voice in their favour. 'Minds,' said she (in writing to a friend), 'of any elevation know how to forget themselves. They feel that there is a debt to the whole species, and that it must be paid to posterity. It is necessary that I should in my turn perish, because it is inherent in the principles of tyranny to sacrifice as victims those whom it has violently oppressed, and to annihilate even the witnesses of its excesses.' It was not long before Madame Roland was herself called before the revolutionary tribunal. The accusations against her were vague and contradictory. Nothing was positive or tangible in the depositions. Notwithstanding the eloquent pleading of her advocate, M. Chauveau-Lagarde, Madame Roland was condemned. From the day she separated from Danton and Robespierre, nothing could save her. At the beginning of October, she writes in her last journal: 'Two months ago, I aspired to the honour of ascending the scaffold. Victims were then allowed

‘ to speak. Now all is lost. To live, is to submit to a ferocious rule, and to afford such rule the opportunity of committing fresh atrocities.’

On the day of her execution, the 10th of November, 1793, Madame Roland proceeded to the scaffold dressed in white, her fine black hair falling down negligently on the garment. Twice did she rally a shrinking victim who preceded her, and whose fortitude failed him in the last moment. In passing she saluted the statue of Liberty, exclaiming loudly—‘*Que de crimes on commet en ton nom.*’ Or, as we have it in English—‘*Alas! O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name.*’ She now bade the companion whose fortitude had failed him, to ascend first, that he might be spared the additional pain of seeing her die. She next mounted the scaffold herself with unfaltering step, and laid her head on the block, almost warm with the blood of Marie Antoinette. Thus perished, at the early age of thirty-nine, a woman of great genius, enthusiasm, honesty, sincerity, and courage; but a woman not calculated to be a political leader or adviser.

Even in France, as everywhere else, women, however strong-minded and instructed, had far better remain in their quiet, domestic sphere, than engage in the contentions and struggles of public life. In leading her husband, Madame Roland thought in some sort to guide the nation, and to influence and moderate parties. But the task was beyond any woman’s strength. Albeit Madame Roland was a person of great sweetness and tenderness of disposition, as well as learned and strong-minded, yet she was not without a large infusion of stoicism and pride, and a share of female vanity. To say that she was without fault, would be to say that she was not human. Her husband did not long survive his partner. When he heard of her death, he resolved to put an end to himself, in the interests of his only child, inasmuch as his public execution would have caused his fortune to have been confiscated.

In the whole series of historical memoirs with which the French language abounds, there are no more interesting passages than are to be found in Madame Roland’s *dernières pensées*. Her adieus to her husband, to her child, to her faithful servant, are among the most tender and the most touching things to be found in modern history. These were written a short time before her execution, and, it is evident, were composed by a person under the influence of a strong religious feeling.

There are considerable materials for history in these volumes of Madame Roland. There are sketches of Brissot, Robespierre, Buzot, Dumouriez, Luckner, Danton, Monge, Thomas Payne,

David Williams, and others. As we before observed, Madame Roland had a high esteem for the English nation. 'Believe me,' she says, 'that any one who does not feel esteem for the English, and an interest mingled with admiration for the women of England, is either a pitiful or a hairbrained being.'

It may not be amiss to state, that we are ourselves in possession of the Emperor Napoleon's copy of Madame Roland's memoirs, stamped with his arms, which was presented to Lady Augusta Murray (Duchess of Sussex), by Lady Guilford. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that this copy remained uncut, and therefore unread, by any of the three personages to whom it belonged. With one quotation from these memoirs, we will conclude what we have to say of them. 'In every country, and in every epoch,' says Madame Roland, 'the good are unsuccessful, or succumb. There must, then, be another world in which they shall live again, or it would not be worth the while of any human being to be born in the planet which we all inhabit.'

So long as courage, honesty, and sincerity, fill us with admiration and respect, the memory of Madame Roland must be respected, and tenderly treated, even in relation to its faults.

The memoirs of Baron Besenval, which were published in 1805, by A. J. de Segur, treat of a number of remarkable personages; among others, Marie Antoinette, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, the Count de Provence, (afterwards Louis XVIII.); and also of events sufficiently important; but as Besenval was courtier, intriguer, and somewhat of a romancer, these memoirs should be read with caution.

The memoirs of the Abbé Morellet, first published by Ladvocat in 1821, are very readable and instructive, distinguished as they are by information and sound sense. The Abbé, born in 1727, at Lyons, where his father was a stationer, received his earliest education at the seminary of Trente Trois, whence he was transferred to the Sorbonne. In this college he studied with Turgot and Lomenil, distinguishing himself by assiduity and talent. But though he graduated in philosophy with high honour, yet, from his total want of fortune, he was so hard put to it at the age of five-and-twenty, that he was glad to accept the place of private tutor to the son of the chancellor of the king of Poland, with whom he travelled in Italy. On his return from this journey, the Abbé entirely dedicated himself to letters, and to the sustaining and propagating those opinions called at that era philosophical. In his memoirs, he gives us an account of his early college life, and of the character and progress of his *condisciples* Turgot, Lomenil, and Brienne. Next, he introduces us to Madame Geoffrin, Madame de Boufflers, Buffon, D'Holbach,

J. J. Rousseau, Marmontel and his wife, (who was a niece of Morellet), to M. and Madame Necker, and the society with whom he had lived. His account of the dinners of D'Holbach and Helvetius, who received their friends twice a week, show us the easy and agreeable footing on which French literary men lived with each other. The character of Rousseau drawn by Morellet shows his penetration. He calls him *défiant jusqu'à la déraison, et ingrat jusqu'à la haine, envers ses bienfaiteurs et ses amis*. Among the foreigners with whom Morellet was particularly intimate in Paris, were the Italians, Galiani, Beccaria, Caraccioli, Veri, and Frezzi; the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, the Baron d'Alberg, subsequently elector of Mayence; the Count de Creuzte, Dr. Franklin, and the Englishmen, Hume, Adam Smith, Wilkes, Priestley, Sterne, Garrick, Colonel Barré, and Lord Shelburne, subsequently minister. Of most of these celebrated men we find interesting anecdotes, and more especially touching the treaty of 1783, for which Lord Shelburne assiduously laboured. Efforts were then made, of which many of the free-traders of the present day are little aware, to introduce a perfect freedom of commerce between the two countries. It was one of the great and favourite measures of Lord Shelburne—a measure always supported in his economical works by the Abbé Morellet. So thoroughly convinced was the Earl of Shelburne of the good service done by Morellet in this regard, that he recommended him to M. de Vergennes, and the French monarch, for a pension, which he subsequently obtained from Louis XVI. Morellet twice came to England on visits to his friend Shelburne. His descriptions of the country, and the people he encountered, are well worth a perusal now, after an interval of seventy years.

It was with difficulty that this worthy and excellent man escaped proscription during the Reign of Terror. He tells us, in his second volume, the dangers and risks he ran, and the efforts he was obliged to make to gain a subsistence as a writer and a translator, from his seventieth almost to his eightieth year, at a time when, be it observed, most men repose from their labours. In 1799, however, better prospects gleamed on him. He was named Professor of Political Economy to the central schools, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire restored him to his ancient position. Joseph Buonaparte, who esteemed his talents and his character, exerted his influence in his favour. In his eighty-first year he was named a member of the Corps Législatif, in which he sat till 1815. He died in 1817, in his ninetieth year, from the effects of a fall which he had three years previously in coming out of a theatre.

The memoirs of the Marquis de Ferrieres, in three volumes,

published by Berville and Barrière, in 1820, give an interesting account of the events from 1789 to the period of the Reign of Terror, and may be profitably looked into after a perusal of the volumes of Madame Roland. The Marquis was born in 1741, and was of the mature age of forty-eight when the Revolution broke out. Though, as deputy of the noblesse to the *Etats Généraux*, he sat on the *côté droit*, and professed that his objects were to give to the throne more power, and to religion greater empire, yet he was not a blind or furious royalist, but a man of sound and solid sense, and of respectable and moderate character. Any one who wishes to have events very much in detail, as well as sketches of many of the important characters and coteries, will recur to these volumes. The third volume was published from a MS. left to the marquis's daughter, Madame Messliere.

There are no better-known modern memoirs in the French language than those of the Duke de Lauzun, which were published, we believe, by Talleyrand, in 1822. Enjoying all the advantages of birth and fortune, joined to a handsome person, a ready wit, a mind accomplished by reading, agreeable, and elegant manners, and a generous and prodigal nature, the Marquis de Lauzun early entered into one of these *mariages de convenance*, in which the inclinations of the parties were seldom at that day consulted in France. Frivolous, light, and *volage*, the young bridegroom soon left his partner, and for some years travelled in England, in Russia, and in Poland, as a kind of gay Lothario, formed to make married women false. The result was a number of triumphs over female hearts, and duped husbands, and an interminable load of debt. In 1777, having exhausted everything that he could turn into ready money, the profligate and scampish Duke de Lauzun conveyed his estates to the Prince de Guemenée on the condition that the latter should pay his debts, and allow him a life annuity of 80,000 francs, or 3200*l.* per annum. These conditions were agreed to, and Lauzun embarked for America, where his gallantry and bravery were remarkable on more than one occasion.

A few years afterwards he was elected, on his return to France, deputy of the nobles at the *Etats Généraux*, when he embraced with ardour, the principles of the Revolution of 1789. From the army of Flanders, in which he was employed in 1792, he passed to the army of La Vendée. After serving awhile in this latter corps, he resigned the command, to avoid a dismissal with which, as a born noble, he was threatened by the *Sans-Culottes*. Soon after his resignation, Lauzun was imprisoned, and ultimately brought before a revolutionary tribunal, which condemned him to death on the 31st December, 1793. He preserved till his

last moments the *sang-froid* and impassibility which had always distinguished him. When the executioner entered to announce to him his fate, he was at table, with a dish of oysters and a bottle of white wine before him. Addressing the Calcraft of France, he said, 'I shall be at your service in a moment—let me finish my oysters.' Saying this, he called for a glass, that the headsman—or, as they phrase it in France, that the *bourreau* might taste the liquor; and after having filled to him and drunk, he exclaimed, '*Partons,*' and immediately after mounted the scaffold with a firm step. A moment afterwards he ceased to live.

The memoirs which he left behind him, and which were published thirty years after his death, finish with the American war. These memoirs obtained a great success at the time of their appearance, but, to say the truth, there is not a more vicious and unprincipled book in the French language. He scandalously reveals all his amours, and possibly boasts of triumphs and successes which he never obtained. To believe his own account, no woman could resist him, and he vaingloriously records that Madame d'Esparbelle, Madame de Grammont, Madame de Stannille, Lady Sarah Bunbury (sister of the Duke of Richmond), Madame Charden, the Princess Chartoriska, Miss Mary Anne Harland, Mademoiselle de Hartfeld, Lady Barrymore, Mrs. Browne, and Miss Staunton, were among his victims. Not content with scandalizing these ladies of high degree, and with hinting that the Queen of France (Marie Antoinette) on more than one occasion exhibited a partiality for him, he must needs also proclaim that he was the favoured swain of *Perdita*, Mrs. Robinson, the first mistress of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and that he travelled with her from Paris to Calais on her departure from France. The authenticity of these memoirs was at first doubted, and many of the relatives and friends of persons whose names are unwarrantably introduced into these pages propagated the idea that they were spurious; but it is now well ascertained that they were written by Lauzun, a man who, notwithstanding these shameful revelations, was said by Talleyrand, in the Chamber of Peers, to have had '*tous les genres d'éclats: beau, brave, généreux, et spirituel.*'

There are no memoirs in the French language which represent the spirit of the eighteenth century more than those of Pierre Caron de Beaumarchais. His life was a troubled, an active, and an agitated existence. The son of a watchmaker, he was brought up at first to the trade of his father, but afterwards became a professor of music, and taught the guitar to the daughters of Louis XV. The transition from musician to courtier seemed natural to a man who was a comedian by nature, who was

'everything by fits and nothing long.' From courtier he deviated into political intriguer and partisan. To-day he was hand and glove with the minister, on the morrow he was in disgrace and shut up in St. Lazare. This week, as speculator and *armateur*, he was shipping arms to the insurgents against the English government in America, and next week he was writing pamphlets and *factums* for parties who had causes before the parliaments, or getting up the representation of his own *Figaro*. In fact, there was nothing too hot or too heavy for this voracious and versatile man, always bustling, if not always busy, and ever exhibiting that which in France generally secures success, a quick wit, and a will prompt and decided. This is not the place or the time to give an analysis of Beaumarchais' comedies, but it may be said that so thoroughly penetrated was he with a dramatic spirit, that he introduced into his memoirs all the machinery, gaiety, ambuscades, and surprises which we find in the lively dramatic pieces that bear his name. The first matter that brought Beaumarchais prominently before the public, was his law-suit with the executor of his first benefactor, Paris Duvernay. The executor demanded of Beaumarchais 150,000 francs, which the latter refused to pay. Then a suit, of which Goëtzmann was what in the *terme du palais* is called *rappporteur*. To the wife of Goëtzmann, Beaumarchais, through the instrumentality of one Le Jay, a bookseller, handed 115 louis, with a watch set in brilliants. Goëtzmann, however, reported against Beaumarchais, and 100 louis and the watch were returned. But as this sum was fifteen louis short of the sum given, Beaumarchais published his memoir or his *factum* attacking Goëtzmann; and the celebrity of this writing extended not only from one corner of France to the other, but throughout the whole of Europe. The cleverness and brilliancy with which the facts were stated, the dramatic style in which the incidents of the process were exposed, the admirable manner in which the parties were brought on the scene, and the amusing, droll, and ridiculous peculiarities evolved, were all worthy of the hand of that master who had produced the *Marriage of Figaro*. Lively, bitter, and stinging epigrams and epithets appear in every page, showing the writer to be not only a great master in the art of dialectical fence, but also a profound and penetrating observer of men and of events.

After the affair of Goëtzmann, Beaumarchais, at the solicitation of persons of high rank, interested himself in the affairs of Madame Kornman, the wife of a banker, who had been cruelly used by her husband, and published a memoir, or *factum* on the subject. This led to a law-suit with the husband, who had enlisted in his service the talents of the celebrated Bergasse. But though this celebrated advocate was a more formidable rival

than any Beaumarchais had hitherto met with, yet the *mémoires* published by the writer of *Figaro* on the subject must ever be cited as models of clearness, neatness, and skill, the more remarkable as Beaumarchais was without the advantage of a lawyerly or professional education. Contemptuous bitterness, venomous satire, a sound logic, and an admirable distribution and arrangement of the subject, all appear in this publication.

In the memoir intituled *Mes Six Epoques*, addressed to Lecomte, at Versailles, Beaumarchais relates, with pregnant brevity, the risks he ran in a revolution during the progress of which celebrity, talents, and wealth were titles of proscription.

We have a good deal that is interesting on the Bastille in the memoirs of Linguet, but it must be admitted that his details are not always to be depended on. The character of the man was distinguished by levity and recklessness, by eccentricity, malevolence, lying, and gasconades, and though there is unquestionably considerable truth in some of his representations, yet others are wholly false; and, where they are not contradicted, remain unsupported by other testimony.

The writer who pronounced a panegyric on Nero and Tiberius, who wrote in favour of despotism and the Jesuits, is not to be generally trusted. Let it be remembered, too, that Linguet had a scandalous tongue, a perfect itch for libel, and that he was struck off the roll of barristers for an attack on his brother advocate Gerbier, one of the most distinguished of the profession; and after well weighing these circumstances, the reader will come to the conclusion that his statements must be received *cum grano salis*. In many important statements, Linguet is contradicted by Marmontel and Dumouriez, either of whom is much more entitled to credit than himself. The frivolous pretexts on which persons were put into the Bastille sufficiently appear, however, from the registers of that celebrated prison. We extract a few.

1664. Charles Mauconduit, écrivain, colporteur de livres prohibés, et Janséniste.

1627. Le Marquis d'O. pour avoir un esprit turbulent.

1751. Le Sieur Serre de Montredieu, pour des lettres impertinentes.

1735. L'Abbé de Sardine, il était Janséniste ou passait pour l'être.

1738. Le Sieur Dupéré, pour insulte faite à la demoiselle Julie, de l'Opéra.

From Mirabeau's work on *Lettres de Cachet*, we know that he was obliged, when in the Bastille, to tear his meat asunder with his fingers. We therefore can well believe, that neither scissors, knives, nor razors were allowed to certain prisoners; but Linguet states that these necessaries were denied to all—that the turnkey

cut up the victuals; and that when the nails and hair of the victims of tyranny grew to a certain length, they had to solicit a turnkey to lend a scissors to cut them. As to shaving, it was performed by the surgeon of the prison.

On the taking of the Bastille, the most interesting memoirs are those of Dusaulx, *Représentant de la Commune de Paris*. They are published in the collection of Berville and Barrière, immediately after the memoirs of Linguet.

On proscriptions, the best-known work is probably the Memoirs of Jean Baptiste Louvet, one of the representatives proscribed in 1793. Louvet was born in 1760, in Paris, and was the son of a paper-maker. Between his sixteenth and eighteenth year, he published the well-known and licentious work, *Les Aventures de Faublas*; but though this indecent and immoral publication had considerable success, Louvet was in no higher position than a bookseller's clerk at the breaking out of the Revolution. He adopted the reigning opinions of the day with fervour, and apologized even for the excesses of the 5th and 6th October, in a pamphlet intituled *Paris Justifié*. But it is to the credit of Louvet, that when the Legislative Assembly succeeded the Constituent, he became a Girondist. During the ministry of Roland, he was one of the paid writers of the Government, and edited a journal called *La Sentinelle*. It is no mean proof of the discrimination of Louvet, that he was one of the first to accuse Robespierre of aspiring to the dictatorship. The speech delivered on this occasion produced so much impression, that Robespierre asked a week to answer it.

The memoirs which Louvet has published on his own sufferings and risks, is after all a poor book, though it should be skimmed over by any one who wishes to form a correct idea of what occurred between 1793 and the ending of 1794, or the beginning of 1795. By little less than a miracle it was that the author escaped the guillotine. In May, 1797, he set up a bookseller's shop in the Palais Royal, in which his wife, who bore the name of *Lodoiska*, one of the heroines of the romance of *Faublas*, served the customers. But he did not long live to sell his own productions, or those of others, for in the autumn of the very year in which he opened this shop in the Palace Egalité, behind the Theatre of the Republic, at No. 24, he died somewhat suddenly, a few days after he had been named Consul at Palermo. His wife, Lodoiska, who was tenderly attached to him, took poison, with a view not to survive him; but she was saved by medical aid, and lived several years afterwards.

The memoirs of Barbaroux are imperfect, the first part having been lost. They are also published in the collection of Berville

and Barrière, and are chiefly valuable from containing some personal details as to Robespierre. The vanity of this monster must have been great. Barbaroux tells us, that in his private cabinet, his likeness was perpetuated in every possible form of the graver's and the limner's art. He was painted on the wall on the right, engraved on the left; his bust was in an alcove, opposite to which was a *bas-relief* of the same hideous features; and there were on the tables half-a-dozen resemblances of the man in smaller engravings. Helen Maria Williams had already revealed to us that Robespierre was a *petit maitre*, who had his hair curled and powdered in the most elegant fashion—in a word, that he was a *muscadin*, as a vain coxcomb was then called. This is borne out by the statement of Barbaroux.

The memoirs of Buzot, published by Gaudet in 1823, containing as they do historical researches on the Girondins, are fuller than some other works in personal details. No one can have an idea of the miseries Gaudet, Petion, Buzot, Barbaroux, Salles, and Valady suffered, without reading these pages. For days, weeks, and months, they wandered through the provinces with few clothes and little money, expecting every moment to be denounced and executed. With the exception of Salles and Gaudet, a kindly and generous woman, Madame Bouquey, gave the wanderers a refuge at St. Emilion; Louvet, Valady, and Barbaroux then sought an asylum at the house of the parish priest of Pomcerol, near Libourne, who soon grew tired of his charge. Petion and Buzot thence proceeded to Castillon, to the house of Queysal and Guepin. Thence they were received by a poor hair-dresser and barber of the name of Iroquart, who concealed, sheltered, and fed them for five months, when he was threatened with a domiciliary visit. Buzot, Petion, and Barbaroux then left his hospitable roof, and proceeding towards St. Magne, were surprised at meeting a crowd, whom they mistook for *sans culottes*. The first impulse of Barbaroux was to fire a pistol into his mouth, in order that he might not fall alive into the hands of men whom he conceived to be his enemies. He was transported to Castellan in a dying state, and two days afterwards the dead bodies of Buzot and Petion were found in a corn field half devoured by dogs and wolves. Buzot was born at Evreux, in 1760, and was bred an advocate. A republican in theory, he was in practice a man of humanity and moderation. Of all the Girondists his memoirs are probably the most complete, and his volume, to his credit be it said, is neither disfigured by intemperance nor by egotism. The memoirs of Buzot and Barbaroux were placed in a tin box, and thrown for greater security into the *fosses d'aisance* at the house of Madame Bouquey. It

was from this unsavoury abode they were disinterred in 1795, and placed among the MSS. in the National Library.

We have now gone over some twenty of the principal memoirs of the Regency, and the reign of Louis XV., XVI, and the Revolution, yet we are aware that there are many which we have left unnoticed, and that well might demand attention at our hands. We allude principally to the memoirs of Segur, of Rochambeau, of Philippeau, of La Rochejacquelin, and of Beauchamp, in La Vendée; of de Marcillac, and de Puisaye, and de Montesquieu, in the Emigration of Bailly, Mayor of Paris, and of de Mounier in the Assemblée Constitutionale. But to notice every remarkable work that has appeared in the form of memoirs from 1700 to 1799 in France, would require, not three articles, but three volumes of a goodly size. There is one other writer, so remarkable, however, though not as a memoir writer, that we must allude to ere we conclude.

* The best work of Madame de Stael, whether we regard style or simplicity, is one that must be considered in the light of personal memoir; we allude to her *Dix Années d'Exil*. This production describes in glowing language, and with great felicity of diction and illustration, the persecutions to which this illustrious woman was subjected, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century,—mean, petty, and revengeful persecutions, which exhibit the Consul and Emperor in a light equally unworthy, vindictive, malevolent, and tyrannous. On this theme we might enlarge through many pages, but we have already exceeded the limits accorded to us, and we must now bid to the reader, and to the Memoirs of France, ancient and modern, a respectful farewell.*

* Such of our readers as have felt interested in the vigorous pencillings of our contributor, will be gratified to learn, that the French Memoirs of the present century will form the subject of a series of papers from the same pen in *Fraser's Magazine*—the first of which appeared in the April number of that able and right-hearted periodical.—EDITOR.

- ART. VI.—(1.) *Parliamentary Report on the Government of India.*
 (2.) *Modern India.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq.
 (3.) *India as it may be.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq.
 (4.) *The Administration of Justice in India.* By BRUCE NORTON, Esq.

THE pending upon discussion India presents an opportunity, of which we gladly avail ourselves, for considering the principles upon which our Indian empire should be governed, and for directing attention to some of the great measures which its government is now in a position, and ought to feel itself under an obligation, to undertake. It would have been inopportune to have entertained considerations of this kind at the time when we were fighting our way to supremacy in India; but now that we have reached, and secured ourselves in, that position, having extended our empire on all sides to the natural boundaries of India, it is necessary that we should determine upon what principles, and for what objects, this empire is to be governed.

Now it arises from the peculiar character and circumstances, not less of the government than of the people of India, that more can be done by our Indian government towards alleviating the burdens, and improving the condition of the people, than was ever in the power of any other government to effect for its subjects.

In the first place, our rule is purely autocratic. This is so entirely the case, that those subject to it are even incapable of forming any other conception of it. With the exception of what may be called natural rights, and of certain Hindoo prejudices, with which no reasonable person would wish to interfere, and respect for which does not in the least limit the extent of the field that is open to us for the introduction of the several important ameliorations we wish to see carried out, there is a perfectly clear stage for doing in the most effectual manner all that ought to be done.

It is most essential that we should understand the peculiar character and position of the government of India. In the United States of America the government has little or no initiative power; it is merely the agent of the wishes of the people. The people, in their previous meetings and discussions, decide upon what is to be done: the duty of the government, as is thoroughly understood by all parties, is merely to give effect to these decisions. Our own government is evidently approximating towards this type. All the governments of the European

continent are more or less constitutional, or more or less fettered by fundamental laws, by traditional practices, by the spirit of their respective subjects, and by various necessities of state. The government, however, of our Indian empire, the sway of which extends over a population, including the inhabitants of the subject and dependent territories, probably five times as numerous as that of France, and almost three times as numerous as that of the whole Russian empire, is unrestrained by any one constitutional, traditional, or popular limitation. It has no traditions, for it is a government of the sword and of yesterday. The very idea of popular agitation, and of demonstrations of the strength and wishes of the people, is rendered utterly impossible by the character of the Hindoo, and of the social institutions under which he lives. Such methods of procedure could never have presented themselves to his mind. No government—and this results not from the success of any aggressions on the rights of the governed, but from the mere spontaneous necessities of the case—was ever so purely autocratic. There is a difficulty in bringing an Englishman to a clear understanding of the completeness of its character in this respect. It would be a similar case if the inhabitants of this island were subject to the rule of a race of beings belonging to some other planet, whose language we did not understand, whose feelings and manners were so different from our own that we could have no desire for union with them, and the superiority of whose strength it never occurred to us to question. We must suppose that we saw them coming and going, and acting on every occasion, just as if they were by the constitution of nature our rightful lords. If we saw all this without any greater degree of emotion than we feel at the changes of the seasons; if no Englishman had ever been led to remark to his intimates or neighbours that such a state of things was a degradation to their country, nor had ever felt that it was so in the recesses of his heart, then we should be standing towards our government in a relation similar to that which characterizes the relation of our Indian subjects to their present government.

Another fact, to which it is necessary to draw the attention of those who are personally unacquainted with the administration of our Indian empire, is, that not only is our government of India autocratic, but that its details are entirely administered, or rigidly supervised, by ourselves. One can hardly understand how completely this is the case without having oneself taken a part in its work. We do ourselves govern our provinces in India. We have not merely occupied the country with an armed force, sufficient to repress all possible opposition, and to

enforce the payment, raised we care not how, of a certain amount of tribute, but we have taken the whole machinery of government into our own hands. Throughout the three presidencies, and in the north-west provinces, the judges of circuit and the local magistrates are Englishmen. Not only are the laws, and the processes of law, such as we determine that they shall be, but those laws are also everywhere administered by ourselves. Our government is as completely organized, and is administered as much by ourselves, in Bengal as in Kent. If a native of Delhi is suspected of having burglariously entered his neighbour's house in the night, or if he has defrauded the revenue, or if he has refused to pay a debt, the case is brought before, and is adjudicated upon by, an Englishman. These are the duties performed by the men whom in this country we call the civil servants of the East India Company. They are in reality the tax-collectors, the police officers, the magistrates, and the judges of our Indian empire.

A glance at the circumstances and causes which have enabled us to acquire this vast empire upon the opposite side of the globe, will, by throwing much light upon the nature of our position, and upon the means and resources which are at our disposal for enabling us to maintain and strengthen it, indicate the ways which are open to us for benefiting, and what are the advantages which we may ourselves hope to derive from our connexion with, India. We have only done in India what any other people in Europe, or perhaps even in Asia, would be able to do to-morrow, were we to retire from the peninsula. The Moguls subdued India as completely and as effectually as we have. No one thinks of denying to our Indian generals the merit of great gallantry and daring, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, that India has ever submitted to every invader. This is a necessity which arises out of the character and social institutions of the Hindoo. The extent of India, and the density of its population, contribute only to strengthen this necessity. It is impossible for the inhabitants of one part of the peninsula to interest themselves about what may be befalling the inhabitants of another part some thousand miles off, with whom, for such is the nature of the country, they have never had any kind of communication. Invaders have thus always been enabled to deal with India in detail, and to play off their first conquests against what remained to be conquered. Had nature given to India but half its present extent, its subjection and permanent occupation would probably have been attended with greater difficulties than its invaders have hitherto had to encounter.

In India there are no traces of those feelings of patriotism, or

nationality, which animate and unite the inhabitants of European kingdoms. This is one of the master-differences between the Hindoo and the European. The inhabitants of England or of France are by these feelings compacted into one body. They become capable of acting as one man. One spirit pervades the whole population. This absence of all national feeling in the breast of the Hindoo, which to us appears so strange a phenomenon, results from the peculiar character of the country he inhabits, and from the social institutions which have obtained in that part of the world from immemorial time; the permanency, and perhaps the origination, of the latter having doubtless been mainly due to the former.

A comparison of India, in respect of this point, with our own country, will readily show the manner in which these causes operate. Upon whatever locality in England we may fix our attention, we shall find it in close connexion with, and dependent upon, other parts of the kingdom, for many of the necessities and comforts of life, and even for the means of carrying on those occupations in which it may have some pre-eminence. One district produces fuel, another corn, another copper and tin, another lead, another iron. The manufactures of earthenware, of hardware, and of the fabrics required for clothing, are not carried on in the same district, each of these again is subdivided, each subdivision having a tendency to establish itself in a locality of its own: this is seen in the manufactures of cotton, wool, and flax. Districts which are suitable for the production of corn are not always suitable for the production of stock. Or even to follow the minuter subdivisions—for nature appears to have aimed at diversifying as much as possible the productions of the different parts of this country—of those districts which produce corn, one produces wheat, another oats, and another barley; while in some districts are bred sheep, and in others cattle, both to be sold into other districts for fattening, and to be moved once more into other districts in order that a market may be found for them. It is instructive to observe how with us even those manufactures for which the demand is as great in one part of the country as another, and for the production of which no one place has any natural advantage over other places, such, for instance, as straw-plait, pillow-lace, gloves, and even to some extent shoes, succeed in localizing themselves, so that for these articles the whole of the country should become tributary to particular districts. Our institutions are upon this point in perfect harmony with nature. No institution could contribute more to this effect than our representative form of government. It obliges us all to be interested in the condition of, and in what

is taking place in, every part of the kingdom: it makes us all feel that our actions have an effect upon the rest of our countrymen, and theirs upon us. All understand that they have a personal concern in the commonwealth. Our religion, also, by having established as its great characteristic a regard for others, leads us to extend our ken and our sympathies beyond our own neighbourhood, and in this way operates powerfully in the same direction: it, too, is a great bond of union. To these causes we may add the vast influence which the metropolis, through many different channels, exerts over us all. From it we derive the greater part of our intellectual food. In such a state, too, of society as ours, in which capital plays so important a part, almost every one engaged in business finds that he is more or less connected with, and dependent on, the metropolis, as the great money-market and centre of business for the whole kingdom. It would not be trivial upon this subject even to mark the manner in which our ideas and practices with respect to what we call fashion,—a matter exclusively European, and which combines the two apparently incompatible obligations of perpetual change and perpetual uniformity,—contributes, and in no insignificant degree, towards the same result. The fact also that a great many of what we consider the necessities, and a still greater number of the comforts, of life are not indigenous productions, obliges all the inland parts of the country to feel a dependence upon the outports. Even the trifling circumstance that fish is an object of luxury with the upper classes, is a connecting link between the coasts and the interior. We might add considerably to the above list of facts bearing upon this point; those, however, which we have adduced are amply sufficient to establish it. A little consideration will show the reader that in no other part of the world are the inhabitants of any other country brought under the influence of so many, and of such a variety of, influences, all contributing to produce the effect of national unity and the feelings of patriotism. The character of European civilization and the physical character of this portion of the globe, which everywhere gives rise to a variety of wants and tastes, only a few of which can be supplied by the natural productions of any one locality, have impressed these feelings, though in unequal degrees, upon the inhabitants of every European state; but upon the inhabitants of Britain in a higher degree than upon the inhabitants of any other.

Now if we turn our eyes towards India, we shall be met by a total absence of these sentiments, evidently resting upon an all but equally total absence of every circumstance at all calculated to produce them. Nature, everywhere desirous of producing,

within certain limits, new and endlessly-diversified arrangements of the materials upon which she works, has ordained that that part of the world should in this respect stand in marked contrast to our own : and man, as he ever must, until knowledge, and art, and the development of his own mental power elevate him above nature, and make her thenceforth not his mistress but his servant, has submitted himself in India just as he does elsewhere, to be moulded by these circumstances, and has devised institutions and a manner of life in harmony with them ; and these together have by their combined influence impressed upon the Hindoo a distinct and permanent character, the very distinguishing feature of which is the entire absence of these feelings.

It is not that the inhabitants of India are devoid of courage ; many of the races we are now holding in subjection are possessed of quite as unquestionable gallantry as ourselves : some indeed are notoriously distinguished in a far greater degree than is observable in any European race for contempt of danger, and recklessness of life. Nor can it be said of India, which was perhaps the cradle of the useful arts—certainly was well acquainted with them at a period when the primæval forest was still overshadowing far the greater part of Europe—that its inhabitants have no talent for mechanical inventions and for the applications of science. Nor, when compared with Europeans, do they show any decided deficiency in intellectual endowments. The cause of the great difference between them and ourselves is not to be looked for in any of these quarters, but in that which we have already indicated, and in that only. They possess the most ancient civilization, an ancient literature, all the arts of civilized life ; several gallant races are among them ; they have much intellectual acuteness, much patient industry, many social virtues, a most orderly political system ; but having no trace of those sentiments by which the communities of Europe are compacted together, and enabled to bring their united energies to bear upon whatever may interest them, and are even impelled by the force of sympathy to act with vigour and to good purpose, the inevitable result is, that they have politically no more strength than a heap of sand has architecturally.

The physical conditions which have moulded the character of the Hindoo are the two facts, that the climate of India is such that the wants of its inhabitants are few, and that the productions of the country are such that these few wants can generally be supplied on the spot. His slightly-constructed house may be built, the cotton from which his scanty clothing is formed may have

been grown, and afterwards manufactured, everything required for his frugal, it being chiefly a vegetable, diet, may have been produced, all the fuel he requires may have been collected—within the precincts of the village in which he resides. This, speaking broadly, is the case throughout the whole of India. In no part of the civilized world are a man's wants fewer, and those few wants are supplied more exclusively from the spot of ground upon which he resides than is the case in any other civilized country.

The village communities of India are the natural result of this. The Hindoo has no need, and consequently no idea, of country: his native village supplies him with everything that he requires. That village is independent of all the world. Were it to be suddenly surrounded, and cut off from all external communication, by Bishop Berkeley's wall of brass, everything in it would still go on much as it has done from the commencement of history. To the Hindoo's apprehension, the village, the corporate and private rights of every member of which have been immemorially settled, with minuter detail, and as it strikes the European with greater complication than was, perhaps, ever done in any other part of the world, is, to him, the alpha and the omega of political union. One village will readily engage in conflict with another in defence of its boundaries, and of such other rights as cause disputes between neighbours; but in the case of the invasion of their common country—if such a word can be applied to Indian districts—neither would exhibit any hostility, nor would, probably, feel any hostile emotions, towards the invader. They feel that they will have to pay much about the same amount of taxes, and that they will be collected in much the same sort of way, whether the government be Hindoo, Mahomedan, Christian, or Sikh; and whether the district from which they are collected—and this is almost the only idea of country an Indian can have—be a territory of a few square miles, or the whole of India. He knows that no alterations in political boundaries will in any way affect his supply of the necessities and conveniences of life.

Even their religion, strange as the statement may sound to European ears, has not the slightest tendency to develop common feeling. It is not a religion which suggests to the intelligence or to the sentiment of the believer anything beyond the character of the Deity, and the relation in which the believer himself stands towards the Deity. It makes no appeal to his compassionate feelings, for the purpose of impelling him to endeavour to rescue his distant fellow-mortals from a future of everlasting misery. The effort, therefore, of looking beyond himself, whether it be for the purpose of quieting the compas-

sionate emotions of his own breast, or whether it be for the purpose of benefiting himself through the medium of having previously benefited others, is utterly unfelt by the Hindoo. The idea, too, of a church, and all the feelings which have connected themselves with that idea, and with which we are so familiar, are to him totally unknown. The combined efforts, the comprehensive sympathies, all the union and communion of feeling which in our minds go to make up what we call the church, and which have had a large effect upon the very character of our civilization, would, to him, be simply incomprehensible.

In perfect harmony with their minutely-organized village system, and with their religious system, so entirely devoid of all influences of a social tendency, or of any which might be productive of general goodwill and sympathy, is their institution of castes. This institution would have been impossible, on either of the two following suppositions:—had either their social development resulted, instead of in making the village community a complete and self-dependent body politic, in placing the village, by some machinery analogous to that of our tithings, hundreds, and counties, or parishes, deaneries, dioceses, and provinces, in connexion with its neighbours, and, by ever-widening relations, with the whole community; or had their religion assumed, as a basis, the brotherhood of mankind, and made regard for others its great test. The probability, indeed, is, that their village communities, their religion, and their institution of castes, were simultaneously developed, the progress of each helping on, and, in turn, helped on by, the progress of the other two. Or if the reader were to prefer to speculate upon some order of precedence among them, we should not be indisposed to hazard the conjecture that the village system had the priority, having originated in causes connected with the physical characteristics of India; and that out of this grew the system of castes, for the village system had already, to speak generally, fixed the home and *status* of every one, giving no opening to a young man except the vacancy which would be made for him by his father's death; this at once rendered castes easy, and almost natural. These facts, we might suppose, suggested the peculiar features and character of their religion.

Now, this institution, also, of castes, contributed to prevent the growth of those feelings, whose absence among the people of India we have been noticing. By breaking up society into a number of orders or classes, which it was impossible for their respective members ever to quit, certain occupations and rights being assigned to each, it impressed upon each distinctive manners and distinctive sentiments. Each order became disposed to regard those belonging to other orders rather with repulsion than

with indifference. No sympathy, nothing like union or communion of feeling, could exist. The sentiments, therefore, of patriotism and of nationality became impossible.

This, then, is the great peculiarity of the Hindoo character, and it is upon it, ultimately, that our vast Indian empire rests. Were it not for this peculiarity it must at once be evident that the whole available resources of England would not enable us to retain in subjection, at such a distance, and under such a climate, one-tenth part of its population. Availing ourselves, however, of the weakness caused by this peculiarity, we find no difficulty in maintaining our authority over its one hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants. Nor should we find it a more difficult task to subdue and govern the whole of Asia, or, indeed, the whole world, were it inhabited by races of men as devoid as the Hindoo of the idea of nationality, and of the inspirations of patriotism. All history shows that the existence of these ideas and sentiments renders, we might almost say, any country, however small, capable of repelling the attacks and exhausting the resources of invaders, however powerful. This made Greece, or even Athens alone, more than a match for the myriads which Xerxes, but not without the aid of the whip, was able to bring into the field. Animated and sustained by these feelings, the low countries wearied out the Spanish, and the Spaniards, in their turn, would, even unassisted, have wearied out the French empire. The result of our struggle with America ought to teach us what it is to which we are indebted for India.

We hear upon all sides that our rule in India rests upon opinion. By this is meant, that the natives submit to us, because they deliberately think that our rule is more conducive to their interests than any other. Those who assume this have, among other points, to explain how it happened that, after having been so long known in India, we had, to the last, to fight our way to every new acquisition. Upon this theory the Sikhs, we having for a long time been well known in India, ought to have received us with open arms. It is true that our government does not wantonly do violence to the religious feelings of the natives, and that it has not reduced the cultivators of the soil to the condition of the Irish peasantry, or of the Egyptian fellahs, but that so vast and varied a population as that of India has voluntarily remained quiet under our rule, on a calm and enlightened calculation of self-interest, is utterly incredible. We are retaining in subjection 160 millions of men, with a smaller number of English troops than would be required in France to keep a second-rate town in order. If these millions were united, and animated by patriotic feelings, our army would not be able to hold a single province. India is composed of several different nations, each

speaking its own language; and it is nothing short of a monstrous absurdity to suppose that each of these different nations submitted to us, in its turn, out of considerations of what was for its interest—that all of them, one after another, whatever their circumstances, and whatever the complexion of their previous intercourse with us may have been, came to the same conclusion, and one so flattering and so advantageous to us, and so humiliating to themselves. The only opinion, if opinion it can be called, which has been of service to us, is that about which we have been speaking, the entire absence of those feelings which would enable them and impel them to unite against us. They have never debated or thought about the matter. And, as long as this remains the case, unless we ourselves should fall from our present position in Europe, our Indian empire must go on from year to year gaining in strength and stability.

All the phenomena of Hindoo civilization, and of Hindoo sentiment and intellect, harmonize with this master-feature of their character; all having, doubtlessly, originated in the same causes. Now, when on any subject all the facts that have been observed are concordant among themselves, and are all explicable by the same supposition, there is a strong presumption—so strong, indeed, that it amounts to a certainty—both that the facts have been correctly observed, and that the supposed is the true cause. This is not more true of purely physical investigations than of those very mixed questions which fall within the domain of history, or of morals. Foremost among these Indian phenomena we would place the fact of their civilization never having advanced one step in the memory of history. In the arts of life, in feelings, and in ideas, the Hindoo is exactly where he was when history first becomes acquainted with him. There can be but one reason for this; and this reason is to be found in the account we have given of their village communities. Each village, with its circumjacent fields, has ever been to the community to which it belongs, the world itself. The few simple wants of its inhabitants have ever been supplied by their own united labour. The inhabitants of the whole of Great Britain form a community in the sense in which an Indian village forms one; and, besides this, to supply our ever-multiplying wants, every sea and every land is ransacked; our ships are in every harbour, for the purpose of providing us with the productions of every clime. Our minds having been enlarged and invigorated by the diversified and comprehensive views we are obliged to take, and having made the discovery that our wants are innumerable, but that they are all such as may be supplied by our exertions, every man's wits are incessantly at work for the purpose of

bettering his condition; every one is endeavouring to make some useful discovery, or to find some method of producing some one of the necessities or luxuries of life more expeditiously or more economically than others. These innumerable efforts of individual thought, incessantly continued from generation to generation, are ever improving and advancing all the departments of art and production, of inquiry and of science, the general aggregate going far towards constituting what we call civilization.

The Hindoo, although possessed of the most ancient civilization in the world, has not, nor has he ever had, during the thousands of years that he has been living in the light of this civilization, any idea of history. The reason is patent: it is because he has no idea of country, and no idea of progress; without these two ideas, that of history is impossible. A history cannot be written of a people which never either advances or retrogrades, but is always the same—always doing the same things in the same way, and with the same feelings. In such a state of society there are no tendencies, no efforts; no events occur which inaugurate new eras, and to which distant generations will trace back long trains of consequences. No great men arise to repair, or add to, the social fabric, whose memories a grateful posterity will love to cherish. The present is not the child of the past, nor will it be the parent of the future. Nothing is lost by the oblivion of the past, because all that is past is faithfully reproduced in the present; and there will be nothing omitted, and nothing new, in the future. For similar reasons India has no modern literature. A current literature is merely the expression of our thoughts and feelings, when our hearts are interested about, and our minds are directed to the attainment of, certain objects; in short, it belongs to a progressive state of society. If we can imagine ourselves falling into a state in which we should cease to take an interest about anything, and in which every one felt that no further advances could be made in any matter in which man is concerned, that no effort of mind or combination of thought could lead to any further discovery, or in any way improve any science, art, production, political organization, or anything affecting man's estate, a moment's reflection will make us aware that, under such conditions, the pen would, even in Europe, be laid aside. We see indications of this in the dismal period of the middle ages, notwithstanding that the state of men's minds was, even at that time, very different from the case we have been imagining, inasmuch as the glorious memories of the past, and the native and irrepressible energy of the European character, never allowed our ancestors, even when

the evils that were overwhelming them appeared most irremediable, to abandon themselves to despair.

Europeans resident in India are struck with what appears to them the inexplicable fact, that among Hindoos there is no effort made for, indeed no wish or thought about, the intercommunication of ideas. The remarks we have just been making explain why this is so. The character of their civilization is such that it could not be otherwise.

Those who judge of the inhabitants of India by European standards find it difficult to account for the late behaviour of the Sikhs. Only the other day they were throwing themselves upon us with reckless fury, and with bitter and apparently inextinguishable hatred; we inflict upon them some sanguinary defeats: immediately after this, scarcely allowing themselves time to bury the remains of their comrades, they quietly and contentedly enter into our service, and are perhaps, at this moment, having crossed India and the Bay of Bengal, fighting by the side of English troops in the heart of the Burmese empire. But this has been done, not by the Sikhs only, but by every race we have conquered in—that is, by every race to be found within the boundaries of—India. We have conquered India, and hold it in subjection mainly by the aid of its own inhabitants. Perhaps there is not a man in India who would feel more reluctant to take service with us than with a native prince. This could not be the case had they any idea of country, or any feelings of patriotism.

In India it was customary, as it had formerly been among other oriental people, to make grants to favourites, or to members of the royal family, of so many villages, or of a district, and no difficulties attended the proceeding. Had any feelings of nationality, or of national unity, existed, transactions of this kind would never have been endured or imagined.

There is one fact in the history of our government of India which, when compared with what takes place among European populations, is alone decisive upon the point we have been considering. The interest felt in political questions is an inseparable element of the character of the European. This interest was felt as strongly in the old republics of Greece and Italy as it is at the present day in Paris and London. All look upon these questions as important; many appear to live for hardly anything else. They form the zest and the object of their lives; they will even hazard life in the pursuit of them. Among subject populations the greatest difficulty, even after centuries of subjection, as in Ireland and in Northern Italy, is experienced in repressing them: they are inextinguishable. The overwhelming superiority

of the dominant power cannot prevent their ebullition. Contrast with this the complete apathy felt in India upon these subjects: we there subdue and annex kingdom after kingdom; but we do not find, either in those long subject to our rule or in those lately subdued, any trace of this leaven. We have entirely extinguished the national governments of one hundred millions of men, and have placed half as many more in a position of dependency, but have not yet had occasion to put one man to death in India for a political offence.

At the risk of becoming tedious, we have dwelt at some length on this part of our subject. It was, however, quite necessary that we should give to these peculiarities of the Hindoo character the prominence which belongs to them. We are not aware that this has yet been done elsewhere, although we flatter ourselves that our readers will not now be indisposed to agree with us, when we lay down the position, that these peculiarities supply the conditions which render our rule in India possible.

Having, then, ascertained the nature of the ground upon which we are standing, we will proceed to consider what it is that we have to do.

At present, our Indian empire is menaced by no impending danger. The path of those who guide its destinies is unobstructed by any difficulty. Looking at the state of India itself, and at the omnipotence of its government, everything appears within our reach: everything that is desirable appears practicable. Still there is one fact which at present darkens every prospect, and almost forbids us to hope; it is, that while the people of India acquiesce in their actual condition, as if it were an eternal ordinance of nature, their rulers are incapable of seeing what may be done for their advantage. The governors of India are not enlightened statesmen, but a body of men who, though we may concede to them to the fullest extent the merit of good intentions and integrity, are incapable, on account of their traditions, interests, and training, of governing in any other spirit than that of traders and merchants. The antipathy which such men have to war, now that we have secured the possession of the whole of India, is a negative virtue. The mischief is, that the affairs of India cannot be administered with a view to the advancement of the general good (in the sense in which these terms are now understood in Europe) of India and of the empire, but must continue to be administered with a view to patronage, to securing a yearly dividend upon the sum which these merchants and traders spent in conquering the country. Until the government of India shall be transferred to different hands, and until its administration shall be directed to the accomplishment of what are

now the recognised objects of government, it never can become to us, or be in itself, what history will one day proclaim that it was in our power to have made it.

At the present day it is more than ever before necessary to turn our thoughts to the consideration of what the future may bring forth. Events, which formerly would have appeared utterly impossible, may not now be very improbable, or even very distant. Many of those who read these pages may live to see the day when they shall expect with breathless interest the fortune of combats in the heart of the Chinese empire, or at the gates of India, between ourselves and the hardy races of the north. Or we may have to contend upon the ocean with our own descendants for the possession of our Indian dominions. Or, on the other hand, a state of things may now be establishing itself, and we believe it to be within our power to secure such an event, which may in a few years render the chances of any contingencies of this kind overwhelming in our favour. But whatever the future may conceal, our true policy with respect to India is honestly to endeavour to carry out those measures, without being startled at their extent, which we know would benefit its inhabitants, resting upon the conviction that the conscientious discharge of this high duty towards them will strengthen our hands both in India and at home against the day of trial, whatever may be the form in which the trial may come; while nothing, we may be sure, will have the effect, in any crisis which may arise, of weakening us so much, as the fact of our having adopted towards so large and important a part of our empire as India, a selfish, narrow, and insincere line of policy. Misgovernment on so large a scale, and the mismanagement of so large a part of the empire, may involve us in inextricable difficulties.

We will, then, at once discard the supposition that the destinies of the seventh part of the human race have been placed in the hands of the people of England for the purpose of enabling us to secure a dividend for the holders of East India stock, and the patronage of an empire for four-and-twenty directors.

If there is one fact upon which our own experience and the evidence of all history are entirely in accordance, it is, that no government ever can derive any permanent advantage from the direct pursuit of its own immediate and separate interests. This was the cause of the ruin of all the old empires: their thrones were raised and supported by iniquity and oppression. The monarchies of Asia have ever been incapable of forming any other conception of dominion: with them dominion ever meant tribute and service at any cost, and it never meant anything more. Inevitably, therefore, their dominion was ever unprofit-

able, insecure, and transitory. For the same reason the Athenian empire contained in itself the causes of its own overthrow: it had, indeed, hardly been constructed, before, as might have been expected from the superior activity and sensitiveness of the Greek mind, it was broken in pieces. It would be a derogation to the justice, wisdom, and goodness of the Moral Governor of the world, to suppose that stability could characterize a government whose first aim was its own aggrandizement. The comparative stability of the Roman empire is to be attributed to the fact of its having from the first acted upon the principle which was inaugurated at its first conquest over a petty neighbouring town, and which was eventually applied to the whole civilized world, of admitting the vanquished to the rights of citizenship; so that, though the degradation into which mankind fell might be traced to the existence of the empire, yet because it met the wants of the age, and protected as far as it could the interests of its subjects, it had not to struggle against, whatever other evils it may have engendered, discontent and exasperation. We have ourselves, as a nation, suffered in the loss of America, and in the alienation of Ireland, as we deserved, the penalty of acting on the supposition that a government may be benefited directly at the cost, instead of mediately through the well-being, of its subjects, looking all the while for its highest reward, not in self-aggrandizement, but in the contemplation of the prosperity and progress of those over whom it rules, and in the reflection that this prosperity and progress have resulted from its own well-intentioned and well-directed counsels.

We have now just completed the conquest of India. We are surveying our conquest, and considering in what way it may be turned to the best account. The present, therefore, is the time to proclaim as distinctly and as emphatically as possible, that there is but one way of governing this empire. There, on the opposite side of the globe, we are holding in subjection a population six times as great as that of the United Kingdom. This is a mighty venture. If managed well, it may contribute incalculably to our strength and prosperity; if managed badly, it is evidently of such a magnitude, and of such a character, that it may, in our inability to relinquish it, and in the struggle to maintain it against such adverse circumstances as mismanagement will inevitably create, drag us down to ruin.

Fortunately, the magnitude and importance of the work which our Indian government is called upon to accomplish, are equalled by the simplicity of that work, and by the facilities which the character of the government and of its subjects, and their relation to each other, supply for its speedy and effectual accomplish-

ment. We have it in our power to do much to lighten the burdens and to ameliorate the condition of the people of India. We are also able to do for them what they would never have been able to do for themselves, to introduce circumstances which may lead to the rise of a middle and of a moneyed class—classes which would soon feel the wants and the instincts, and would not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages, of European civilization. But we will advert in order to the several objects, towards the attainment of which our efforts should be mainly directed.

I. At the present juncture of Indian affairs, the question which rises to the surface, and which will be first discussed and first settled, has reference, not to any administrative reform, but to the reform, or rather the reconstruction, of the government itself. Upon this important question much light has been thrown during the last month or two; and it is now pretty clearly understood that parliament will enter upon this part of its Indian labours entirely unfettered, no promises on its part, either direct or implied, existing to limit the fullest and freest exercise of its power and wisdom; nor can any plea of obligation be urged against it: on the contrary, it has hitherto practised in everything connected with the government and patronage of our Indian empire a most unusual degree of self-denial, having up to this time allowed the now-expiring Court of Directors to dispose of all but the whole of the numerous and valuable appointments of both the civil and military services. Much indeed of what ought to be done upon this particular head has already been laid before the public, amongst others by Mr. Campbell, with many of whose suggestions for the future constitution of the government of India we concur, though in some of the main features of his plan, his views, and opinions, as we propose to show before we lay down our pen, diverge very widely from our own.

For these reasons we shall refrain at present from entering ourselves with any minuteness into this part of the subject, feeling certain that every one who observes what is passing must be aware, that this is precisely the part of it which will be most fully and ably discussed in parliament; and shall therefore content ourselves with a mere indication of what we conceive ought to be the constitution of our Indian government. It appears to us that the President of the Board of Control should become our Indian minister, and that, the Court of Directors having been entirely abolished, he should be supplied with a council—to this we shall again recur—composed of all the most eminent Indian officials residing in England. Such an assembly,

every member of which would be well acquainted with and much interested in India, and whose position would be a guarantee for his ability, might safely be trusted with no inconsiderable powers. We would place the supreme government in India, locally, in some central position, giving the governor-general a cabinet of as many ministers as the nature of the Indian government required; and we would render the governors of the minor presidencies completely subordinate to him. This would, practically, do away with the present distinctions between the different presidencies, and would render the whole one compact empire, with one administrative body, and one army. Such an arrangement would possess the two advantages of economy and efficiency; for the greater part of the cost of several separate establishments would be saved, and the ablest men being collected around the governor of the whole of India, every part of the empire would be benefited by the vigour and wisdom of their counsels.

Upon the subject of the home patronage, or that exercised by the directors, we shall have a better opportunity of speaking in a later part of this paper. With respect, however, to those appointments which must be filled up in India we will here observe, that we should be disposed to limit as much as possible the present system of promoting according to routine and seniority. With certain limitations we would allow the lieutenant-governors to appoint in their own districts the fittest persons, their appointments being always subject to the approval of the governor-general. All the higher appointments throughout the empire, which it might be considered desirable to fill up from the Indian services, we would place in the hands of the governor-general, making his nominations subject to the approval of the India Minister in Council at home. There would be many places, the duties of which would be best discharged by persons of English training and experience; these, of course, ought to be at the disposal of the home government, which would alone be qualified to make proper selections: some of the higher judicial appointments would be of this kind. We would abolish entirely the mischievous distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted servants: the object of this distinction is merely to enhance to the nominees of the directors the value of their appointments: we doubt whether, even under the present system, it would be possible to maintain it much longer. Efficiency, fitness, and merit should, as far as possible, constitute the grounds of each appointment.

It is a fact which cannot but arrest the attention of the philosophical observer, that the possession of such an empire as that

of India should have so little effect upon the intellect of England. We are there administering the government of a population several times as large as the population, and officering an army two or three times as large as the army, of the United Kingdom. But when we, who are here at home, look around us for the intellectual results of this, we find that they are absolutely inappreciable. The government of this country proves to be a nursery for a large body of the ablest statesmen in the world, and our own little army produces a large proportion of useful practical men, who turn out to be capable of doing, in one way or another, some good service to the state. But who in England ever hears anything about an Indian official? For what men of eminence now in England, are we indebted to the services of our Indian empire? It would, indeed, be a marvel if a system which laboured under the double disadvantage of resting upon a narrow, exclusive basis—the patronage of twenty-four directors, and of being worked on the principle of routine and seniority, could produce anything great or good. Even at the present crisis in the fortunes of India, we do not find, with the single exception of Mr. Campbell, one Indian really enlightening and influencing public opinion. This alone would condemn the system. India ought to be to us, what for two or three centuries after the death of Alexander, Asia was to the Greeks, an additional field for the employment and development of educated talent. It ought now to be supplying us with a multitude of able men possessed of much knowledge, and of very enlarged views upon all commercial and administrative questions; a class of men, who, though they would not have had the advantage of the close conflict, perpetual competition, and rigid scrutiny which attend every step of public life in England, would still have had the counterbalancing advantages of large opportunities for estimating correctly many of the wants of the empire, of much useful training, and of a combination of Indian and European experience. We cannot imagine anything which would add so largely to the higher intellectual life of England as the creation of such a class of men, for which the government and administration of India supply the opportunity and the means.

II. The reforms and measures which we shall now proceed to discuss will be chiefly of an administrative character; and we trust to be able to show that our recommendations in reference to them rest upon such broad and obvious grounds of utility and justice, that whatever may be the form of the future government of India, whether, for instance, the Court of Directors be continued, modified, or abolished, they must sooner or later be entertained. First among these we place the consolidation of

the empire. In India we possess an imperial supremacy. The first and most necessary incident of this position is, that the duty of protecting the whole of India from external aggression, and of everywhere securing its internal tranquillity, devolves upon us. For the purpose of enabling us to do this, we ought to have at our disposal the resources of the whole country. This, however, is not the case. We dispose of two-thirds only of the revenue, and command the services of two-thirds only of the population. It would be a parallel case, if a government were charged with the defence and general internal superintendence of Great Britain, but were to have no share in the management of the affairs of, or in the revenue derivable from Aberdeenshire, Lanarkshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Kent, Norfolk, and Wales. It would be impossible to maintain such an arrangement. While the cost of the defence and of the superintendence of the whole would be cast upon a part of the country, the several independent districts would not gain any reduction of their own burdens, each having to maintain a government and establishments of its own. There would exist a great injustice, accompanied by much weakness and many evils, and unaccompanied by any advantage to any party.

This is a measure of paramount importance, and must be carried out, not so much as a matter of policy as a matter of justice. But were the rulers of India to have the courage and the wisdom to attempt this consolidation of the empire, they would doubtless be assailed by many of those who are incapable of balancing considerations, who can only see one point in a question, and can never decide upon anything as a whole. Whenever any reform is advocated, a host of declaimers of this calibre are always found to start up—some actuated by motives of self-interest, and others by the convictions of honest narrow-mindedness. The invariable manner, however, in which, during the last five-and-twenty years, those who have adopted these views on the great questions which have been discussed in this country, have been defeated, gives us reason for hoping that we shall eventually act in India also upon just and comprehensive principles of policy. A generation that has brought the vested and legalized rights of the boroughmonger, the slaveowner, the established Church, the colonist, the shipowner, and the landlord, into harmony with the general good, will readily understand the true character and the justice of this proposal. Every argument and appeal that can be adduced against this great measure, so evidently due to the people of India, has of late years already been answered and disposed of by the people of England, again and again, in the administration of their own affairs.

When our position was that of one among several independent powers among whom India was divided, the question of these rights and duties could have had no existence. This will be illustrated by considering that it has at this moment no existence in Europe taken as a whole, but that it had an existence formerly in the Roman empire. We are lords of the whole peninsula, and are bound by the clearest obligations (it is indeed our first and highest duty) to see that the hundred millions whom we directly govern are not oppressed and injured by the manner in which we are leaving a mock independence to their fifty millions of fellow subjects; an arrangement which is so far from being of any advantage to the latter, that it even ensures their being oppressed and injured in a still greater degree. No one can be deceived by the show of independence with which we have invested what we call the protected states. The supreme government always interferes in their affairs whenever its own immediate interests are concerned. All the liberty allowed them is that of oppressing their own subjects, and, by intercepting one third of the revenue of the empire, of depressing its prosperity and retarding its progress to that extent. Our residents at Lucknow or Hyderabad are omnipotent in any matter which may affect the dignity or convenience of the supreme government; but no provision is made for securing the general advantage of its subjects, as far as it is involved, and it is greatly so, in the matter we are considering.

By these remarks, we have no intention of implying that the government of India is distinguished from other governments by disregard for the interests of its subjects. Far from it. Both its objects and its circumstances prevent this. Its objects being merely patronage and dividend, it has no interest in any other than protective and defensive wars. It cannot feel any of those passions, or motives for war, which touch so nearly the rulers and the people of independent states; such as national or religious antipathies, or the desire to obtain extension of territory, or to avenge supposed insults. It is placed also in circumstances which cannot but prove highly favourable to the exercise of moderation and integrity, for it is amenable to the public opinion of a great and enlightened nation, and subject to the checks which the imperial government may at any time deem it right to interpose. This, however, does not in the least ensure its being carried on upon broad, enlightened, and philanthropical principles, such as have now been accepted by all real statesmen, and, as the dominion of right reason and of right feeling spreads, are constantly commending themselves to greater numbers. The best school in the world for the acquisition of these principles is

doubtless our English House of Commons ; while for the conduct of Indian affairs is claimed the honour of producing clever and able administrators : be that as it may ; it is now very evident that there is something in the administration of the empire, as carried on in Leadenhall-street, calculated to obscure the perception of those higher objects and principles, in comparison with which able administration is a matter of very secondary importance.

But how is this consolidation to be effected ? Those only can properly answer this question who rightly understand our position in India, and the circumstances of the people of India. No Englishman will deny that every people has a right to remove from the administration of its affairs those who hopelessly mismanage them. If a nation finds itself misgoverned, oppressed, and degraded, the evil, affecting the whole detail of the life of the whole people, is so enormous, that the right to redress this evil must be recognised. Our ancestors justly conceived that this right rested with themselves. In India, however, where all popular privileges and liberties are impossible, it is evident that what would otherwise have existed in the shape of a right in the hands of the people becomes changed into an additional duty laid upon the government. When we assumed the supremacy, we assumed together with it this duty. By the right of the sword we have disposed of everything throughout India as we pleased. Among our other arrangements we have placed the people of these so-called independent states in such a position that they are incapable, however misgoverned, of asserting their right to redress. Through our supremacy it has come to pass, that whatever their misery or degradation, they must remain utterly helpless. The necessities, therefore, of our supremacy, have constituted us the guardians of their rights. We act, however, as if it were an obligation of our position to place fifty millions of men under rulers who must needs be so circumstanced as that they should have no motives to rule well ; for while the only position we can allow them is one of real degradation, the hands of their subjects must be held.

It cannot be alleged that these are independent states, and that their independence must be respected. No act of ours, but the omnipotence of events, annulled their independence at the time when it established our supremacy. Up to that time they were as free as we were to manage their affairs as they deemed best. But after that time, whatever treaties may previously have existed, and even whatever stipulations may have been subsequently entered into before we understood the duties of our position, and the claims of our subjects, must, now that India has fallen into the hands of a lord paramount, be recon-

sidered. We admit this as far as we are ourselves concerned. We never hesitate to violate their so-called independence whenever it comes into collision with our interests, or the exigencies of our rule. It will be very discreditable to us, and very unjust to our subjects, if we now refuse to act upon the same principles when their interests, the interests both of those in our own and of those in the protected territories, are at stake.

The independent rights of the barons over their vassals were only on a small scale analogous to the rights over their subjects which we have conferred upon these native princes—who, by the way, are all descended from usurpers and adventurers of the last century; and as no one doubts but that the state was fully justified in extinguishing all the feudal rights, or rather relieving the people from the oppressions, of the former, we trust that the same views will be taken of the manner in which the latter ought to be dealt with.

It is, then, our duty—a duty which we assumed together with the supremacy, to address ourselves at once to the consolidation of our Indian empire. This must be done in the name, and for the sake, of the inhabitants of India. And though, from want of information upon such subjects, and from a general apathy upon everything connected with politics, neither those who are directly subject to our rule, nor those who are subject, under the name of protection, to our constant superintendence and interference, should be able to see what is their interest in a question of this kind, still we, who, from our greater enlightenment, know what ought to be done, are in conscience bound to carry it out. A parent must do what he knows is for the good of his children, although they may not have urged it upon him, or even have pointed it out to him. We must not here be misled by our familiarity with our own English constitution. A representative government may, to some extent, be compared to a steward, or agent, whose duty it is to carry out to the best of his ability the wishes of those who employ him. The character, however, and position of our Indian government are just the very contrary of this. It must originate everything: it is one of the purest instances of the paternal type. The only question, then, in the matter we are considering is, as to the method of procedure; not whether the thing ought to be done? that must be conceded upon all sides, but how it ought to be done?

Of course, it is always better for all parties that changes of this kind should be effected in a summary manner. We should not be unwilling to rest the case upon the analogy of a recent transaction to which we have already alluded. The landlords of this country were, previously to the repeal of the corn-laws, in a

position very similar to that in which the native protected states of India now are. Their privileges were prejudicial to themselves, and to the rest of the community. Every one now acknowledges the wisdom and the justice of the summary and total abrogation of the privileges of the former: it was a measure which the interests of all parties alike required: the sooner, therefore, it was effectually carried out, and the debate for ever closed, the better would it be for all parties. Just so if we had a great man, with ability to arrange, and courage to effect, this necessary consolidation of our Indian empire in a summary manner, there can be little doubt but that this would be the best way of effecting it. A middle course, however, would naturally receive the readiest and most general acceptance.

With this view, it might at once be laid down as a rule of the imperial government, that oppression and mismanagement on the part of the native governments would invariably entail forfeiture of all claims upon our forbearance; and this upon the distinctly understood ground, that we, having now become, in the course of events, the protectors and guardians of the interests and rights of all the inhabitants of India, were virtually and ultimately as responsible for the maintenance of those rights in the protected territories as in those administered directly by ourselves.

It ought also to be intimated, that no adoptions into any royal family would be allowed, nor any succession permitted except in the direct line; and that where there was a failure of issue, the government would escheat to the supreme government.

Our residents also might be empowered to enter into negotiations with the several princes, whom they have been sent to superintend, with a view to purchasing their abdication, not for perpetual annuities to themselves and to their descendants, which would for ever remain a charge upon the inhabitants of India, but for terminable pensions, or for fixed sums, or certain estates; or for some combination of these methods of compensation.

In these various ways we might extinguish all these mock governments quietly; and give to the inhabitants of all India the advantage of living under one government, and that a just, humane, and enlightened one. This would also enable us to lighten the burden of taxation throughout the Peninsula.

III. Kindred to the evil we have just been considering is that of the assignments of the revenue of India we have allowed, and of the perpetual pensions with which we have charged it. Here, too, as far as is possible, we must proceed in the same manner, and upon the same grounds. In our ignorance and precipitancy we have made very bad arrangements for the interests of those

for whom we were trustees; and now that we have discovered our errors, and have become well aware of their ill effects, we must do all in our power to rectify them. If these arrangements of ours had laid upon ourselves the burdens they impose, this question would long ago have attracted attention, and would have been very differently regarded. The truth is, that we have made their whole weight press upon the shoulders of those, the protection of whose interests and rights had devolved upon us. It is a hard necessity that they should have to maintain, entirely at their cost, our credit for what, after all, is a very false generosity and culpable carelessness.

The amount of these assignments and charges renders this a question of great importance to the inhabitants of India. Those who are unacquainted with Indian finance will be surprised at their amount: the total almost reaches the sum of 2,500,000*l.*, which equals a charge of 10 per cent. on the whole net revenue of India; this is equivalent to what would constitute a charge of 6,000,000*l.* on the revenue of the United Kingdom, or more than is raised by our income tax, or as much as is required for the maintenance of our navy. In the Presidency of Bombay, where the evil of which we are speaking has been allowed to rise to a greater height than elsewhere, these charges are so considerable as to have rendered its government bankrupt, its income not equalling its expenditure by nearly 1,000,000*l.* This, of course, obliges us to tax more highly than would otherwise have been necessary the industry of Bengal and Madras. Nothing is more easy than to remark, that having once made these assignments, we must continue to allow them. But we must remember that we are acting for the people of India. As soon as we familiarize ourselves with this view of the question, we shall find very weighty considerations of honour and justice urging us to cancel the greater part of, or perhaps all, these grants and concessions.

Many of these assignments, as it now appears, were allowed on fraudulent representations: these, of course, might fairly be cancelled. There may be grounds for limiting others to the lives of the present holders. And a period ought at once to be fixed for the determination of the rest. With respect to the pensions allowed to the families and descendants of the various chiefs and princes we conquered and deposed, we must proceed with more deliberation. Still we must remember that the people of India have a right to insist that we should not make these families perpetual burdens upon the country. As we have already remarked, the founders of these families were perhaps, in every instance, adventurers and usurpers. They are all of

recent and questionable origin, and the fortune of war having decided against them, and installed us in the government of the country, we are obliging the people to maintain the old as well as the new government. Neither these adventurers themselves nor any other conquerors ever acted in this manner. We have, however, often merely for the purpose of saving ourselves a little trouble, made the mistake, and the least we can do is to acknowledge our error, and to give ourselves the trouble of looking into each case, with a view of ascertaining whether some arrangements may not be made which will be better for the general interest. Our honour is not at all concerned in upholding the perpetuity of these concessions, the burden of which is laid, not upon ourselves, but upon our helpless subjects. As was suggested with respect to the existing native governments, it may be found possible to commute some of these pensions for certain sums of money, and others for estates procurable by government. All should be confined to the direct line. Some, or all, may be made to diminish gradually, a reduction being effected at each step in the succession. For instance, they may be diminished one-fourth on the demise of the present holders; another fourth on the demise of their successors; and so on, till in the fifth generation they would become extinct. The extinction of those pensions to which this method might be applied, would thus be extended over more than a century, so that even generations still unborn would be benefited by them, and no hardship whatever would be inflicted on the present holders. What we have in view may be effected in various ways: what is required of us is, that we should at once admit, and act upon the admission, that justice to India necessitates our attempting to remove these burdens as speedily and as effectually as possible.

IV. We now come to the consideration of the still more important subject of what we call the Indian debt. Our chance of being able to address ourselves successfully to the two measures to which we have already adverted, depends mainly upon what we show our intentions to be with respect to this; because, if we do not make it evident, that with respect to the debt we are desirous of doing what is best for the interests of India, it will be felt that we can have none but selfish motives in any attempts which we may make to consolidate the empire, and to relieve its finances from unnecessary deductions. Those who undertake these measures ought themselves to stand clear of suspicion: there ought to be no grounds for allegations of their being personally interested in the absorption of the dependent governments, and in the productiveness of the revenue.

As we have already remarked, the debt represents the sums of

money we have spent for the two purposes of carrying on our trade during the time that the company was a commercial association, and of conquering the country. Speaking generally, though, of course, not with strict correctness, for the former of these two objects we appear to have spent a sum, redeemable at 12,000,000%, and for the latter we have incurred liabilities now amounting to 48,000,000%, of which a part was spent beyond the boundaries of India in our late attempt to anticipate the influence of Russia in Central Asia, and some also, we suppose, in our first Burmese war. With respect to the former of these two items of the debt, we must not forget that in the year 1834, by an act of the imperial parliament, a sum of 2,000,000% was placed in the hands of the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, to accumulate at compound interest, till the year 1874, when it will be competent for the then government of this country to effect its redemption. Upon this we may observe, that in these days, when all the world appears in motion, and such extensive commercial changes are taking place, the delay of the regeneration of India for one and twenty years may be irreparable. We should like to see the redemption of this stock, as well as of the debt, completely effected long before the year 1874. The event contemplated by the act of 1834 is too remote, and is besides, after all, contingent on what may, at the date fixed, be the pleasure of parliament, and, we may add, on what may then be the position of affairs in this country. But in whatever way this may be decided when 1874 comes, we are now obliging the inhabitants of India to pay interest upon the stock and upon the debt we have just mentioned. This interest amounts annually to 3,000,000%.

Now, this is a proceeding which, we maintain, cannot be justified. We acknowledge our inability to see how it differs in principle from the proconsular exactions of the Roman empire. It is true that a few new names have been introduced, together with the new machinery of funds and stock, but this constitutes no essential difference. We do not send a Verres to a conquered province, to exact with a high hand what he can for the imperial treasury and for himself. This would shock our nice modern sense of propriety. But we do what comes to much the same sort of thing. We capitalize the money that we have spent in conquering India. To secure interest upon this, we impose taxes upon India, the proceeds of which are to be remitted to England; and for the purpose of gathering in these taxes, we send to India so many hundred collectors, and so many thousand troops. Our American colonists acted very properly when they declined being treated in this way. Let us hope that an age which has become

very sensitive about slavery, monopolies, disabilities, and generally upon all wrongs inflicted by governments, and maintained by laws, will not allow this taxing of India for the benefit of England to remain much longer unnoticed.

When men live under a despotism, or are subject to the rule of a privileged order, the moral sentiments of all classes, as much of those who are unfairly elevated as of those who are unfairly depressed, become, in various ways, deadened and perverted. They almost become incapable of admiring generosity, and of sympathizing with the efforts of those who wish to see what is right done, and the happiness of the species advanced. It is only when society has reached such a point that a numerous and intelligent middle class has been called into existence, capable of forming opinions upon social and political questions, and sufficiently strong to give predominance to its opinions, that mankind begin to feel uneasy at the contemplation of many of those unjust and oppressive arrangements, which in other stages of society are unavoidably sanctioned by laws, and upheld by governments. Our late social and political history is little more than the history of the manner in which these sentiments have now for some time been manifesting themselves in the breasts of the people of this country, and of the manner in which the people have struggled, with more or less success, generally with very signal success, to carry them out, and embody them in our institutions. These indications of a strong love of justice, and of the existence, generally, of right moral feelings, among the great mass of mankind, is after all the only sure ground upon which we can rest any reasonable hopes for the future of our civilization. As power gradually descends, we see that the ever enlarging circle of those who are summoned to its exercise is characterized, not by violence, or by blind selfishness, as was too much the case at other epochs, but by a sure, though at times perhaps rudely expressed, sense of what is just and right. We willingly, therefore, and we think reasonably, indulge the hope, that the time is not distant when the vast importance of all that concerns the welfare of the millions of India will be acknowledged; when the public will feel, what even statesmen can hardly be said to have felt hitherto, an interest in promoting their prosperity; and appeals to our sense of justice and duty will be made on their behalf. If so, we shall soon find public opinion pointing out what ought to be the aims and principles of our Indian administration, and even insisting upon the measures by which effect may be given to those principles. And foremost among these measures we doubt not but that a just and enlightened public opinion will place the extinction of our

Indian debt, which not only lays a heavy burden upon the population of India, but also prevents our undertaking those internal improvements upon which the development of the resources of India depends.

Whenever the state of our Indian finances may allow us to commence the liquidation of this debt, it will indeed be monstrous if we show any inclination to retain it as Indian stock upon which dividends are to be paid in London by means of taxes imposed upon India. Not only ought every pound of surplus to be devoted to this object, but our policy also ought to be directed to the creation of a surplus to be so appropriated. Last year we were just beginning to catch a glimpse of a little balance in our favour, though the Burmese war may perhaps by this time have brought back the too familiar deficiency. If, however, the two measures to which we have already adverted were carried out—the consolidation of the empire, and the extinction of assignments and pensions—we should then be in a position to pay off the whole debt in at most fifteen years. A *bonâ fide* intention to extinguish the debt would justify our undertaking, or rather would oblige us to undertake, these measures. As we have already said, we do not think it possible to effect either of them summarily, but we speak of them in this way, for the purpose of showing that India, if its affairs are administered in a conscientious and enlightened manner, possesses within herself ample resources for relieving her industry from this load which we have placed upon it; and of becoming the most lightly taxed country in the world.

There is no inconsistency in recommending, while we protest against India being saddled with the perpetual payment of the interest of this debt, that she should be called upon to pay the capital. Our object is twofold: first, we wish to relieve the minds of the governors of India from the degrading consciousness of mean and selfish motives; and, in the next place, to lighten the burdens and lay foundations for the permanent promotion of the prosperity of India, to the extent and in the manner which present circumstances render practicable. When men are called upon to act, they must consider what, under the circumstances before them, can be done. It would be an enormous advantage to India that this debt with its consequent remittances to the other side of the globe should be got rid of, so that for the future her resources should be kept at home for the construction of works of utility, and for the enrichment of her own population. India possesses means for enabling her to effect this desirable riddance, and it can only be effected by her employing those means for this purpose. The imperial legisla-

ture is not likely to impose this debt upon the people of England, or to insist upon its abandonment. There remains no other course than that which we have pointed out. We know not what portion of this debt is held by natives, chiefly of course resident in the Europeanized capitals of the different presidencies: it can hardly, however, be worth observing, that even if the proportion so held is great, it can lessen but in a very slight degree the pressure of the debt upon the industry of the country, especially as the revenue of India is raised almost entirely from the land.

V. The next point to which we will advert depends for its adequate accomplishment upon the carrying out of the measures of which we have already spoken. If the affairs of India should ever be administered in the spirit and with the views we have recommended, the result would be a large yearly disposable surplus, amply sufficient for enabling her to provide out of her own resources such a system of railways as would place the whole of the interior in ready communication with the coast. This is the most pressing, in an industrial and economical point of view, of all the wants of India.

There is no other large portion of the world, inhabited by civilized men, so badly provided with means for the transit of goods, or for any kind of communication. This ever has been, and is now in a greater degree than it ever was before, the great clog upon the prosperity and advance of the Hindoo. It is more so than it was before, because, in the present state of the commercial world, the articles which India is required to produce, and for the production of which nature has adapted her soil and climate, such as sugar and cotton, are exceedingly bulky, and must in India be produced in districts which are generally situated at considerable distances from the coast. Now this is an obstacle which, if she alone produced these articles, would not much affect her prosperity: its only effect would then be to enhance the price of the articles to the consumers, and to some extent to deteriorate their quality, and to limit their consumption. But as she now has to compete in the production of these articles with Islands such as the Mauritius, and Cuba, and with the valley of the Mississippi, which possesses the most extensive natural system of water communication in the world, she is beaten out of the market by this one disadvantage. Her natural advantages of soil, climate, and cheapness of labour—her labour being so cheap that it will bear the cost of transportation to the Mauritius and to the West Indies—are all overbalanced by this one great want. If she had to compete with these countries in the articles which formed the staples of her ancient commerce, such

as spices, precious stones, ivory, and the finest textile fabrics, the price of which as compared with their bulk was great, the want of which we are speaking would be but little felt. Commerce in such articles was capable of sustaining not only the difficulties of Indian transit, but all the risks also and expenses of land-carriage across the continent of Asia. But now every condition of the question is altered. Such are the changes which time, art, discovery, in a word, the progress of civilization, effect in the circumstances and fortunes of nations. India has now to rest her chance of prosperity upon her ability to sustain competition with distant parts of the world in a class of articles entirely different from those upon which her wealth rested in former days, and which we almost deem for ever associated with her name. And this new competition, on account of the natural advantages possessed by the islands and countries which are her competitors in the production of these bulky articles, railroads alone, an invention of yesterday, can enable her to sustain.

There is another subject, and it is one of the deepest interest, which the foregoing remarks will enable our readers to connect, as it has long been connected in our own mind, with the development of the capabilities of India. It is the subject of American slavery. In India, we are persuaded, may be found the easy and natural and irresistible solution of this great difficulty—the opprobrium of our modern civilization. All history demonstrates the impossibility of annulling by force, however favourable circumstances may be for its application, any of the general laws of commerce. The failure of Napoleon's continental system and of our African squadron are conclusive upon this point. But it is upon this very impossibility that our hopes are founded. Only let India be enabled—and a complete system of railways, and the other encouragements which we should then have an apparatus for applying, will enable her—to produce sugar and cotton cheaper than Cuba and Louisiana, and then the motive for maintaining the slave-trade, and slavery itself, will no longer exist. What will no longer pay will no longer be maintained. And so, and so only, may we hope to witness the euthanasia of slavery. Slavery rests upon the fact that, under present circumstances, there are certain regions in which alone sugar and cotton can be produced in sufficient quantities to supply the markets of Europe, and that in these regions the negro slave is the only labourer that can be procured. Only, however, supply India with the conditions requisite for enabling her to turn to account her cheap and skilled labour, and no one who reflects for a moment can doubt what the result will be. She will undersell in Europe, and, we doubt not, also at the Havannah,

at Rio Janeiro, and at New Orleans, the slave produce of the West India Islands, Brazil, and of the Southern States of the American Union. And then the work which we have been attempting to do by blockading squadrons, treaties, and abolition agitation, and which can never be effected by such means, will be done. It will have been effected by the simple operation of the first law of commerce, which gives the command of the market to those who can produce the cheapest.

If the millions which have been spent in vain on the coast of Africa had been spent in giving railways to India, and perhaps in some instances in aiding, by means of advances, in the establishment of cotton plantations and sugar factories, we should probably have already begun to see some effect produced upon American slavery. Our aim ought to be to make slavery unprofitable. As we are in possession of India we can do this. It is childish to suppose that we can obtain our object in Cuba, Brazil, and the United States, in any other way.

A reason why railways in India should be constructed by the government, and with the surplus revenue of the country, is, that they would be made not so much for the purpose of accommodating existing traffic, as for the purpose of developing the industry and the capabilities of the country. That the government is a military despotism, though of the very mildest kind, is another reason. Under such a form of government it may be found very inconvenient that what will become practically the only means of communication—and, too, such means of communication as railways supply—should be in the hands of companies of speculators.

It is difficult for us in England to imagine the extent of the advantage which railways would confer upon India. Previous to their introduction here, the means of communication which Great Britain possessed were the most complete which the world had ever seen. Not only did the extent of our coast line, with its numerous harbours, give our island, no part of which is at any very great distance from the sea, natural advantages for communication elsewhere unknown, but to this we had added many thousand miles of canal and of river navigation, and such a universally extended network of high-roads and by-roads, that perhaps not a field, certainly not a homestead in England was half a mile distant from some good practicable public thoroughfare; while, of course, all our thousand factories were placed each upon some road or canal, so that goods were at once forwarded from their warehouses, without any impediment, to any part of the kingdom or of the world. Not one of these advantages, however, does India yet possess. Its vast extent places

the greater number of its inhabitants at impracticable distances from the coast. Besides, the coast itself, from its singular want of harbours, is not adapted for facilitating communication or traffic. It possesses no canals, and hardly a road in our sense of the word. To confer railroads, therefore, upon India would not be, what it was in our case, giving increased power to a principle of life and activity which was already in vigorous operation, but it would be setting in operation for the first time the most powerful principle of industrial life and activity. Our means of communication were already so good that enormous facilities had been thereby offered for the development of our resources. The Hindoo can hardly be said to have yet felt in the slightest degree the stimulus which these facilities supply. In considering what the commerce of India is capable of becoming, we must not allow ourselves to be misled by any references to what it is at present. In large inland districts the commerce of bulky goods cannot exist without suitable means of communication. Without these the germ of future greatness may exist, as that of the oak exists in the acorn which may have fallen on a rock, until, however, certain conditions be presented to it, that germ will lie dormant. A general system of railways would give to India the conditions for the germination and growth of her commercial prosperity.

But a consideration of the state of the means of communication which a country previously possessed, is not the only way of estimating the value of railroads in any particular case; their value is also in proportion to the extent of the country which adopts them. In considering the case of India this ought to be much insisted upon. In a small kingdom they are of considerable importance; but in an extensive empire their importance is more than proportionably great. Their value increases in a greater ratio than that of the increase of the distance they traverse. If railroads had only been extended to a distance of twenty miles from London they would still have been of much use, but when extended to Kent, Cornwall, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Wales, and Scotland, they become useful for a great variety of purposes, which, had their radius been less, they would not have subserved at all. They now connect with the seats of all our different manufactures those who consume their produce, in many instances those who supply their respective materials. They connect with their customers in different parts of the country the districts from which we draw the different articles of agricultural produce. They carry our foreign mails to the ports of shipment. They enable us in a few hours to change our climate. They facilitate the transmission of military

stores and the movement of troops. They enable all classes to transfer themselves, in the transaction of business or in the pursuit of employment, to any part of the country. And as greater distances are annihilated, and remoter districts connected, so do these advantages multiply; they are multiplied by every extension of the radius of the circle embraced. Judged of in this way, who can estimate the value of railways to India—to a great continent, subject to one government, and inhabited by one hundred and fifty millions of industrious and civilized men? The resources of the whole would be made available for all, and any portion of their resources might be transferred to or concentrated upon, any point where they might be needed. From the nature of the country no approach to anything of the kind has yet been thought about. This would at once, and as its first-fruit, enable us, and nothing else that we can imagine would have the same effect, to prevent for the future the recurrence of the heretofore periodical famines of India, the horrors of which can hardly be pictured to the mind of the more fortunately circumstanced European. It would enable us to concentrate upon any point, at a few days' notice, the military resources of a hundred and sixty millions of men, which would at once render all ideas of invading India from across the deserts of Asia too great an absurdity to be entertained for a moment. The means which we should thus obtain of concentrating and wielding the power of the empire would render India, as long as we retained our place upon the ocean, completely impregnable.

Such a system of communications would also render possible, for the first time in India, a general interchange of ideas, and a vast enlargement of the field from which men receive impressions and sensations. Intellectually, and morally too, inasmuch as the moral is closely connected with the intellectual condition, this has ever been the great want of the Hindoo. Everywhere in India, with the partial exceptions of the Punjaub and of the north-west provinces, mind, uninfluenced by any except the most strictly local impressions, has vegetated in one form, so similar everywhere, and so peculiar, as to constitute a distinct type of human character, and has never appeared as—what mind has ever asserted its right to in Europe—an independent power, the interpreter and lord, within certain limits, of the material world, and the arbiter and architect of the destinies of man. This difference has sprung out of the greater variety of our experience, and from the extent and character of the field which is submitted to our observation. With us nature is more varied in its aspects, and of a sturdier character; the daily wants of our lives have

come to be far more numerous, and can only be supplied from a great variety of fields, and now, indeed, require for their supply the whole world. It is in this that the foundations of our moral and intellectual differences rest. Now railways would be the first step, and a very great one, towards altering the circumstances which have hitherto depressed and enervated the mind of the Hindoo. They would not assimilate his mental condition in these matters to our own. That this should ever be done, most probably forms no part of the Great Design, which we find everywhere characterized by endless variety. They would, however, effect much; they would create new circumstances, which could act upon the Hindoo only by enlarging, quickening, and invigorating his intellectual faculties. They would contribute something towards setting in motion his stagnant mind.

This is a very fruitful topic. All the measures which we have hitherto recommended would contribute to the moral and intellectual advancement of the Hindoo only secondarily; their primary and direct object being the promotion and development of the material prosperity of the country. Their claim to be considered wise, just, and beneficial measures must mainly rest upon the degree in which they would secure this latter object. Inasmuch, however, as among the mass of mankind, that is to say, among those who derive the means of their subsistence from the fruits of thought and labour, nothing appears to contribute more to intellectual activity, and even to an improved state of moral feeling, than a state of progressive material well-being, we may recommend all these measures upon the former and higher grounds. Once shake the contented acquiescence of the Hindoo in his present scantily provided mode of life, by placing within his reach new comforts and enjoyments, which, notwithstanding all the ignorant declamation which we so frequently hear against luxury, elevate those who can secure them to a higher position—for they form the foundation of the differences which distinguish the civilized man from the savage; and let him, through his new wants, and the means he must use to supply them, feel his connexion with his distant countrymen, and even with the other families of the human race, and who can doubt but that his mind will be roused from its present torpidity, and that it will be enlarged and strengthened; and that moral sentiments, now dormant, or feebly exercised, will be called into action, and that others, now perverted, will assume what we should deem their more natural character. Take, for instance, the most marked peculiarity of Hindoo feeling. We can hardly suppose that if society in India were, to any considerable degree, to become animated with the instincts of trade and commerce,

which would inevitably result from any such developments of its resources as we have been contemplating, the sentiments which arise out of the institution of castes would maintain their ground much longer. This institution, and the feelings which guard it, can only exist in a stationary state of society; as soon as its state begins to be one of progression, they become impossible. In such a state there would be a constant pressure against their maintenance at every point, which would eventually overwhelm them. At such periods everything is in a state of fermentation. Individuals and classes are constantly changing places. Men are on all sides moving, and are ceaselessly coming in contact with each other. The attainment of the object of which all are in pursuit, becomes, with all, the paramount consideration. By tacit, but universal consent, all obstructions that hinder its attainment are removed.

VI. We now pass to the consideration of that department of administration which aims, primarily, at the moral improvement of the people; or perhaps we might say, with more propriety, which aims at securing, against the assaults of crime, their material well-being, and of promoting it through the enforcement of habits of moral rectitude. Here we have to direct our attention to the laws themselves, to the forms of legal procedure, and to the machinery we have provided for the execution of the laws.

With respect to the whole of this subject, we would first observe, that it would very much contribute to the consolidation of our Indian empire, were we to render uniform, throughout the different presidencies, the law, and all that is connected with its administration. The more extensive the internal commercial relations of India become, and the greater, in consequence, the amount of personal intercourse between the inhabitants of different parts of the country, the more strongly will the want of such uniformity be felt. The union of the seven Saxon kingdoms into which England had been divided, possessed, only on a very much smaller scale, analogous advantages. It would be a great advantage to our Indian subjects to know, that to whatever part of the empire business might carry them, they would find the laws, and the method of their administration, the same as what they had been accustomed to respectively in their native provinces. This would contribute much towards creating the feeling that India was a common country, in which a native of any part might everywhere find himself at home; and thus would be removed a very serious obstacle to the growth of habits of greater locomotiveness among the general population, without which any very great development of Indian prosperity can hardly be expected. To the government, also, of course, it would very much simplify the

details of administration, that the same system was in force over the whole empire. Any servant of the government might then be transferred to any part of the empire in which his services might be required; and would still find himself, wherever he might be, acquainted with the laws he was called on to administer, and with the forms of procedure.

Nothing could possibly have been more unsuitable to the character and circumstances of the people of India than our method of administering law. Ours is a highly complicated system of technicalities. It can only be explained, not by any references to the dictates of reason and of common sense, but by tracing back the history of its peculiarities to their various sources. They are the fruits of ancient traditions and of ancient liberties, shaped and coloured by the jealousies, the encroachments, and the compromises of a long course of subsequent centuries. Our English system of law has grown out of a civilization which, having derived its first principles of life from the institutions and sentiments of the Roman empire, superadded to these the spirit and practices of the barbarians of Germany, was then modified by a church which aimed at establishing a theocracy, afterwards passed through the metamorphosis of feudalism, and was subsequently distracted, for a long period, by the struggle between the prerogatives of the crown and the liberties of the people. Some of our most important legal maxims and rules are solely attributable to this struggle, and were devised as safeguards to the subject against the vindictive and unscrupulous proceedings of a too powerful government. Our system is the composite result of these often antagonistic, and all strictly European influences. In India there is nothing analogous to anything of this kind. Hindoo civilization is without traditions and without history. There have never existed in India, as with us, rival orders and co-ordinate powers in the state. The political organization of society is there of the simplest description. Everything indicates that we are dealing with a part of the world in which a technical system of law will be grievously inappropriate. What is wanted is evidently a simple, summary, and rational system; one which will naturally admit of every man's pleading his own cause; which shall rather aim at securing the ends of justice, than be ingenious in devising forms; at all events, which shall not delight in encumbering itself with an apparatus of forms, for the purpose of protecting the accused against undue exercise of the power of government, which, from the nature of the government, the character of the people and of the offences committed by them, can scarcely be needed, but shall be effectual for the expeditious discovery of

truth, the speedy punishment of guilt, and adequate redress of wrongs. We have, however, in this matter, done exactly what we ought not to have done. We have given to India our cumbrous, technical, and historically-descended method of administering justice; a system which we now acknowledge to be galling even to ourselves, and which we are beginning to find is, in many particulars, no longer necessary.

We will particularize three of our blunders:—1. The encouragement we have given to counsel; 2. The manner in which we have multiplied, and the importance we have attached to, forms; 3. The attempt we have made to introduce the English jury. To argue that because the structure and antecedents of European civilization, together with the past political history of our own country, have hitherto made the mode of administering justice, to which these aids belong, acceptable or advantageous to ourselves, that therefore it will continue to be so for ever in this country, would, particularly at the present time, when we are engaged in reviewing our judicial system, be a sufficiently bold, ignorant, and prejudiced assertion. But that it is, upon the above grounds, the very thing which is most needed for that part of the world in which the opposite or Asiatic type of civilization has been most purely and completely developed, has been the singularly foolish and mischievous assumption of our Indian government. The result is exactly what might have been expected. The great natural subtlety of the Hindoo, and, when judged by an European standard, his unscrupulousness as to truth, and disregard of what we consider the point of honour, have been conspicuously encouraged. Perjury has enormously increased; in a very large proportion of cases convictions are not obtained. Comparative impunity acts as a stimulus to crime, which has become far more abundant in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and in our oldest provinces, than it is found to be in our latest acquisitions. In petty cases, the trouble and cost of legal proceedings is so great in comparison with the point in litigation, that in them our system amounts substantially to a denial of justice; and yet these cases ought, on account of their importance to the bulk of the population, and of the vast amount of injury they in the aggregate represent, to meet with peculiar attention.

It is very instructive, and so far satisfactory, to observe how signally the attempt to introduce the English jury has failed.

We have been endeavouring to graft upon the institutions of India the institutions of Europe. It would be quite as likely to be an effective and successful reform were we to endeavour to incorporate with the institutions of England those of India.

Ours is a progressive form of civilization; let us, therefore, imagine that, while we retain the causes which produce this progressiveness, we superadd those institutions which belong to and characterize the fixed and immovable form of orientalism. For instance, let us incorporate into our system their abnegation of all legislation, their principle of immutable law, their institution of castes, their village communities, and their peculiar laws for the regulation of property in land. We have only to put the case as it would be felt if applied to ourselves, in order to show how ignorantly we have legislated for India. The man who attempts to force upon India, in its present state, European institutions, would, if consistent, manage in the same way, and employ for the same purposes, a punch and a barb, because they were both horses, or a French poodle and a Spanish bloodhound, because they were both dogs.

Our proposals and arguments throughout this paper have been in favour of the introduction of such elements as would themselves spontaneously work the changes which we desire, instead of forcing incompatible institutions upon the Hindoo system, with which they can never any more amalgamate than vinegar can with oil.

We forbear, upon this part of our subject, as we have forborne throughout, to introduce an array of facts, and of statistical tables, in support of our views, our object not being to write a treatise upon India, but to indicate, as distinctly as we can in a small space, the principles upon which India ought to be governed, and the leading measures to which the attention and efforts of its government ought to be directed. In doing this, some repetitions, and frequent recurrence to those considerations which form the *mère-pensées* of our view of the subject, have been unavoidable. The necessity of this we trust our readers will accept as its apology.

And now it may be asked why, if we are to draw no dividends from India, should we give ourselves such a world of trouble about the administration of her government, and the improvement of the condition of her people? For several sufficient reasons.

First, because it is our duty. If we choose to retain the government of India, these must become our aims. A pure despotism is, of all forms of government, that which ought to feel most deeply the responsibilities which attach to government. Our Indian subjects are utterly unable to attempt or suggest anything for the benefit of their common country. Upon us rests the whole weight, not only of carrying out, but also of discovering what is for their good. Our whole system may be mis-

directed, our taxes may be needlessly oppressive, our laws may be inapplicable to the social character and primary institutions of the people, and our mistakes of this kind may be effecting, as they have frequently effected, and are now effecting, incalculable evil and misery; and yet, such is the character of Hindoo civilization, we may not get one particle of information, or hear one word of complaint from the sufferers themselves. As we said at the outset of this paper, the very idea of political agitation, or of the various means by which, in Europe, those who suffer from the injustice or the mistakes of their rulers endeavour to secure redress, has never occurred to the Indian mind. The probability, indeed, is—so completely ignorant is the Hindoo upon subjects of political and economical import—that he would not even be aware of the cause of his misery. It is not merely that such trains of thought would be difficult or distasteful, but that they are thoroughly alien to the mental idiosyncrasy of the Asiatic; he would not make the attempt to enter upon them, or to comprehend them: his thoughts run in other channels. If national distress was forced upon his attention, in all probability the only solution he would ever hazard would be, that God was great, and that it was his will; or perhaps he might get as far as the confession of indifferent ignorance implied in his stereotyped remark of, *who knows?* His only practical conclusion would be—resignation. The conjuncture of circumstances that would lead to any popular outbreak is, under our government, not worth considering; these facts multiply our responsibility a thousandfold. We have studied the science, and have some familiarity with the art, of government; and though we may be far enough from having perfected the science, yet we have deduced from our acquaintance with a long range of history many principles. The Hindoo cannot do this, not having yet arrived at the idea of history; and our own experience has taught us the advantage of acting upon these principles, and we are bound to give to India the benefit of this knowledge, applying our knowledge in such degrees and modes as the circumstances and character of India prescribe.

The weapon with which the advocates of an enlightened policy towards India will be fought will be, the good intentions and the integrity of the East India Company. With the multitude this argument, if it can be called an argument, is conclusive of the whole matter. Only let this integrity and these good intentions be once proved, and they have nothing further to say. The issue, however, of this point is so utterly irrelevant at the present day, when there is a moral certainty that whoever may compose the government of India will be in

the main honourable men, that we should not be at all indisposed to concede that the present government possesses these merits. This concession would not in the least forward the discussion of the principles and measures we have been considering. Those who have reached the eminence from whence they are able to descry the goal, and the various courses by which it may be reached, adapted to the various capacities and circumstances of different travellers, will not deem of much importance the intentions of those who have not yet escaped from the tangled woods which darken the opposite side of the hill.

Another consideration is, that it will be far more easy, and far less costly, to govern the people of India upon the enlightened and conscientious principles we have been recommending, than upon the present system. Let the millions of India feel that their advantage is our object—that taxes are no longer to be imposed upon their industry for supplying the means out of which dividends may be paid in London; let them see that we are always anxious to lighten the burden of taxation, and that whatever surplus may accrue will be scrupulously employed in developing their own resources; let them feel that through our rule industry is encouraged, and prosperity ensured;—we shall then find, as a matter of course, the cares and expenses of government diminished. An advancing and prosperous population is a contented one, and is easily governed.

England, however, would not be without her reward. The consciousness of the integrity of his conduct, and the contemplation of the good he has done, is sufficient encouragement for the philosopher and for the Christian: we all, however, know that the virtue of the bulk of mankind is not of this heroic cast. It is not that these motives are inoperative with the multitude: to affirm this would be to libel our nature even as it exists in the breasts of those whose lot it is to toil hard, and to receive but a scanty share of this world's good things, and who are supposed to come very little within the range of those influences which purify and elevate the feelings: so far, indeed, are they from being inoperative, that they become irresistible when backed by hopes of present recompence and of material advantages, which, if alone presented to the mind, would have awakened no earnestness or enthusiasm, and might even have been neglected. These additional motives the regeneration of India would amply supply. The industry of India would no longer be taxed for large annual remittances to England, but the increase of the value of our commercial intercourse with India, consequent upon the development of her incalculable resources, would far more than compensate for even the loss of

the whole of our India stock and debt. But as the whole of this stock and debt would have been repaid, the entire increase would be just so much gain unbalanced by any losses.

It is evident that many of the leading features of the Hindoo system are ultimately referable to that peculiarity we have already noticed in the physical character of their vast peninsula, which has hitherto deprived it of adequate means of communication. Only let any one endeavour for a few moments to picture to himself what would have been the character of the inhabitants of India, if its coasts had everywhere been indented with bays and harbours, and its interior traversed from north to south with a chain of connected lakes, or a narrow Mediterranean sea. They would inevitably have been enterprising and commercial, and distinguished for their aptitude for creating wealth. We should not then have heard of the stationary character of Hindoo civilization, or of the fewness of the Hindoo's wants. His civilization would have been a progressive one. Familiarity with the sea, as well as with the land, has hitherto appeared necessary for applying to the mind that stimulus, for giving that enlargement and exercise to the intelligence, and for creating those relations, which are requisite for a progressive civilization. We trace the effects of this in the Ionian and the Athenian, and in the Spartan we see the consequences of the want of it depressing even the Greek. All oriental systems from that of the ancient Egyptian to that of the modern Hindoo have betrayed the instinctive desire to keep their people at home. It is probable, however, in the present age, when commerce is so active, that in a vast country like India, capable of producing much that would be of value in other parts of the world, and inhabited by a dense, orderly, and industrious population, the natural defect of which we are speaking might be obviated or overbalanced by the extensive introduction of railways we have been recommending, and by the removal, as far as possible, of all burdens and regulations which lessen the value of industry, and retard the accumulation of capital. In this way may be created classes, wants, motives, agencies, and circumstances, which will spontaneously, and therefore safely and permanently, operate a change in the character of the Hindoo. This change can never be the result of any rude and direct attempts of ours. The Mahomedan invaders of India had no effect upon the Hindoo, but rather themselves, though lords of the country, became Hindooized. But though the application of inconsiderate force, however powerful our arms may be, or of measures founded upon misapprehensions of the materials upon which we have to work, can lead to nothing less than disappointment, yet are we

thoroughly persuaded that we now possess seed, which the soil of this ancient civilization is thoroughly prepared to receive, and which, if deposited in it, will grow freely, and eventually produce all the fruit that we desire. It is in our power quietly to introduce influences, which will with certainty pervade the whole system, and thoroughly modify it.

At the present day any modification of Indian civilization must be in the way of advancement. In the present state of the world, and considering too the connexion of India with England, and the present position and character of the English race, anything like retrogradation is quite impossible. But advancement in India implies, far more emphatically than among European communities, a variety of new wants, and increased means for supplying them. Many of these wants will be such as to secure for us the monopoly of their supply, no other nation being able to sustain a competition with us. And when we consider that the population of India amounts to two-thirds of that of the whole of Europe, we may imagine how great an advantage it would be to us, as a manufacturing and commercial nation, to be called upon to supply any want felt generally by so large a portion of the human race. We may amuse ourselves by estimating how many furnaces and forges must be added to those we already possess, before we could be enabled to supply so many millions with some simple agricultural implement, or even with some improved mechanical tools; or how many additional spindles and looms must be set at work, if any circumstances of improvement should lead so numerous a population to desire a little more variety and abundance in their clothing than they are at present satisfied with.

Whether, after Indian civilization had begun to change its character, and to advance in consequence of such measures, and such a state of affairs, as we have been speaking of, we should long continue the rulers of India, is a question of not much practical importance. Our end will then have been gained. India will have been launched upon a course of improvement. For this she will be indebted to us, and from it we shall derive ample advantage. But whatever may be our opinions upon this question, we ought, to the extent of our knowledge, and of our power, to be just. Supposing, however, that we should eventually lose our Indian dominions, as a result of these changes, an event which no one now living need contemplate as likely to happen in his time, still the advantages resulting from the regeneration and prosperity of so large a portion of the human race would remain to us. Whether we should govern them, or they themselves, would really be to us very unimportant. We might

cease to send some thousands of troops and some hundreds of civilians to India, but perhaps the time will come when we shall consider that these same men would be employed as profitably for England in founding families in, and in peacefully developing the resources of, our Australian empire. At all events, under the circumstances we are imagining, our Indian trade would be maintaining some hundreds of thousands of those active, intelligent, and enterprising classes who would prove of far more value to us, in consequence of their numbers, their wealth, and their intelligence, than we can suppose that the troops and civilians employed in India now are. There is nothing invidious in such a comparison. The value of the latter may be great; in their peculiar merits they may be unrivalled; and no kind of discredit can attach to them if the value of some other classes, totally different in kind, is estimated more highly in reference to the cause of national advancement and general civilization.

The increase of these classes implies an increase in the value of all fixed property in England. No one can doubt but that our trade with America has largely had this effect. The thousands who have been called into being by the extent of this trade, do of course increase, in a degree proportionate to their numbers and wealth, the demand for all that is possessed and produced in England. They increase the number of those who are desirous of purchasing land, who at all events must purchase its produce, and who must have houses, and who have money to invest in public securities, in mines, docks, railways, and other permanent investments. But while they increase the value of all fixed property, they must also contribute to the same extent to lessen the cost of all those numerous articles, the cost of the production of which is very much affected by the largeness of the demand. The former of these causes renders an acre of land more valuable in England than in Russia; the latter is constantly reducing, or tending to reduce, the price of all manufactured articles. Such an increase, therefore, of our Indian trade as would ensue upon the development of the capabilities of India, would produce these two valuable, though opposite results. It would enhance the value of what it is for our advantage should have a high price; and by adding to our present number of consumers many thousands at home, and many millions in India, would very much contribute to cheapen many articles which it is very desirable that we should be able to procure cheaply.

To these advantages we may yet add one, which would be to this country of peculiar importance. This large traffic would most probably be carried on in large steamers of sufficient

dimensions to be serviceable for the purposes of war. Every one who is now cognizant of what is going on in our mercantile building-yards is aware that steam, even for the most distant voyages, is at no very distant day likely entirely to supersede the sail. When this day shall have arrived, the dominion of the sea will probably belong to that nation which shall possess the greatest amount of distant traffic. If we gauge the probabilities of the future by this consideration, we must at once allow that it is of vast importance to England that our trade with India should be expanded to the largest possible amount.

We now pass to a part of the question in which all the educated classes of this country are much interested—that of the home patronage. When speaking of the government of India, we set this apart for subsequent and separate consideration. Every one is aware that, with a few deductions, all the commissions in the Indian army, and all the appointments to the civil service of India, flow from the Court of Directors. It is this enormous amount of patronage—the patronage of a vast empire—which constitutes the value of a seat in that court; for it is clear that a place in the Direction can neither be regarded as an object of ambition, inasmuch as the Court is subject to the Board of Control, with which, therefore, in reality, rests the responsibility of the government of India; nor can it be sought after on account of its direct emolument, the salary of a director being only 300*l.* a year. Its value plainly consists in the amount of patronage that it confers upon its occupant. We hardly need repeat here, what almost everybody by this time knows, that each director has at his disposal, every year, about a dozen Indian appointments, which of course enables him—the marketable value of these appointments not being far short of 10,000*l.*—to provide very handsomely for his own sons, and for the sons of all his friends. Can anything be more unfair, both to India and to England? India, which we compel to pay so liberally for the services of those whom we send out, is entitled to the best men we can find; and those among ourselves best qualified for serving India ought to be considered as entitled to appointments. Instead of admitting the justice of and endeavouring to act upon this principle, we have made our Indian system rest upon unfair restrictions and mischievous absurdities, which would not be tolerated in the management of a railway company. We begin by a kind of fiction, that this vast empire belongs to the holders, for the time being, of India stock; this is about as reasonable a conclusion as it would be were parliament to decide that the throne and government of the United Kingdom ought to belong to the proprietors of the Consols, and Three-and-a-

Quarters; or, at all events, that they ought to form, exclusively, the constituency of this kingdom. Then, that those whom the holders of India stock have voted into the direction should have the disposal of the patronage of India, might be paralleled by forming the bankers of London into a corporation for the purpose of filling all the sees, chapters, and benefices of the established church with their own and their friends' sons. Judging from our practice, one might suppose that it was of little concern to the millions of India what were the qualifications of those whom we sent to officer and lead her armies, and to administer the law; for if they were drawn by lot from the youth of the upper classes generally, they would be just as likely, as must be evident, to be fitted for the duties they will have to perform, as when taken indiscriminately from one section of those classes. The fact is, that our system of Indian patronage, just like many other matters which have of late years been tried in the balance, has been found wanting. It will not bear inspection. Public opinion will soon oblige us to introduce some new method of distributing these appointments, and the new system must inevitably be a more open and popular one; we are, indeed, strongly of opinion, that it would be the wiser course at once to throw them entirely open, so that the only bar which should henceforth prevent any English youth from entering upon one or the other of these services would be the fact, that there were others better qualified than himself for the work.

The existence of the colleges of Haileybury and Addiscombe is an acknowledgment, on the part of the directors, that the present system, which allows them the privilege of disposing of the commissions in the Indian army, and of the appointments of the civil service, is incapable of working well: it is a confession of the unfitness of the persons they nominate. They are so thoroughly convinced of this, that they are willing to spend a large sum of money yearly in the endeavour to improve the qualifications of their nominees. This shows, unmistakably, what ought to be done. Instead of sending lads to a college in the vain hope of making them fit, those only ought to be selected about whose actual fitness there can be no doubt. If the appointments, civil and military, were all thrown open, we need be under no apprehensions that England would ever fail to supply a sufficient number of such persons.

No one would wish to see this enormous amount of patronage transferred to our own government. In their hands there is no reason why we should suppose that it would be better administered than it is at present by the Court of Directors; and besides, there are special reasons why it should not be at the dis-

posal of a minister of this country. There is no body of persons, however carefully it may be constituted, to whom we would entrust it. It ought to belong to the people of England, or rather, to the educated classes of this country, there being no exclusion but that of unfit persons. A candidate for Indian employment ought not to be allowed to find the slightest advantage from the fact that his friends were possessed of rank or of influence in the world, the whole of the inquiry being restricted to his character, and to the discovery of whether he possessed, in a higher degree than others, those qualifications which would be requisite for the discharge of the duties of the appointment he was seeking. The existence of these qualifications might easily be ascertained by a permanent board of examiners. However numerous or high the qualifications might be made, candidates would be found, were the appointments thrown open, who would come up to the required standard.

There need be no doubts at all as to the fairness of a board of examiners: no one doubts the general fairness of the examinations for honours at our different universities, though the numbers and abilities of the candidates and the extent and depth of their knowledge impose much responsibility upon the examiners. They discharge their work, upon the whole, satisfactorily. Doubtless it would be done better, and still more satisfactorily to all parties, were these examinations conducted by permanent boards of examiners. We hold that persons appointed from year to year may be able, learned, and conscientious, but that they cannot be good examiners. The art of examining, like all other arts, can only be acquired by practice and experience, without which honesty and the completest knowledge of the subject of examination will not save the examiner from making frequent mistakes. He will not be able to distinguish between a mere exercise of the memory and a thorough mastery of a subject; hardly, indeed, between ignorance and timidity. It is very desirable that in this country more attention should be paid to this particular point. The degrees and honours of our universities, admission to the medical profession, and to that of attorneys, and admission to holy orders, are all made to depend upon examinations; and latterly naval and military men have been obliged to submit to examinations. We are not, however, aware that the first step towards securing good and efficient examiners has yet been anywhere taken. That step will consist in appointing *permanent* boards of examiners, composed of men of standing and eminence, who will be sufficiently well paid to enable them to devote their whole time and lives to examining, just as other men do to their professions; who, in fact, will make

it their profession ; who will gain tact and skill by experience ; who will study their work as a science, and practise it as an art. That this has not been done long ago in our universities, where so much depends upon examinations, we consider a great reproach to them. We would recommend the Horse Guards, if there is any wish at head quarters to make military examinations realities, to set the example of establishing such a board. Its services might be of use to the government for other educational work besides that of ascertaining the attainments of candidates for commissions. The character of the examinations which precede admission to holy orders, as it is one of the weaknesses, so is it by no means the least scandal of the established church. We are glad to see in our body of school inspectors an approach to what we are here recommending.

This method of securing the fittest persons for public appointments has long been practised in France. A young Frenchman can have no higher object of ambition than to become a pupil of the Polytechnic School of France, which would open to him the career of the higher branches of the military profession : admission into this school is consequently sought with proportionate eagerness. But in deciding upon the admissions for each year, no kind of patronage or influence is allowed to have the slightest weight. The college is open equally to all Frenchmen ; and examiners are yearly sent throughout the country by the government to select from the candidates in each district those whose qualifications and attainments are the highest. Here is a noble example of abandonment of patronage by a government for the advantage of the public service. But the point to which we are most desirous of directing attention is, that the plan we are recommending is actually in successful operation, under circumstances, too, of greater difficulty than would attend its application to the case of candidates for civil and military service in India. In France there is a great lack of professional employment, and generally of fields for the employment of educated persons ; every youth's thoughts, therefore, independently of reasons arising from the strong military feelings of the nation, are naturally turned towards the profession of arms. Their population, too, is 9,000,000 greater than the amount of our own. Now, the vacancies at the Polytechnic being only on an average 130 a year, we can easily imagine how severe must be the competition ; still no difficulties are found in making satisfactory selections. It must, then, be evident that we might with the greatest ease select a far larger number of qualified persons from a much smaller and much better employed population.

We take it, then, for granted, that there can be no valid objec-

tion to the plan of allowing appointments to the two Indian services to depend upon examinations instead of upon patronage. This is the only way in which India can be opened to all duly qualified Englishmen; and it is the only way in which India can be enabled to secure the services of those best qualified to serve her. It is just possible that a strong government, earnestly bent on efficient popular reforms, might entertain such a question. If such an alteration were determined on, we should then urge the point upon which we have just been speaking, that nothing of the kind can be satisfactorily carried out without the aid of a *permanent* board of examiners. The confidence which would be essential to such a plan could not be felt in examiners appointed only for each occasion, or for a short term of years. The board required for such a purpose should wear the character of a standing commission, the individual members of which, as long as their efficiency and behaviour were unimpeachable, would be irremovable.

Should the Court of Directors be relieved in this way from the duty of exercising the patronage of India, it is evident that they would together with this be relieved of the chief part of their occupation. It would then be easy and natural to impose the whole of the Indian government on those who are now really responsible to parliament and to the country for what is done. The Board of Control might then become—the apparent division of power with which the public are now mystified being abolished—the Indian department of our government. Its President would become our Indian minister. The secretaries, and junior members of the board would generally be selected from among those who had served with distinction in India, and had acquired a personal knowledge of the wants and character of the people. There can be no advantage in the present double government of India: it is merely maintained for the purpose of enabling the directors to dispense patronage with which parliament would not entrust a minister, and which it knew not how otherwise to dispose of. Were Indian appointments—of course we are only speaking of those appointments which would enable men to enter into the civil and military services of India—thrown open to the public in the manner we have been proposing, we should soon find the directors themselves petitioning to be relieved from what would then remain of their present duties.

Hitherto the people of this country have been justly reproached with their ignorance of the condition of their magnificent empire in the east, and their indifference to everything connected with it. This was the more striking on account of

the strong contrast it presented to the interest which Englishmen are proverbially disposed to take in the domestic affairs of every other nation upon earth. Acts, for instance, of injustice or oppression, perpetrated by foreign governments upon their own subjects, never fail to attract the attention of the British public, and to arouse its indignation: meetings are everywhere held without delay; every mouth condemns the atrocity; ministers are memorialized; something must be done. The injustice, however, and oppression, which English carelessness, ignorance, and precipitancy have, in India, inflicted upon the seventh part of the human race, have hitherto provoked hardly a comment. The incompatibility of our revenue arrangements with the native system of proprietary rights has reduced ancient aristocracies to ruin, and whole populations, greater than that of the United Kingdom, to all but constant destitution; other millions we have subjected to the remorseless and senseless tyranny of native rulers, whose degraded position renders them incapable of entertaining enlightened views upon the subject of government, and almost of having any regard for the welfare of their subjects; and we have instituted a system for the administration of justice, which Lord Campbell lately denounced in the House of Lords as such that no language, however strong, could adequately describe its enormities; and yet, for the remedy of these, to say the least, frightful blunders, nothing is done; no outcry is raised, no one is called to account. The few who have hitherto ventured to hint that all is not exactly as it should be, have been set down as ignorant or disappointed maligners, to answer whom was nobody's duty. There almost appeared to be a kind of general opinion that they could do no wrong who had opened such fields of glory to our arms, and were maintaining by the wisdom of their administration as great an empire as that of Rome.

Happily, however, during the last few months, a great change has been effected in the public mind. Parliament and the country have been suddenly awakened to the magnitude of the interests at stake. Information on all that concerns India is now eagerly demanded; nor, all things considered, ought we to be dissatisfied at the quality and measure of the information with which we are being supplied. In the House of Lords, several Indian authorities, with the Earl of Ellenborough at their head, have spoken very much to the purpose, their views in the main indicating an honest desire to meet the necessities of the case, as those necessities are likely to be estimated at the present day. In the House of Commons we hear loud expressions of an earnest desire for full inquiry and complete information. One can hardly find time for the books and pamphlets which are from

day to day appearing upon the subject. Nor have the daily and the periodical press been at all behindhand in their endeavours to interest the public about the forthcoming measure, to supply information, and, as far as our information goes at present, to guide opinion. The government alone appears uninterested and unmoved. In making this remark, we confine ourselves merely to appearances, because we are unwilling to think ill of a new administration, especially as it combines with many fair promises so large a portion of the experience and ability of the House. We say this the more readily when we see at the Board of Control one from whom we expect so much as we do from the new member for Kidderminster. Mr. Lowe must allow us the pleasure of saying, that his *debüt* in the House of Commons did not go beyond the very high estimation we had formed of his abilities from an attentive observation of his Australian career, which a previous conviction that his name would one day be known in the great world led us to make. The readjustment of the government of India requires not only the faculty, and that too in the highest degree, of mastering details, but pre-eminently a well-informed, unprejudiced, and fearless mind. These qualifications we know that Mr. Lowe will bring to the task; and though at present he occupies only the subordinate position of a secretary to the board, we feel no doubt but that the country will have occasion to thank him for the energy and ability which he will contribute towards the settlement of this question. Having formed so high an opinion of his powers, we congratulate India on the prospective advantages of his services, and himself upon his having been summoned at the very commencement of his parliamentary career to devote himself to what will be the greatest measure of the day, its difficulties being exceeded only by its magnitude and importance.

We must acknowledge that at the commencement of the Session (we are now writing these pages during the Easter holidays), we felt, in consequence of the tone of the ministerial replies to questions upon this subject, very great misgivings as to the character of the forthcoming India bill. It appeared that the government was determined to legislate rather upon foregone conclusions than upon complete information, evidence as yet having been received only upon one of the eight heads of inquiry, under which the subject had been referred to the committees of the two Houses; and this portion, too, of the evidence being in itself most incomplete, as no native of India, or any one indeed excepting persons employed by, or connected with, the Company had been heard. It appeared also that

there was a design of making the new settlement little more than a re-enactment of the old. We now, however, trust that the interest which has been created on all sides, and that the light which is streaming in from all quarters, will lead to legislation of a more satisfactory character, at all events, to the postponement of the great definitive measure until the fullest information has been received, and the amplest consideration given to the subject.

We are totally opposed to the continuance of the system of settling, as has hitherto been done, the government of India for a definite period of years. In the former position of the Company, it having at first been a trading corporation, and in 1834 having large assets to realize, a fixed period was necessary, in order, in the first instance, that its commercial transactions might not be damaged by a feeling of insecurity, and afterwards, in order that it might have sufficient time to withdraw from business. Upon these grounds, the imperial parliament consented, on former occasions, to tie its own hands for terms of twenty years. The last, however, of these terms, has now expired, and, together with it, every reason for such forbearance as respects the future. The Company's commercial affairs have long ago been completely wound up; and with respect to what was originally their stock, parliament has guaranteed its repayment, and in the meantime the payment of the dividend. The question, therefore, comes before us entirely *de novo*. There is now no more reason why parliament should abnegate the power of legislating for India for a period of years than for its doing this with respect to Ireland or Australia. The only plausible objection that can be made must be grounded upon the character of the empire itself: it might be said that perpetual legislation would engender perpetual agitation and uncertainty, which would be dangerous in India. The answer to this is, that the nearest approach which can be made to final legislation would be a large and wise measure, establishing at once all that we now have sufficient knowledge to perceive is required by the empire, a measure which would not render necessary any future remodelling of the government, but merely such minor modifications and adaptations as time ever necessitates in all human institutions; while, on the other hand, nothing can be imagined more likely to unsettle the minds of our Indian subjects than their finding that every ten or twenty years their government is about to undergo such a revision as may amount to a revolution. The fact is, that this permanency has hitherto been sought, not as an advantage to India, but on account of its value to the directors, as it would enable them to feel that their power and patronage

were secure for so many years more. They naturally enough have fought hard, hitherto with success, to obtain 'fixity of tenure.'

At the head of the works which have been recently written with a view to the present juncture in the history of our Indian empire, we are disposed to place Mr. Campbell's *Modern India*, and his *India as it may be*. In the former of these he aims at giving an intelligible account of the empire as it now is, of the actual condition of the people who inhabit it, of its finances, its civil and military establishments, its administration, its laws, its resources, and its commerce. In the latter he details the reforms which he is desirous of seeing introduced into the different departments of the administration of the empire. Both works are very comprehensive, going at the same time into sufficient detail to give serviceable working knowledge upon most parts of the subject. To every one who wishes to understand what we are about in the East we recommend these volumes, to which we are ourselves indebted for several of the facts contained in the foregoing pages. It will hardly be necessary to warn our readers that Mr. Campbell's connexion with the present government of India obliges us, in some respects, to receive his evidence as that of a friendly, almost of an interested, witness. His prepossessions, however, in favour of the present system are not so decided as to lessen to any very great extent the value of his opinions and recommendations; still we think it necessary to remark, both that he does not expose, as much as a writer on India possessing his complete knowledge of the subject, might have done, and we think was bound to do, the grievous enormities of our administration of justice, and that he regards far too favourably, and treats much too leniently, the general shortcomings and inherent inefficiency of our cumbrous Indian government. With these exceptions,—and we may allow that his position forbade his speaking out on these points—he is generally equal to his subject. In saying this we wish it to be understood that we do not everywhere agree with him. For example, Mr. Campbell proposes the amalgamation of the Court of Directors and of the Board of Control, the President of the latter, with very large powers, becoming the President of the amalgamated body: this court he would have composed partly of members elected, as at present, by the holders of India stock, and partly nominated from those who had served the empire well, and had spent a certain number of years in India; he would also allow the members of this court to retain a certain portion of the patronage of India. We, however, would not allow the holders of India stock, whose incompetency to elect the fittest persons has long been proved, to retain this franchise. Besides, the extinction of

this stock itself has been provided for by act of parliament. We would therefore suggest that, the supreme and presidential governments of India having been reformed and constituted in some such manner as we have already proposed, a certain number of offices should, under certain circumstances, be considered curule, or as entitling any person who had held one of them to a seat in the senate of the Indian home government, on his presenting a certificate from the Supreme Indian government that there was nothing to disqualify him, and on a majority of the senate consenting that it should be registered. The effect of this would be to give to our Indian minister a senate, or council, composed of all those who, having risen to eminence in India, had retired to this country with unblemished characters.

We also object to the manner in which he proposes to continue to supply the civil and military services by the patronage of his newly constructed Court of Directors. We say, let the career of India be open to all, and let a youth's own merit be his only patron. We also think it utterly inadmissible that the military service should in any degree be made, as Mr. Campbell proposes, the refuge of those who may prove incapable of coming up to the standard required for the civil service. We are thoroughly persuaded that the peculiar character of the military service of India makes great ability as necessary a qualification for that service as for the civil. And this necessity will be still more urgent should the number of European officers in each regiment be reduced in the wholesale way he proposes, and to the wisdom of which we assent for the reasons adduced by Mr. Campbell.

He very properly recommends that the Supreme Indian government should contain an agrarian department, with what we should call a cabinet minister at its head. Considering how large a portion of the revenue is raised from the land, indeed, that the government occupies throughout India the position of landlord, so that the prosperity of the whole people depends upon the principles upon which this revenue is assessed, we at once acknowledge that something of this kind is imperiously demanded. Mr. Campbell has much to say upon this subject. There remains, however, upon our minds the conviction that it is in this department of administration that we have made the greatest mistakes, and that in it lies the widest and most fertile field for future ameliorations. For ourselves we are disposed to affirm, that wherever the government is the universal landlord, especially in a purely agricultural country, the inhabitants must remain in a depressed condition. The accumulation of wealth by individuals will be almost impossible, as the government will absorb the rent which, under the circumstances, is the only

surplus from which accumulations can be made (of course there are other sources for such accumulations in commercial and manufacturing countries). It must, however, be observed, that if a wealthy landed class were to grow up throughout India, feelings of independence and of impatience at foreign subjection would soon be found among them, which feelings would inevitably be fatal to our rule. We are of opinion that these opposite facts must be duly weighed before we can determine definitively the principles upon which our land revenue is to be raised.

We particularly commend to the attention of our readers all that Mr. Campbell says respecting the transference of the Supreme government to the temperate climate of the hills, and there founding an impregnable European capital in a district capable of European colonization, as the heart and centre of the empire. He indicates a locality which he considers well adapted for such a capital, and which we confess appears to us to possess every advantage.

Mr. Bruce Norton's pamphlet on the administration of Justice in the Presidency of Madras supplies us with a very forcible picture of the disgraceful incompetency of those with whom we have filled the judgment seats of Southern India; and as this department throughout the rest of India is supplied from the same sources and in the same manner, we suppose we may take it for granted that Madras is, in this respect, not much worse off than the other presidencies.

The native petitions from Bombay, and Madras, and Calcutta, are well worthy the attention of those who are desirous of knowing in what way our rule is regarded by our Indian subjects.

But we know of nothing likely to contribute so much towards divesting this question of all irrelevant considerations, and placing it in such a light as shall enable public opinion to arrive at just and practical conclusions respecting what ought to be done, as the fact that it has been well taken up at Manchester. Here, then, at last, we have a large, clear-sighted, and influential portion of the British public directly and strongly interested in securing good government for India, and advancing its prosperity. This has all along been the great want. We may now look forward with confidence to the realization of our hope that parliament would some day legislate for India, not upon the supposition that it was merely a valuable preserve for the patronage of four-and-twenty directors, but that it was in itself a mighty empire, and that its interests were not to be made to subserve to its enormous detriment even those of the United Kingdom; but that the interests of both were to be regarded as absolutely identical, our wants and those of India being strictly reciprocal and correlative.

ART. VII.—*St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the earlier part of the Third Century. From the newly discovered Philosophumena.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. 8vo. Pp. 319. Rivingtons. 1853.

GENIUS is said to be irritable; but if we take the achievements of a German author according to his own estimate of them, nothing can be imagined as better adapted to minister to the tranquil and complacent, in the experience of its possessor, than genius—especially when it happens to be genius, as it commonly is among our Teutonic neighbours, of a brilliant description. It somehow comes to pass, that when a German puts his hand to a theme, two things may generally be predicated concerning it—nothing done before in relation to it has been at all worthy of the subject, and nothing that may be done afterwards can be other than an impertinence. The field has been left open to the coming man; and it is sure to be cultivated in the highest style of proficiency by the man when he comes. It is in this exalted fashion that our German brethren demean themselves towards each other; and we may be sure that it is much in this fashion that they demean themselves towards those whom they account as aliens in language and training. Among these aliens we poor English have our place, and large is the share of pity that falls to us. Often are we told, and in the calmest manner possible, that we are lamentably ignorant—knowing nothing. But from some cause or other we are generally slow in coming ourselves to that conclusion. Often are we assured, and in tones which bespeak great commiseration, that we are very obtuse, so much so, that it is almost a lost labour to attempt to teach us how to open our eyes. But here again our incredulity comes into play, and we persist in thinking that we do see quite as far as our censors, and, in some cases, a little further. It is now some forty years since Coleridge assured the British public, that nothing was farther from his thoughts than the notion that the mind of Sir James Mackintosh should be found capable of apprehending the higher speculations of his Germanized philosophy. So early did the modest and amiable qualities which have proved so characteristic of this school make their appearance among us. Of course, to reason with people accounted so little susceptible is concluded to be vain; and dogmatism, upon an enormous scale, is put into requisition in the place of reason. But this, also, is without effect. We listen, and look, and wonder, our chief astonishment sometimes being, that the parties who take upon them to tutor us after this manner should ever be found beyond the oversight of a keeper.

We speak of this as the feeling *generally* evinced by Englishmen, when our German doctors attempt to take them in hand; but it is not thus in all cases. The rule has its exceptions. There are men in this country who place themselves so freely under such guidance, that it is difficult to say to what lengths their Anglo-Germanic passion may not lead them. Very soon they learn to shrug the shoulder, and to curl the lip, whenever our English learning or our English thinking is mentioned as a something worth caring about. You are not long in discovering that this goodly land of ours is, in their view, a sorry noodle-land—a very Bæotia. But the sympathies which these gentlemen lack on a broader surface, they find, and find in a degree proportionately more intense, in a narrower one. Very genial to themselves are the confederations they form for their common protection and their common interest. As the few wise amidst the many foolish, they are very helpful of each other. Never, since literature began to have a history, have men dealt so largely in the ‘splendid traffic’ of praise for praise. To-day, some one is a great man, by reason of some great thing he has done; to-morrow, the eulogist finds that he too is a great man, by reason of some great thing he *means* to do; and men who cannot be praised for what they have done or mean to do, become famous on the ground of what they *could* do, whether they mean to do it or not. So mindful are the members of this guild to reciprocate good offices. Sometimes this is done in published treatises, sometimes anonymously, and through all sorts of channels, from the columns of a provincial newspaper, up to the pages of a quarterly. Nor is it enough that there should be this laudation one of another; it is deemed fitting to bespatter every man, as far as may be, who shall refuse to join in it. The object of the compact—a tacit one it may be, but a real one nevertheless—is manifestly twofold, to help reputations, for special reasons, in some connexions, and to damage reputations, for special reasons, in others. There is hardly a section of our journalism into which this influence is not extending itself, and where the vanity of a coterie may not be gratified at costs which, in our judgment, are of a somewhat grave description. Were it not that there are some serious interests that may be injured by it, the aspect of this business is so unmanly—so utterly childish, that it would be simply amusing.

To this time we have seen no criticism on Dr. Bunsen’s *Hippolytus* that has not borne the appearance of being more or less of this coterie origin. In that work, many points of religious doctrine, and many points of polity and discipline received among us, are directly impugned. But no exception has been taken to any of these matters in quarters where something

of the kind might reasonably have been expected. It has been intimated, indeed, that the volumes contain much that will offend, but the feeling of offence has been passed by as a trivial or bigot affair, to which little heed should be given. If we mistake not, it is not our mood to be soon frightened by symptoms of this nature nor are we much disposed to fret about the mere mint and cumin of orthodoxy; but we must confess that we do not feel at liberty to hold great Christian interests thus lightly. We know what a little plain-speaking will sometimes do, but there is a sort of mischief which one cannot but feel a pleasure in perpetrating—and instances of anger that have an agreeable signification.

Dr. Bunsen, in common with the better class of his countrymen, can write nothing which it will not be well for Englishmen to read. But his learning is greatly in advance of his judgment; his philosophy and criticism, highly as he may prize them, are ever tending to lead him astray; and there is much more trustworthiness in his religious feeling than in his religious opinions. We esteem him highly on many grounds, but we have learnt the necessity of reading him with discrimination, and we naturally wish others to make themselves acquainted with his pages in the same spirit.

We have more than one reason for wishing to call the attention of our readers to the volume at the head of this article, though it must be very briefly done. Dr. Bunsen has said, that notwithstanding the certainty with which certain points have been settled, according to his judgment, by the help of this treatise by Hippolytus, he has no doubt that some of 'the old school doctors' in this country will remain unconvinced, and will be found endeavouring to set forth their case anew. It is even so. Here is Dr. Wordsworth, canon of Westminster, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a gentleman whose writings are marked by that quiet, unpretending, but thorough scholarship, of which the examples in the history of our theological and ecclesiastical literature are happily not few—sending forth a volume, in which, beside showing the bearing of the Hippolytus treatise on the Romish controversy, he throws much new light on the life and writings of this ancient father, now supplementing the pages of Dr. Bunsen, and now correcting them.

To most English readers, the history, and the name even, of Hippolytus, has been almost as much lost as the treatise *On Heresies*. But it should not be overlooked, that what has now been made familiar to the public, through the pages of Dr. Bunsen, in relation to the general history of this father, has been known, for the most part, to scholars, very long since. The following is Dr. Wordsworth's account of what was done more than a

hundred years ago to settle the point of the relation of St. Hippolytus to the Portus Romanus.

‘Rather more than a century ago, Cardinal Ottoboni was Bishop of Porto—the ancient Portus—a maritime city, which is situated at the northern mouth of the Tiber, about fifteen miles from Rome, and had enjoyed considerable commercial celebrity in former times. He possessed a noble library, and endeavoured to restore the architectural beauty of his Episcopal City, which in the lapse of ages had fallen into decay.

‘In his zeal for the restoration of the ecclesiastical edifices of Portus, he did not forget the names of those among his predecessors who had reflected honour on his see in earlier ages. Of these, one stood pre-eminent; one, whom he numbered in the lineage of his own episcopal ancestry, had shed lustre not only upon the See of Portus, but on the Western Church, and on Christendom at large. He had been celebrated for holiness and orthodoxy, for learning and eloquence; he was reckoned among the Saints and Martyrs of the Western Church. He was also venerable for his antiquity; he had flourished in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. He had been a scholar of St. Irenæus, who, in his youth, had listened to St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. This was St. Hippolytus.

‘It was the earnest desire of Cardinal Ottoboni, Bishop of Portus, to do honour to the memory of this great man. We may well sympathize with him in his wish, while we cannot but regret the means to which he resorted for its accomplishment.

‘The Bishop of Porto,—being a Suffragan of Rome, having the oversight of one of the churches anciently called Suburbicarian, from their vicinity to the *Urbs* or city of Rome, and one of those who are now designated ‘Cardinal Bishops,’ and being among those prelates whose office it has been from time immemorial to consecrate the Bishop of Rome, exercises considerable influence in the Roman Conclave. Cardinal Ottoboni endeavoured to obtain a Pontifical brief for the sanction of a special Office in honour of St. Hippolytus; to be used annually in the diocese of Portus, on the 22nd of August, the day in which he is commemorated in the Breviary and Martyrology of Rome. Some circumstances, however, had then recently occurred, which obstructed the execution of his design. Many local traditions, it is true, were known to exist at Portus, connecting the name of St. Hippolytus with that city and see. He was, and is at this day, regarded as the patron of the diocese. And the testimony of those who had applied themselves to the study of ecclesiastical history, since the revival of letters in Europe, to the end of the seventeenth century, had been almost unanimous in favour of the claim of Portus to the possession of that inheritance. That St. Hippolytus, the scholar of St. Irenæus, had been Bishop of Portus Romanus, or the harbour of Rome, two miles to the north of Ostia, had been affirmed by the most celebrated church historians and Divines of Rome, such as Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine, and had been acknowledged as indubitable by the most learned theologians of other Churches, as, for

example, by Archbishop Ussher, Henry Dodwell, Bishop Beveridge, and Bishop Bull.

‘But in the year 1685, a learned Theologian of Holland, Stephen Le Moynes, published at Leyden his *‘Varia Sacra,’* in which he controverted the ancient and generally received tradition concerning St. Hippolytus. He did not deny that Hippolytus was a bishop; he acknowledged him as a martyr; he admitted that he had flourished early in the third century. But he would not allow that he had ever sat in the episcopal see of Portus, near Rome. Relying on certain notices occurring in some ancient writers, Le Moynes would have transferred St. Hippolytus from the genial clime of Italy and the banks of the Tiber, to the stern wilds of Arabia, and to the shores of the Red Sea. He would have made him a Bishop of the Roman Emporium at Aden, near what are called the Straits of Babel Mandev, on the southern coast of Arabia.

‘Le Moynes’s theory, which was defended with ingenuity and learning, found favour in various quarters. Dr. Cave adopted it in England; Dupin and Tillemont in France; Spanheim and Basnage in Holland. Asseman in Italy appeared disposed to do the same. Portus was in danger of being deprived of its most illustrious ornament—the Bishop and Martyr, St. Hippolytus.

‘Errors are not without use, as ministering occasions for the firmer establishment of truth. So it fared in the present case. It happened, fortunately for the honour of Portus, and for the fame of Hippolytus, that the See of that city was filled at the time to which we refer, by a Prelate eminent for his love of literature, and distinguished by zeal and enthusiasm for the past, and by affectionate regard for the memory of his own Predecessors, Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni. It was also a happy circumstance that his rich library was under the judicious care of one of the most accomplished Scholars and laborious Antiquarians that Italy could then boast, Constantino Ruggieri.

‘Ruggieri had been invited from Bologna, to settle at Rome, when he was entrusted with the superintendence of the Press of the Propaganda.

‘Cardinal Ottoboni requested him to explore the archives in his own princely collection, and in other depositories within his reach, for the examination or discovery of documents relating to the see of Portus and to the history of St. Hippolytus; and he commissioned him to communicate the result of his inquiries in a dissertation on that subject. A happier selection could not have been made; a more competent person for such a task could not have been found. Ruggieri undertook the work, and prosecuted it with vigour and assiduity. In the year 1740 his Dissertation was ready for the press, and it was thought worthy of being printed with the types of the Vatican. It was seen and eulogized by Cardinal Lambertini, afterwards Benedict XIV. But unhappily before the entire volume could be printed, Cardinal Ottoboni died. Ruggieri fell into distress, and died also. Eighty pages of the work had been printed, but, unfortunately, there the impression stopped. The edition was dispersed; a great part of it

was consumed in fireworks for the Castel St. Angelo on St. Peter's Day, and, in fine, only five copies were saved. By a fortunate coincidence, one of these five, enriched with manuscript notes, fell into the hands of a learned Abbate of the diocese of Porto, Achille Ruschi. In the year 1771 he had prepared the Dissertation in a complete form for publication, and it appeared at Rome in that year, sanctioned with the approbation of the Maestro di Sagro Palazzo, and inscribed to the reigning pontiff, Clement XIV.

'This Dissertation of Ruggieri is distinguished by elaborate research and critical accuracy; and is composed in a clear and flowing style of terse and elegant Latinity. It would be difficult to specify any work of the same description which surpasses it in these respects. It throws much light incidentally on the history of St. Hippolytus. It also commends itself to the respect and gratitude of Englishmen by the candid spirit and courteous temper with which it appreciates the learned labours of Anglican Divines, especially Bishop Pearson, Dr. Hammond, and Bishop Bull.

'It appeared convenient and requisite to refer in this place to this important work, on account of its intrinsic merits; and because, though much has been recently written concerning the See of St. Hippolytus, little mention, if any, has been made of this Dissertation; and it seems almost to have been regarded as a modern discovery, that St. Hippolytus was Bishop of Portus near Rome. But the fact is, this matter was long since set at rest, and to write more upon it now would only be *actum agere*. The work of Ruggieri, published in 1771, exhausted that subject. It refuted, in the most triumphant manner, the theory of Le Moyne, and established, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that St. Hippolytus, the scholar of St. Irenaeus, the Bishop and Martyr of the third century, whose character and works were held in high esteem and veneration by the Christian Church in his own and succeeding generations, and whose memory is revered in a particular manner by the Church of Rome, was Bishop of Portus, at the northern mouth of the Tiber, and was, consequently, one of the suburbicarian bishops of the Roman Church in the third century after Christ, whence he is often called, by ancient authors, not only 'Bishop of Portus, or of the Harbour near Rome,' but is designated frequently as 'a Roman Bishop,' and sometimes as 'Bishop of the City,' and even 'Bishop of Rome: for the ancient Roman province was sometimes called Rome.'—pp. 1—10.

Dr. Wordsworth sustains this statement by ample references. So little, accordingly, was there needing to be done on the point concerning the residence or see of St. Hippolytus.

Furthermore, the treatise *On Heresies*, it must be remembered, is discovered now for the first time only in part. It consists of ten books. The first of these books was discovered and printed nearly two centuries ago, and pertained to the portion of the treatise more particularly comprehended under the title of *Philosophumena*. It was printed, with a Latin translation, and

divided into sixteen chapters, in the best edition of the works of Origen, published in 1733. But it had been printed long before in the *Thesaurus* of Gronovius; and was printed separately in 1706 by Christopher Wolf, with a preface stating his reasons for thinking that the fragment ought not to be ascribed to Origen. We do not find that either Dr. Bunsen or Dr. Wordsworth has seen this publication by Wolf.* But it is worthy of note, that this first book is occupied with an account of the sects of the heathen philosophers, and contains comparatively little that Origen might not be supposed to have written. But that little was enough to excite the suspicion of Wolf; and had he seen the later books, especially the ninth, so full of personal history, the perusal of a few paragraphs would have sufficed to ripen his suspicion into certainty. He would at once have said this treatise could not have been written by Origen.

But if not written by Origen, then by whom was it written? It is at this point that the critical labours of Dr. Bunsen and our moderns begin to possess value. Dr. Wordsworth has assigned many reasons, in addition to those adduced by Dr. Bunsen, for attributing the treatise to St. Hippolytus; and has disposed of many conceivable objections to that conclusion which Dr. Bunsen has not dealt with. The work before us is a very useful supplement, and, in some respects, a material corrective of the work that preceded it. The two should be read together.

Dr. Wordsworth has given a literal translation of passages from the ninth and tenth books of the treatise *On Heresies*, which show that both Zephyrinus and Callistus, who succeeded Victor as bishops of Rome, were denounced by St. Hippolytus as heretics, and the bearing of this fact on the pretence of the popes to either infallibility or supremacy is fairly brought out. Care also is taken to fix attention on the fact, that the errors in doctrine and the dissoluteness in manners found thus among the members and leaders of the church in Rome in the time of Hippolytus, as on a fact serving to explain the purpose of providence in the persecutions that were suffered to come upon the Church in those early ages. Dr. Wordsworth would also have his readers be observant of the short-sightedness of the reasoning which assumes that the great guarantee for Christian purity lies in a severance

* 'Compendium Historiæ Philosophicæ Antiquæ sive Philosophumena, quæ sub Origenis nomine circumferuntur, Editæ primum ex Codice Bibliothecæ Medicæ a Jac. Gronovio, V.C.L. in Thesaurο Antiquitatum Græc. Tom. X. jam vero recognita, & notis uberioribus illustrata passimque correctæ, a M. Jo. Christophoro Wolfio, præmissa est præfatio, qua ostenditur, libri Scriptorem incertum esse, adeoque nec Huetii, nec Galei, nec Gronovii, de eo sententias aut Conjecturas firmis rerum argumentis niti.—Accedunt ad calcem CL. Gronovii notæ integræ. Hamburgi Impensis Christiani Liebezeit.—Imprimebatur Literis Reumannianis 1706.'

of the Church from the worldly influence of a state-alliance—seeing that these flagitious deteriorations were existing thus early, from causes quite apart from such influences. But our author can hardly mean to say, that because the corruption of Christianity may come from many sources quite independent of alliance with the State, that *therefore* the connexion of Church and State should not be numbered among the causes taking such tendencies along with them. To reason thus would be absurd; and not to reason thus, in this case, is not to reason at all.

But while Dr. Wordsworth is concerned that protestantism should not lose the advantage to be derived from the discovery of this Hippolytus treatise, care is taken, and no doubt will be taken, in other quarters, to ensure that Christianity itself shall derive as little aid as possible from that source. One of the most material points in this treatise consists in the evidence it furnishes on the vexed question concerning the date of the fourth gospel. Hippolytus introduces Basilides as commenting on the prologue to John's Gospel, and thus shows that composition to have been in existence, and to have become an authority among Christians, within twenty years of the lifetime of its author. Dr. Bunsen reckons this evidence decisive, and so, we should have supposed, would any man. But exception has been taken to it.*

It is the manner of Hippolytus to give the *history* of the heresies which he undertakes to refute. He traces them from the philosophical heathenism in which they are said to have their source, to the men who, as professed Christians, so elaborated and published them as thereby to have become heresiarchs. The author then descends in his narrative from the heresiarch to his followers. It is in this manner that he treats on the heresy of Basilides, stating the doctrine of the leader as set forth by himself, and also as iterated by his disciples.

But an attempt has been made to confound what is given us as said by the master, as belonging to an earlier period, with what is given us as said by the disciples, at a later period—so as to make it appear, that it is not Basilides who deposes to the existence of John's Gospel as an authority in the first quarter of the second century; but that it is his followers merely, who are found using it an authority, a century later. If this be so, of course the whole controversy as regards the date of the fourth Gospel remains as it was. But the case is not so. The following is a translation of one of the passages which have been thus interpreted:—

‘Now *Basilides*, and *Isidorus* his son and disciple, say that Matthew

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1853, pp. 574—577.

communicated to them secret doctrines, in which he had been privately instructed by the Saviour. Let us see, then, how palpably *Basilides*, and *Isidorus*, and *the whole set of them*, speaks falsely, not merely concerning Matthew, but concerning the Saviour himself. There was a time, *he says*, when nothing was, but even the nothing was not an existing thing, but barely, absolutely, without any sophistical quibbling, was no one thing whatever.'—*Miller*, p. 130.

Now, here, we have three parties mentioned, '*Basilides*,' '*Isidorus*,' and '*the set*;' whose opinions are expressed by a singular verb (*καταψεύδεται*), '*speaks falsely*.' In the same page the other singular verb following—(*φησὶ*), '*says*,' occurs seven times. It has been said that we should consider *χορὸς*, '*the set*,' as the nominative to all these, and that, therefore, as far as this authority is concerned, we know now no more about the opinions or language of Basilides himself than we did before. But let any one read this whole passage in Hippolytus—considering '*the set*' as the nominative to this seven times repeated *φησὶ*—'*says*,' the intent being to give the language of an authority,—and the incongruity will strike an unprejudiced reader at once; such reiterated appeals to a certain statement of doctrine obviously indicate allusion, not to the general notions of a party, but to the teaching of an individual. We are persuaded, and we doubt not scholars generally will agree with us, that the reference throughout this whole passage is to Basilides—that the verb (*καταψεύδεται*) is singular, because it is of Basilides Hippolytus speaks, and Isidorus and the set are introduced parenthetically—so much so, that he does not think it worth while to change the verb from singular to plural on that account—and then in the next and following sentences he is occupied altogether with the teaching of Basilides, whose name, which stands at the head of this paragraph, is the natural nominative of every succeeding *φησὶ*, '*says*.' If Hippolytus had written *καταψεύδονται*, every one would have recognised in Basilides the only proper nominative to the following *φησὶ*; that he has not so done appears to us to show that so far from merging Basilides in his followers, the heresiarch is uppermost in his thoughts, and the allusion to Isidorus and the party is merely thrown in by the way. The mere proximity of *χορὸς* to *καταψεύδεται* is a circumstance too unimportant to justify an interpretation which would change in a manner so unlikely the whole bearing of the paragraph. On the whole, we feel bound to say, that this selection of *χορὸς*—'*the set*,' as the nominative in this passage, to the exclusion of Isidorus and of Basilides himself, is a piece of wilful and arbitrary criticism, such as would not have occurred to the mind of any unprejudiced scholar.

We give the translation of another passage on which a similar criticism has been founded:—

‘Now *Basilides himself* (Basilides here is in emphatic red letters in the MS.) says that God is non-existent (so in an obscure philosophical sense) and that the world is made out of things non-existent, that a seed is cast like a seed of mustard, which contains within itself the future trunk, leaves, shoots, and fruit; or like the egg of a peacock, which contains within itself the many various colours of the future bird, and this *they call* (φασί, plural) the seed of the world, from which all things are produced.’—p. 320.

Here there no doubt seems to be a gliding off from what Basilides had said, to what his followers say, but who, on looking to this passage simply in search of its natural meaning, would fail for a moment to see what there is here as said by Basilides, and also what is said by the Basilidians? It is observable, too, that the form of expression here is in the present tense—‘Basilides himself *says*’ (λέγει)—which would be natural to one having the writings of Basilides before him, and giving his account of the sayings of the heresiarch from a source where he was still speaking. Had inverted commas been in use among the Greeks, to mark quotations, we doubt not that these passages would have been given us so marked. The sentences take with them the authority of extract as much as such citations in Greek authors generally do. It should be stated, also, that the text is throughout in a very sorry state, and the editor has very properly suggested in a foot note, that φασί, ‘he calls,’ should probably be inserted here instead of φασί, ‘they call.’ But were the reason for such an emendation much less probable than it is, to pretend that we cannot confide in what Basilides is reported to have said in this connexion, because it appears to be supplemented by something that his followers have said, is about as rational as it would be to insist that nothing can be learnt with certainty as to the opinions of Bentham, unless it be given us wholly apart from anything about the iteration of those opinions by the Benthamites. It is enough in such instances that the distinction is kept up between the disciples and the master, and this is done in the case of Basilides and his followers, with a clearness that leaves no room for mistake. We present our readers with one more passage on which this novel sort of criticism has been exercised:—

‘It was not easy, however, to assign any motive cause in consequence whereof anything non-existent should have come into being, by the act of a non-existent God—for *Basilides* avoids with the utmost dread the supposition of subsistences (essences) as the cause produc-

ing the things that are. What need of pretending any such means of supposing any kind of primal matter out of which God was to fashion the world, as a spider spins his web, or as a mortal man takes and works up brass or wood, or any other material? Nay, *says he*, 'He spake, and it was done.' [And this say these men is the meaning of what is said by Moses—let there be light, and there was light.] Whence, *he says*, came the light? From nothing. For it is not written, *says he*, from whence it came, except from the voice of him that spake, but he, *he says*, did not exist, nor was that which was produced existent. The seed of the world sprang, *he says*, from things non-existent—the word spoken, let there be light—and this, *he says*, is what is said in the gospels. *This was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?*—p. 232.

The two lines in this paragraph that are parenthetical, referring to something said by the disciples of Basilides, we have placed in brackets. This done, the reader will see, that Basilides is the nominative necessarily pervading the whole passage. Nevertheless, because these two lines happen to be in the paragraph, noting something said by the Basilidians, all that is here recorded as said by Basilides himself is to be accounted as said by some one, but by whom no one can hope to know with any certainty. If Greek admits of being construed thus, the sooner all men have done with Greek the better.

By leaving the passages we have translated in their natural significance, it becomes a settled point, that the fourth Gospel must have been written by the close of the first century, and by John himself—by wresting these passages from their obvious and natural meaning, as the critic in this case has done, the point as to the date of the important document in question is untouched by them. It should be remembered, too, that the critic who has taken this course assures us that he had *hoped* to find the evidence as to the early origin of this Gospel as decisive as it was said to be, and that it is a *great disappointment* to him to find that the case is not so—that the passages give us nothing from Basilides at all—nothing beyond a general description of the system bearing his name! We leave it to our readers to determine the interpretation that should be given to such language, as used in such a connexion.

It would be easy to extend corrective strictures of this nature to much beside in the same quarter, had we space at our disposal, and did it appear expedient. But the little we have said will suffice for our present object. The source from which such things have proceeded once, is one from which they are likely to proceed often—and we aim at no more just now than to suggest a little wholesome caution to the unsuspecting.

ART. VIII.—(1.) *Treatises and Essays on Subjects connected with Economical Policy, with Biographical Sketches of Quesney, Adam Smith, and Ricardo.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq., Member of the Institute of France. Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black.

(2.) *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold.* By Mons. MICHEL CHEVALIER, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. London : Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

(3.) *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Demonitization of Gold in several Countries of Europe.* By M. LEON FAUCHER. Translated by THOMPSON HANKEY, jun. London : Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THE discovery of gold in immense quantities, first in California, and afterwards in Australia, is the most important event of modern times. It has instantly attracted the European population of America, the population of Europe, and the population of Asia, in a continuous stream, to the shores and islands of the Pacific. In less than five years a great city, abounding in all the facilities for carrying on a vast trade with Asia and Europe, has risen at San Francisco, and is continually and rapidly increasing. Its fine harbour makes it a natural site for one of the great marts of the world, to rival hereafter New York, or London. In still less time, a great population has been thrown on Australia; it continues to increase, and is sure to raise a despised or a dreaded penal colony to be a mighty empire. The migrations to these two places from various quarters, equal in point of numbers the hordes which subverted the Roman empire, and the armies which, at the time of the Crusades, rolled back into Asia the tide of population. They are nuclei of amalgamation for the various families of mankind, similar to the United States, and will help to beat down the barriers of separate nationalities. The celerity, too, with which these already great communities have grown up, contrasts with the slow and painful establishment of Europeans in America after its first discovery—like railway motion with the wearisome progress of a caravan of camels. Aggrandized as that event is in our minds by all its subsequent consequences, we are slow to realize in the discoveries of gold on the shores of the Pacific an event of equal magnitude, more suddenly influential, and permanently likely to affect in as great a degree the fate of mankind, though that was the beginning of a vast physical and moral development of society. Our humble purpose, however, is only to trace some of the probable consequences of the gold discoveries over the money of the world,

though these cannot be understood without some slight reference to their more important consequences; and had we not briefly referred to them, we might have degraded an event in the estimation of our readers, that, in our own estimation, stands second to no one in the geographical and physical history of mankind.

The authors, whose works stand at the head of the present article, all of them celebrated men, take very different views of the effect of the gold discoveries on the future value of money. In only one or two passages of Mr. M'Culloch's republication is the subject mentioned, though one of his treatises is on money. He says:—

'The late extraordinary increase in the supply of gold has led many persons to anticipate great inconvenience from the fall which may take place in its value. But supposing that *this fall* should, as appears most probable, *take place in the end*, there is no ground for concluding that it will be brought about otherwise than *by slow degrees*; and if so, it will not occasion any injurious disturbance. About 140 or 150 years elapsed, from the discovery of America, before the influx of bullion from the new into the old world produced its full effect. And it is *doubtful*, considering the *vastly increased field* for the employment of gold and silver, whether the supplies from Siberia, California, and Australia, *will speedily exercise any very material influence*.'—p. 47.

M. Leon Faucher, whose pamphlet has been translated by the late governor of the Bank of England, also takes an encouraging view. After referring to the intercourse already opened between China and the new gold-producing countries, he continues—

'Nothing appears more likely to restore the confidence of those who have taken alarm at the abundance of gold than the consideration of the almost unlimited extent of the market. What people, civilized or uncivilized, agricultural or manufacturing, do not enter into a competition for a supply? What are the millions of francs extracted from the Cordilleras when compared with the capital created by the labour of the inhabitants of the whole globe? The combined washings of the Altai, California, and Australia, during a quarter of a century, would be required to produce a sum *equal to the annual revenue of England alone*. This unexpected harvest of the precious metals is but an addition to a common fund of wealth; it cannot produce a deep or a durable impression on the almost incalculable mass of wealth already existing in the world.' (p. 93.) 'In fact, the change in the relative value of gold and silver, which was so strongly anticipated, appears anything but imminent. If any great change is *now taking place*, it appears to be rather a *simultaneous depreciation* in the value of both metals.'—p. 100.

M. Michel Chevalier, whose researches into the statistics of

the precious metals are the most valuable of any living author, is of a decidedly different opinion from M. Leon Faucher and Mr. McCulloch. He and his translator both agree—

‘That the supplies of gold now pouring into Europe must, at an early period, occasion an immense rise in the price of all commodities.’ (p. vii.) ‘The depreciation of the precious metals may be checked in consequence of the enhanced demand, counteracting, to some extent, the augmented supply; but the final result, supposing the production to prove permanent, is, nevertheless, certain.’—p. 61.

These strong, yet contradictory opinions, were expressed before the last arrivals from Australia, which teach us to expect from the province of Victoria alone gold to the amount of 16,000,000*l.* a-year; and before the publication of the inquiries that have been instituted by authority into the diffusion of the precious metals through that continent, which result, in the conviction of scientific men, that its gold-fields ‘extend over its great backbone, far beyond the present limits of investigation,’ and offer to industry a large supply of gold for ages to come. The contradictory conclusions of these gentlemen, high as is their authority, formed as they obviously have been on imperfect information, cannot satisfy us; and we must endeavour to work out from such facts as are before us a fair appreciation of some probable consequences of these great discoveries on the future value of the precious metals.

Let us put in the front of our battle some facts to show the existence of a great want of gold and silver. Our readers are no doubt aware that, about 1819, some rich deposits of gold, extending over an immense surface, were discovered in Eastern Russia and Siberia. Between that time and the end of 1847, it is estimated that gold to the value of 36,000,000*l.*, or, on the average, 1,200,000*l.* per year, was obtained from this source. But the supply, small at first, went on gradually increasing; and by the year 1847, amounted—as M. Chevalier states, but rather under the mark—to 4,000,000*l.* per annum. He gives, too, an elaborate table of the annual produce of the precious metals in 1846, in which the supply of gold from Russia is put down at 3,414,427*l.*; and the supply from all the rest of the world, exclusive of China and Japan, at 2,432,325*l.*, making a total of 5,846,752*l.* For some years, therefore, previous to the Californian discoveries, the quantity of gold annually produced had been considerably more than doubled by the Russian supplies; and no persons, except a few public writers, took any heed of the matter. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the discovery was nearly contemporaneous with our return to cash payments, and contributed, though the consequence has hitherto been unnoticed, to the success of that measure. That great increase of gold had

no perceptible effect on prices. Instead of there being a rise of price from 1819 to 1848, there was a great, a continual, and a general fall of price, both previous and subsequent to the alterations in our commercial code in 1842; and therefore, wholly independent of them. That general fall of prices which, in the main, was common to all the commercial world, is a proof that, notwithstanding the great increase in the supply of gold, it was insufficient; and, in relation to all other commodities, was continually increasing in value.

Nor is the supply of Russian gold a mere trifle in comparison to the accumulated gold of the world. According to M. Chevalier, the latest and the best authority—though we must say that we place but little reliance on any of these general calculations, and only use them as the basis of our arguments, because they are the only ones accessible—according, however, to M. Chevalier, the total supply of gold during the whole three centuries, ending in 1848, inclusive of the Russian supply, may be valued at 565,000,000*l*. In about thirty years, therefore, Russia has produced nearly a thirteenth part of the total supply of gold for three centuries. Such a large addition in so short a period, producing no sensible effect on prices, is calculated to dissipate some of the alarm caused by the more recent and larger additions to the supply of gold.

Silver is more at the command of industry than gold, which is occasionally and in a manner different from all other metals showered on man almost like a miraculous gift. By an application of capital and labour, any quantity of silver, lead, iron, and copper, for which there is an effective demand, can be procured. Whatever may be the results of applying machinery to quartz crushing to procure gold, as now proposed, hitherto as the rule the quantity of gold has been almost incapable of increase; but in the process of centuries, the sites where it is deposited one after another, have been, as it were, revealed to man. It is well known that, for several years before the late discoveries of gold, the supply of silver, owing to improvements in the art of extracting it, and to the discovery of new and cheap supplies of quicksilver, was rapidly increasing. Thus, M. Chevalier tells us that, between 1827 and 1839, there was extracted from the lode of *Veta-Grande*, which had previously been considered exhausted, about 150,000,000 francs of silver. Rich mines have been found in *Zacatecas*, of which, ten years ago, no one surmised the existence. In 1827, the *Fresnillo* mine was abandoned; it yields now 10,000,000 francs a-year. To the north of the city of Mexico, where the unopened lodes, not known in Humboldt's time, are immense compared to the lodes hitherto worked, mining is now being prosecuted on a greater or less

scale. At the single town of Guanaxuato, from 140,000 to 150,000 dollars are coined weekly; and the coinage in 1852 was 7,300,000 dollars. In 1846, M. Chevalier estimates the total value of the silver produced in North and South America at 5,261,619*l.*; and in 1850, at 7,259,824*l.* or an increase of almost one-half in four years; and we know from the same private sources from which we derive our information of the produce of the mines of Guanaxuato, that the increase is still going on.

Now it is a remarkable but well-known fact, notwithstanding this great additional supply of silver, that the metal has continued very much in demand. The Bank of England possesses only 19,000*l.* of silver bullion; and our silver money has for some years only been kept in circulation by its value as bullion being much less than its value as coin. The scarcity of silver extends to the United States. Within four years nearly 8,000,000 of gold dollars, to supply the place of silver, have been coined; but such is still the scarcity, that one of the last acts of the late congress was to adulterate the silver coins, and lessen the bullion in them while their denominations are preserved, in order to keep them in circulation, by giving them (as coins) an artificial value. Every ounce of silver imported into England for many months past, has been immediately snapped up and exported to the continent of Europe, or to Asia. There has been, therefore, and there still is, a great want and real deficiency of silver, for purposes of commerce, though the supply has been for some years, and now is continually and very much enlarged.

It is also a fact about which there can be no dispute, that, during the period when these large additional supplies of Russian gold and American silver have been flowing into commerce, very great advances have been made in economizing the use of money. Banking, and all its ramified accommodations, particularly the substitution of cheques for cash in making comparatively small payments, and in settling an immense number of accounts, without making any payment at all—a stroke of a pen, a letter, the transmission of a piece of paper sufficing, instead of using thousands or millions of pounds sterling—has been within the last half century very much extended.

Such an improvement betokens a want of money, or it would not be advantageous; but while it has been going on, and substitutes to a very great extent have been found for money, there has been no rise of prices nor the least indication that money was too abundant. To compare these new facilities of exchange with the new gold discoveries may not be very practicable, they

being such different things; but we should conjecture that, so far as the use of the precious metals for money is concerned, the creation of money by banking facilities far surpasses in quantity all the produce of the mines of the world within the same period. The exact degree, however, is of less consequence than the mere fact that all these facilities, tantamount to a vast addition to the circulating medium, have had no visible effect in degrading the standard of value, or making money apparently more abundant.

These facts refer principally to the period immediately prior to the late discoveries, and it is in accordance with them that the large additional supply of gold recently obtained has only hitherto increased the demand for it. Of several commodities, such as hemp, flax, sugar, tallow, wool, &c., the supply was last year, from peculiar seasons and other causes, shorter than usual, and they have accordingly risen in price. But no general rise has taken place, nor any kind of rise that can be attributed to the gold discoveries, as augmenting the quantity of money, though they have stimulated exertion and led to much new enterprise, and promoted much additional consumption. At the same time, the increased quantity of gold coined has been enormous. The French mints have been actively at work; and of what has been done by them, and by the English, and the United States, we have the following accounts. The coinage of silver in England is wholly unimportant, and is therefore omitted.

Gold coined by the French Mints.

| | Value |
|--|------------|
| Average of the three years, 1848—1850, . . . | £1,842,181 |
| „ „ ten months, 1851, . . . | 10,077,252 |

And it must be remarked that the coinage in 1850, including probably some Californian gold, was 3,407,691*l.*; and the average of the two previous years was 1,159,427*l.* Thus in the last two years, 1850 and 1851, there was a large increase of the coinage in France, and, though we have not the official accounts, we know that the French mints have continued active throughout 1852 in coining gold.

Gold coined by the English Mint.

| | Value |
|--|------------|
| Average of the three years, 1848—1850, . . | £2,040,597 |
| Average of the two years, 1851, 1852, . . | 6,572,341 |

Total coinage of United States' Mints.

| | Dollars |
|--|------------|
| Average of the five years, 1845—1849, . . | 10,400,929 |
| Average of the three years, 1850—1852, . . | 49,917,924 |

Thus in the two last years there was more than three times as

much gold coined in England as in the three previous years, on an average; and the quantity coined in 1852, be it observed, was 8,742,270*l.*, or more than four times the average of the preceding years. The increase in the coinage of the United States was entirely of gold; and there is abundant reason to believe that latterly the mints of other countries have not been idle, if they have not been unusually active. With all this additional supply of coined money, there is no abundance either in England, France, or in the United States. Quite the contrary; the money-market here has been comparatively stringent through the whole of the present year; the rate of interest, as every one knows, has advanced at least one per cent.; and the latest intelligence from the United States describes money as very scarce, and discount as varying between nine and ten per cent. for the very best paper. It is now nearly five years since gold was discovered in California, and hitherto its effects have been to stimulate industry, to extend trade, to raise the rate of interest, and increase the demand for money. If Australia and California have sent forth large supplies of gold, they have immediately raised up a large population, which demands money for its own purposes, and they have increased the demand for money wherever commerce extends. How much of the extra mintage of the United States may have gone to California we know not; but it is estimated that a sum of at least 8,000,000*l.* in sovereigns and half-sovereigns has been exported within a year from England to Australia.

Another obvious and important effect is an extension of the desire to possess gold; by finding it in the earth, and obtaining it by mere labour, it seems brought at once within the possible reach of all the labouring classes. They go to the 'Diggings' from all parts of the world to get it. The Chinese and the Hindoos are brought into contact with it, and acquire a passion for it which they are spreading over the whole continent of Asia. Already a gold coinage, though repudiated by the government, has become somewhat congenial to the wants of the Hindoos. Thus, a general desire always existing, we may almost say prepared beforehand as the gold was provided, has produced a corresponding and an effective demand for it. The knowledge of these discoveries has already spread over many countries, and awakened the slumbering desire for wealth in breasts which rarely felt it before. It stimulates exertion to get it, and to pay for it. It has already set enterprise in motion, from 'China to Peru'—neighbours by trade, though, in the eyes of the moralist, at the extreme ends of creation. A great part of the increased coinage has already gone into the hands of

the wealth-producing classes; and a very large increase has already taken place amongst the existing population, speaking of the whole world, of the number of persons who require and use gold either as ornaments or coins.

We state these facts first, in order to guard our readers from hastily adopting the prejudice that the quantity of gold alone is to be considered, and running to the conclusion that the recent discoveries of gold are to have similar effects to the increase of the quantity of the precious metal in Europe, consequent on the discovery of America, but greater in proportion to the greatness of the quantity. The question, limited to the effects on the currency of the increased supplies of gold, is not one merely of statistics and of finance, it is a very large question, embracing many moral considerations, and we can only hope, within the compass of this paper, to touch on some of them. To exhaust the subject is beyond our power, even if we had much more space and time than are at our command. The mere material part of the subject is astounding. Of all the high authorities, from Humboldt downwards, who have investigated the supplies of the precious metals, only one has at any time assumed the total annual supply of both gold and silver to be much more than 10,000,000*l.* At the beginning of the century his estimate was 10,200,000*l.*; but, according to Mr. McCulloch, 'the average produce of the American and European mines was, in 1832, between 5,500,000*l.*, and 6,000,000*l.* including the Russian mines; or from 4,500,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.* less than the annual produce at the beginning of the century' (*Dictionary voce Precious Metals*), or than Baron Humboldt's estimate. M. Michel Chevalier, who has studied the subject long, and written much about it, states that, owing to the increased supply from Russia subsequently to the beginning of the century, to a more plentiful yield of silver in Europe and America, and to a new supply from some parts of Asia, the production of the precious metals which reached the general market just before the discoveries of gold in California, was 975,000 kilogrammes of silver, and 72,000 kilogrammes of gold: or a total value of 464,000,000 francs—247½ of which were gold, and 216½ silver. That is by far the largest estimate made by any person of the least authority, and it is much in excess of the table in his work we have already quoted. Taking the franc at 25 to the pound, it makes the total value of the annual supply of the two precious metals, 18,560,000*l.*; and the value of gold alone, 9,900,000*l.* We may assume therefore that, prior to the discovery of gold in California, the utmost amount of that metal produced by all the mines of the world, except those of

Japan and China, of which we know nothing, but which do not at present affect the bullion market of Europe, was 10,000,000*l.* a year.

The gold obtained from California and Australia amounts to more than three times that sum. The quantities of gold coined in the United States, the statements of mercantile circulars, the reports of shipping agents, all combine to assure us that the average yield of the mines of California in the years 1850, 1851, and 1852, was at least,—and it is greater in the present than in any previous year,—per annum £14,000,000

The latest accounts from Victoria assure us that the annual yield will be 16,000,000

From the other parts of Australia the yield will be at least 4,000,000

The total annual supply of the new gold will be therefore 34,000,000

That is, nearly three times and a half as large a quantity of gold as was obtained before 1848. Large as that is, there is at present reason to suppose that it will for many years be every year augmented. Numerous emigrants are only now beginning to explore, and cultivate by all the helps of art, the vast gold fields of California and Australia. If we reason on the assumption that the depreciation of the value of money is to be in proportion to its quantity—or rather, according to the general rule, still greater, for a small excess of any commodity in the market depreciates its prices in a greater ratio than the excess—we shall jump at once to the conclusion that the sovereign in a short time will be only of the value of an attorney's fee. Say that the annual supply is only three-fold, shut out all moral considerations, and the arithmetical deduction is that the sovereign must speedily be worth only 6*s.* 8*d.*

Before that can be brought about the whole quantity of gold in the world must be affected. The estimate of M. Chevalier is that the total supply of gold to the European markets during the three centuries ending 1848, was of the value of 14,126,000,000 francs, or roughly 565,000,000*l.* If we assume that one-third of the total supply was annually wasted in all the operations of the arts, the wear and tear of coin, &c., &c., we shall roughly conclude that the whole quantity of gold in existence at the time of the new discoveries, and to be affected by them was 377,000,000*l.* To obtain an equal quantity from the new sources, at the present rate of supply, will require about eleven years. But, subtracting one-third for waste, we may assume that the whole quantity of gold in the world, to be employed as money, will be doubled in

about sixteen years. If we look only at the figures we shall be constrained to conclude that, in something more than twenty years, one-fifth of which is already gone, a bushel of wheat and a sovereign will about exchange for each other.

We cannot adopt Mr. M'Culloch's conclusion, that it will take a long period to bring about this change, if it is to come at all; for not only is the new supply relatively much greater than the new supply obtained on the first discovery of America, but the facility of communication is now so great, the precious metals are so readily diffused over the world, that if the depreciation is to be in proportion to the quantity, the chief foundation of the arguments of M. Chevalier, and of all the expectants of a great depreciation, the short time above indicated will be sufficient to bring about the result. The other consideration Mr. M'Culloch refers to, 'the vastly increased field for the employment of gold and silver,' must be relied on, if anything can be, to counteract the effects of the new discoveries.

M. Leon Faucher remarks, though not with strict truth, yet sufficient to indicate the source of a just hope that the value of the gold will not fall so rapidly and excessively as the quantity would suggest; that the washings of the Altai, California, and Australia, during a quarter of a century, would be required to produce a sum equal to the annual revenue (income) of England alone. M. Chevalier, too, observes, 'that vast as the whole sum of gold in the world is, it sinks into insignificance when contrasted with the aggregate product of other branches of human industry.' The chief use of the gold is as an instrument for measuring the value of other commodities, and for circulating them. If, therefore, they should be increasing as fast as the supplies of gold, little or no alteration may take place in its value; and the real thing to be ascertained, with a view to form correct conclusions as to the future value of gold, is the relation between the annual production of all other wealth, and the annual quantity of gold brought to market. Neither government statistics nor mercantile circulars inform us what that relation will be.

We have already stated some facts, to show that there was a great want of gold in the world. At present there is nowhere a great and a destructive war. At the period of the discovery of America the mass of the people of Europe were yet in the condition of serfs; industry, from being united with serfdom, was dishonoured; literature was just struggling into distinction; and the world, rather filled with men-at-arms than peaceful citizens, only honoured warriors, and was continually engaged in war. Now serfdom is extinguished nearly throughout Europe; industry is everywhere, but particularly in the United States and in

England honoured ; not only is war for the moment at an end, but the passions which lead to it seem to be dying out, and the general desire of all the industrious classes, now becoming throughout the world the most numerous and the most influential, is, that peace may be preserved. Wealth is everywhere sought by honest exertions. Ours is the age of steamboats, power-looms, gaslights, railroads, and telegraphs—the age of industry lightened, ennobled, and led on her path by the hand of genius,—the age of wealth created by skilful mental combinations, not crushed out of the bones of slaves,—and more admired for its origin than for its own sake.

What might have been the number of people in the world at the time of the discovery of America it is impossible to say. At that period the population of England and Wales was estimated at about four millions; but in 1851, it amounted to very nearly eighteen millions. We may safely assume, that it had increased in the interval four-fold. We dare not say that all the other nations of the world have increased in equal proportion; we know they have not, and that England has very much outstripped most of them in relative greatness. At the same time, none of the nations that were then in existence have died out or been extirpated; and there is good reason to believe, though most of them have fallen behind us, that they have all made some, and even considerable, progress. This is certainly true of France, Germany, Russia, the other northern nations which have almost kept their position relative to England. Spain has certainly not declined in population, nor has Italy much, taken as a whole, though it no more attracts to itself the wealth of Christendom. We shall scarcely overrate the increase of population in Europe generally since the discovery of America, if we assume that it has doubled. Within the same period, America has come to possess, including the British colonies in the north, the Portuguese and Spanish settlements in the south, the north and the centre, and including the American islands, a large gold consuming population, not less than fifty-seven millions, unknown to it at the period of its discovery. Thus, whatever might have been the population of the world at that time, we are quite certain, both from facts and the theory of population, that the number of people in the civilized world is now very much increased.

It is sufficient to have merely glanced at the progress of our own population and of the population of the United States, and compared it with the progress of population in other countries, to be satisfied that the number of people has increased faster in latter than in earlier times. All the peaceful arts by which men are clothed and fed, have gone forward, and so has population in

an accelerated ratio. In the last fifty-one years the population of England and Wales has nearly doubled; about the period of the discovery of America it required two centuries to make an equal progress. The population of the United States has almost doubled in twenty years. Thus not only is the gold consuming population of the world very much larger than at the period of the discovery of America, but it is now increasing very much faster. Provided food can be obtained, the law of increase is an accelerating ratio; and the present predominance of the peaceful arts gives us a hopeful assurance that in the same ratio food is multiplying.

To estimate, however, the ratio of increase of population and wealth in the world is beyond our power, and we shall not, therefore, undertake to say whether it equal or exceed, or how much or how little it may fall short of the new supply of gold. The fact, however, of the rapid increase of population and wealth within the last few years, and of the rapid increase of both, at present cannot be doubted. Even if the increase should not be great enough to preserve nearly unchanged the relation between the general supply of commodities and the supply of gold, we cannot fail to admire the coincidence. At the very time when population and wealth are increasing with unexampled rapidity, when trade is extending, forcing its way to freedom, and stimulating mankind to renewed and peaceful exertions, then large additional supplies of gold are given to form the necessary currency for a more numerous and a more wealthy population.

The contrast between the general pursuits of mankind, now, when the great majority are peaceful, industrious, and intelligent, when the fighting is left to the few the restless, and the stolid, and as they were, when the majority, as at the period of the discovery of America, were armed warriors and degraded serfs, vitiates all the arguments drawn, from what happened to the money of Europe in consequence of that discovery, to show what is likely to happen now. Most of the writers on the subject of the coinage have no other reason for now expecting a depreciation in the value of gold, than the depreciation which ensued then. Of that general contrast there is one feature which especially concerns the subject we are treating of, we mean the contrast between the manner in which gold is now and was then obtained. In California and Australia it is got by free labour, and is almost exclusively the wages of labour. The bulk of the precious metals brought from America was in the first instance, and for many years, the fruit of robbery and wrong. The Cortez's and Pizarro's of that day did not rank much above the Pirate-kings of an earlier age. They obtained their

gold by plundering people and priests, kings and temples, and they forced the wretched beings whom they conquered to work in the mines, where they perished by thousands and perhaps millions, to produce the gold and silver which overwhelmed Europe. In Mexico and Peru a similar kind of oppression of the Indians is continued to this day. The real getters of the gold are not allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour. A similar fact holds good of the gold obtained from Russia, which is gathered or collected by criminals. In general, till now, the precious metals have been obtained by forced and slave labour. We refer to the distinction for a scientific purpose, not merely from sentiment, though our sympathies are rarely at variance with correct science. The former are, indeed, so all-powerful in determining the course of society, that the science which appears to contradict them is not only to be mistrusted as *prima facie* incorrect, but never can be influential, and is to be discarded as worthless.

The mode of getting the gold both in California and in Australia is the very reverse of the mode by which the gold was got in America. It is gained by labour not under the direction of masters, and without the intervention of capital. Civilized man is thus again placed as it were under the primeval laws of nature, which bestows on labour all its produce, similar to the savage who snares game or spears fish for his subsistence, which he cooks and eats as he seizes it. The "Diggers," independent of capitalists in an extraordinary manner, considering the general relations of society, and little liable to the multiplied exactions of government, acquire, possess, and enjoy the produce of their own mere manual toil. Those who dig and find the gold have it, and when brought into the market of the world, their labour—happily by the richness of the natural reward estimated at a high price,—must be paid for by other men. At the first blush it would seem as if the cost of production of gold in California and Australia were reduced by the facility of finding it, in proportion, quite as much as its quantity is enlarged. But in relation to the supply of the precious metals from other sources, and to the price which must be given for them in the market, this is not the case. The diggers must be largely paid; the slaves got little or nothing. Another class or another agent is now brought into the operation. A free man has taken the place of a captive, and his labour is and must be richly rewarded. For other men or general society to have this new gold, they must pay a large price for it. The cost of production, determining its exchangeable value, will not be so little as at first blush it seems.

Light comes, light goes, and the produce of rapine, including

gold and silver, is speedily distributed, not measuring its value by the toils, the sweat, the miseries of the slaves, but by the comparatively easy physical labour of the masters. As they compete with one another, exercising force to compel exertions, and as they lose by misadventures and by mistaken enterprises, their labour becomes a measure of cost, and their slaves produce mingled with their own toil finds its level in the general markets. This has been the course with almost all other things as well as the precious metals. The misadventures of those who are engaged in production are always shared by consumers. A defective season, or the loss of a West India fleet, raises the selling price of sugar. The mismanagement of the Mexican government, and the carelessness or the profligacy of the many mine-owners allowing their mines to fall to ruin, led, in the early part of the century, to deficient supplies of silver, and to an enhancement of its price. The cost of the production of the precious metals in Australia and California must not be measured by the extraordinary success of one or two individuals, but by the labour of all the persons engaged in procuring them. The demand for them may be fairly described at present as unlimited, and therefore society at large, or the consumers, will have to pay the whole cost of the production of all the quantity that society requires. The great fact of all these new supplies being obtained by the labour of free men, while society is obliged to pay the whole cost of the production, including the misadventures as well as the successes, in order to have the supply, is of great scientific importance. Cheap as the gold may be to a few lucky finders, the cost of its production will be on the whole proportionably greater than the cost of the production of the existing and plundered precious metals that were obtained for three centuries from Mexico and Peru. On this principle the fall in the exchangeable value of gold obtained from California and Australia will not be equal to the fall in the exchangeable value of the precious metals in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

That the new gold is obtained by free labour, at first hand, is of great importance in another point of view. It supplies a new measure for the reward of labour, and coming into use in California and Australia, on which the eyes of mankind are fixed, and from which a knowledge of facts as well as their gold are rapidly diffused over the world, will soon influence the reward of labour in many other countries. Already we read of Chinese and Peruvian labourers returning to their own countries with "ounces" of gold. A stream of Hindoo coolies is flowing and ebbing between our sugar colonies and the plains of Hindostan.

It has began to flow into Australia, and will soon flow back. The rewards not of European labour which were small enough, though much superior to the rewards of the coolies and the Chinese, but of labour in California and Australia, seem likely to become the standard and enlarge the rewards of labour throughout the whole continent of Asia. Already the gold discoveries have had a very considerable influence over the wages in the cities on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, in every part of England and Ireland, and some influence in France, Germany, and perhaps in every part of Europe. The emancipation of the serfs throughout Europe was brought about in a great measure by the extension of trade, after the discovery of America, which made feudal landowners substitute foreign luxuries for trains of armed attendants, and we infer that the present rise of wages and improved standard for the payment of labour, are only the beginning of a very great and permanent improvement in the condition universally of the labouring classes.

Cheering as this prospect is for humanity, it will not be without great influence over the future value of gold. Whatever change may ensue in the relative condition of different classes—displeasing perhaps as some may find it, no longer to be in possession of exclusive privileges and enjoyments, the fact of the condition of all the labouring multitudes being improved will cause a wonderful increase in the demand for precious metals. Even if it should be deemed chimerical to conjecture that the bulk of the labourers throughout Europe and Asia should become gold consumers, so that every man shall have a piece of gold in his pocket, or gold ornaments, if he please, on his person—it is no conjecture, the fact lies close at hand—it is certain that these gold discoveries and the improvement in the condition of the labouring classes will very much increase the number and wealth of small capitalists, merchants, retail-traders, and others who immediately deal with the labourer, and by their means alone a great additional demand for gold will ensue. When a great depreciation of gold is predicted, facts like these may be referred to, and contradictory predictions hazarded, such as that all the new gold will very speedily be absorbed by a very large increase in the number of gold consumers. The probabilities seem as great that the new supply will be insufficient for the wants of commerce, as that it will be too abundant.

It is at least quite evident, that there are two sides to this great question, and that the details on which we have to frame our general conclusions are very numerous and complex, like all the affairs of society, mingled moral and material, the most

ethereal of motives, and the most palpable of statistical facts. To dogmatise on it when it wholly concerns the future, to judge of which the only precedent we have in the past is, as we have shown, a very imperfect guide, becomes no man. Our usual modes of reasoning about political affairs to which, from governments undertaking to coin and regulate money, this great question seems to belong, separated and restricted as mankind is, into nations, impart narrow views to all our minds, beyond which we must expand them to get a glimpse of the probable future. The almost universal use of the precious metals as money, obviously takes this question out of the category of ordinary national politics, and even out of the domain of *political* economy; as the science of wealth has been most unworthily circumscribed by modern writers, and places it in the science or natural history of society. The chief money of England is gold, of France both gold and silver; the chief money of Holland is silver alone; but bullion—the precious metals of which the money of all these States is made—is the money of the world. We can only come to an approximation, therefore, as to what will be the effect of the gold discoveries on what is called our standard of value, and on our monetary system, by ascertaining what will be their effect on the *value* of bullion throughout society. Whatever may be the material facts on which the estimate of exchangeable value is based, that is always an estimate of many and of conflicting or higgling minds, uniform as in most instances it comes to be. Those who pretend off-hand by a mere reference to the quantities of the precious metals at different periods, which are as often guessed at as ascertained, are hasty and imperfect generalizers who are to be mistrusted.

A long and an intense study might enable an individual to form a rational conclusion, but he must take a wide survey of facts of very different classes, and some must be included which yet lie in the future. The question is not ripe for a satisfactory solution, though some writers have hastily given one; and some governments have still more hastily acted. We must content ourselves with stating,—but this we must state very positively,—that all the phenomena—such as the growth of trade throughout the world, in past times as well as at present, the gold discoveries and the equal value nearly which men everywhere affix to bullion—show that the subject belongs much more to the natural than the political history of society. Governments do not determine the progress of population, the extension of trade, the value of gold, the rewards of labour, and must not fancy therefore that, by some petty regulations about coinage, they can have any great influence over the consequences of these great disco-

veries. They lie beyond the scope of all ordinary legislation, though it will have to model its proceedings by them. In that fact lies for us a very strong additional reason for renewing emphatically our warning against hasty conclusions, which are sure to excite governments to undertake hasty and injurious measures.

The two modes in which the gold discoveries will most immediately, it is supposed, affect the community, are by raising prices and lowering the rate of interest. Neither of those effects has yet become palpable, but there is undoubtedly a general and a strong conviction that they will take place. Most of the foregoing observations have tended to prove that the former is, to some extent, at least, a mistake. The finding of such a large supply of gold must have an effect either in keeping the prices of commodities high, which have been for years past all tending downwards, or in raising them beyond their late and present level, but we are not prepared to say to what degree, and in what lapse of time, either of these effects may become clearly demonstrated. Our present conviction, from the experience we have already had, is, that the effects of these discoveries on the prices of commodities will neither be very sudden nor very great; nor such, if the effects of the discoveries be not recklessly and ruthlessly interfered with, as to cause to any class or condition of men great inconvenience.

With respect to the rate of interest, that obviously depends on the quantity of capital, which is very often only another name for credit, or a right to receive future produce, and on the number of willing and respectable borrowers who have some property of their own, and hope by borrowing to gain by the loan. All loans for mere purposes of expenditure, whether contracted by individuals or by governments, may be put out of view, for whatever may be their temporary effects, the rate of interest will always be determined by the quantity of capital to be loaned, and by the number of willing borrowers, who borrow to carry on enterprises, expecting to repay the loan with interest, and obtain a profit to themselves. Now, the quantity of gold discovered recently is, undoubtedly, an addition to capital, but taking that word in its wide signification of commodities and credit to be loaned, the gold is so small an addition to the mighty sum as to deserve almost to be described as infinitesimal. At the same time, it calls into action a great deal of new enterprise, and multiplies the number of willing borrowers. How far one effect may neutralise or surpass the other, either temporarily or permanently, we will not pretend to say. It is the opinion of the writer of the city article in the *Times*, which we are glad to see, because that journal has generally sided with those who

look for a depreciation, that 'it is a fallacy that the gold discoveries are to have some wonderful effect on the rate of interest. Inasmuch, however, as the only alteration they can produce in that respect, will be by opening up new countries so as to increase the profits of commerce, and render the use of capital more valuable, whatever influences they may exert must be in a directly opposite direction.* If they are not to lower the rate of interest they may not lower prices.

The decline in the rate of interest, which may be said to have taken place generally in Europe since the first discovery of America, has obviously no connexion with the supplies of the precious metals, but is exclusively due to other causes, such as the greater security of property, the greater accumulation of capital, the restrictions on enterprise, and the increase of confidence. On this subject we are deceived by our words, and because we speak of the interest of money, the mere instrument for making exchanges, or the mere measure of value, we confound money with capital, and infer a great change in the wealth measured from a little change in the measure. The greater or less supply of gold, which is pretty equally diffused throughout Europe and America, and has been for many years past, has very little influence over the rate of interest, which has varied in the mean time at different periods and in different countries, between $11\frac{1}{2}$ and 12, or more per cent. What the general public has to regard is the average or usual rate of interest, and over that the new gold will exercise only an unimportant and temporary influence.

It may be some consolation, too, for apprehensive minds, to remember that the greatest effects anticipated over prices by the gold discoveries, have been equalled or surpassed in the ordinary progress of society where no such discoveries have taken place. We have seen in the short space of eleven years, between 1836 and 1847, the price of wheat, the main food of the people, vary between 36s. and 102s., or very nearly three-fold; and we have seen the price of cotton goods fall to less than one-tenth of what we recollect it to have been. Men of moderate age have seen Consols at 57 and 101; they have seen the average rate of interest vary between 6 and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. here in England; greater changes these than the most sanguine or the most timid anticipate from the gold discoveries. There is nothing in them therefore reasonably to excite alarm, or to call for any action of any government; and we deprecate very much hasty conclusions, and still more we deprecate a demand for hasty legislation.

Government cannot be too careful in abstaining from inter-

* *Times*, April 10. .

fering with those parts of society which grow, like all that concerns value and exchange, from great natural laws. To meet the present contingency most effectually, and prevent derangements in currencies from so large an increase of gold, they must encourage enterprise which they can only effect by giving freedom to industry. They are not, in general, likely to adopt this advice, but our own government has set a good example, which is recommended, though we fear in vain, by great prosperity, to their imitation. A great increase of trade, of business, and of wealth, requires a large increase in the quantity of money. Besides removing impediments to prosperity, governments should remove all limitations to the use of the precious metals. Our own government and the government of France places no limitation on the use of gold, and our government is even at the expense of coining it for general use. The government of France, too, places no limitation on the use of silver; our government does; and now it begins to feel alarm at the probable alteration in the relative value of the two precious metals. If it may, for purposes of policy that seem very ill understood, impose a heavy seignorage on silver to keep it, as it supposes, at a specific value—though, whether the metal changes in value, or all other things change in value, the result is the same—and keep it in circulation, why may it not do the same for gold, and try to make a seignorage keep pace with the expected decreasing value, as far as that can be ascertained, of the metal? To us, however, all such interference with the precious metals, when used as coin, seems to proceed on an erroneous principle; and just now the increasing supplies of both gold and silver, in a ratio unknown to the most enlightened statistician, but in vast quantities, warn them very emphatically to merely testify the weight and pureness of their coins, and leave the value and the use to be determined by the laws of trade.

The government of Holland—the first to take alarm—more than a year ago, prohibited the use of gold as a legal money, and adopted only silver, thus doing all in its little power to aggravate the evil, if any, which is to ensue from an abundance of gold. The East India Company has taken the same course, and prohibited the payment of taxes in gold mohurs, which began to be used, showing the extension already of the use of gold in India. What quantity of the precious metal might be absorbed by the many millions of people in that vast region, cannot be conjectured; but a very small step forward in civilization, making a gold currency desirable, and bringing it into use amongst them, might exhaust all the supplies of California. The Asiatics, generally, are fond of gold ornaments; and the government

which increased their freedom, and ceased to prohibit the use of gold as a legal currency, would increase very much the consumption of that metal, and relieve Europe of a surplus. The vast and continual imports of silver into that country would cease, and imports of gold would be substituted. Were other governments to remove their restrictions from the use of the precious metals, they would be more equally diffused than at present, and would be diffused according to the demands of commerce, and not according to the different and varying caprices of different rulers. Though it is too much to hope that any government will act on cosmopolitan rather than national views, and, above all, too much to hope that the East India Company—a trading corporation entrusted with the government of a great empire—should act on such views; yet we not only hope, we expect, we demand from every government, that it should do justice to all its subjects, and should lay no restrictions on their trade, their industry, or their use of the precious metals, whether for ornament or as money. What justice requires at the hands of the India Company, and at the hands of every government, looking only to its own subjects, is precisely the policy which, with respect to the most extensive use possible of the largely increased supplies of the precious metals, would be most advantageous for all nations. The newly-discovered gold, like most other events in modern times, is a forcible argument in favour of perfectly free trade, and requires that its principles be extended to the precious metals, as well as all other commodities.

ART. IX.—*White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States during the Visit of their Guest (Kossuth).* By FRANCIS and THERESA PULSZKY. 3 vols. London: Trübner and Co. 1853.

AMERICA has been written about, and written about, till we have a perfect library of volumes treating of American society and its peculiarities. Yet the subject is far from being exhausted. There is, in particular, one quite new point of view from which America is only now beginning to be regarded, and from which it presents aspects not yet familiar even to those who are best acquainted with its social statistics.

Hitherto that which has most interested the rest of the world in the great transatlantic republic has been its history as a part of the earth disconnected from the other and older parts, a theatre

where an independent civilization has sprung up under new and remarkable conditions. At the time when Franklin and Washington were born, there were, perhaps, not more than half a million of individuals in the British colonies of America; and now the community formed by that half million and their immediate descendants, has swelled into a vast nation of twenty millions, possessing a continent over which its energies may expatiate for generations to come, organized on a basis of political arrangements such as the world has never seen before, and pervaded throughout its entire mass by sentiments, customs, and institutions, developed, it is true, out of germs taken from old Europe, but developed with a very extraordinary difference. To describe the constitution of this youngest addition to the great family of nations, to trace the successive steps by which it has become what it is, and to derive from its example hints for the instruction of older societies, have already been the laudable aims of many European writers and political theorists. But the world is beginning to be struck with an entirely new idea in reference to America. It begins to be felt that this reservoir, which has been gradually filling, has now reached such a point of fulness that it is very likely to run over. It begins to be felt that this great accumulation of the race on a new theatre, and under new conditions, has not been going on for nothing; that it is not any longer as a mere *spectacle* that America claims the interest of the cisatlantic nations; but that, having served long enough as a passive illustration of the working of certain principles and forms of government, she is rousing herself even now for a work of aggression and propagandism. For the America of to-day is not the America of Washington and Jefferson; nor can the maxims of these men serve any longer as the adequate breath and inspiration of so vast a body-politic. The America for which they lived and laboured was a mere strip of coast, separated by a voyage of six weeks from an old world, from which it had been politically cut adrift; the America of to-day has that preponderance assured to it in the general affairs of the world, which belongs to the virtual proprietorship of an entire continent. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that what America can do in the world at present, is limited only by what she herself chooses to attempt. Not what lessons the nations may spontaneously learn from America, but what lessons America will be apt to teach the nations whether they care to learn them or not—this is now the question; this is the new point of view from which America must be looked at.

Among the things which have awakened the attention of speculative politicians to this new view of the place and duty of

America in the general affairs of the earth, the most important by far has been Kossuth's trip across the Atlantic. The very purpose of the visit of the great Hungarian was to expound to America more clearly than she could do herself, her place and mission among the contemporary nations. Nor can this question be more appropriately discussed than in connexion with a book written by two of Kossuth's personal friends, who accompanied him on his visit, and whose impressions of American society were determined in the main by this very idea of what America could do if she were to let herself loose among the nations as a force of change and rectification. In the volumes before us, it is true, there are sketches of American society in various other aspects, and even criticisms of American manners and customs, as they appeared to minds capable of judging them by the highest standard of European refinement; but, on the whole, the matter of the volumes, and certainly their greatest merit, consists, not in social criticisms for the behoof of America itself, but in what is suggested and implied as to the function of America in a cosmopolitical point of view. It is to this part of the subject that Mr. Pulszky chiefly addresses himself in the portions of the book to which he lays claim; the less disquisitional portions, containing what may be called the gossip of Kossuth's progress through America, and the cursory delineations of American manners as they attracted the remark of the Hungarian visitors, come more appropriately from the pen of Madame Pulszky. What with the disquisition, and what with the gossip, the work is one of very great interest.

The first thing to be attended to, in a theoretical study of the civilization and destinies of any people, is the nature of the geographical theatre which they occupy or over which they are to expatiate; and we have very rarely seen a more admirable example of geographical description than in the following physical survey of North America, quoted by Mr. Pulszky from a native American authority, Colonel Gilpin. Let the reader observe particularly the closing portion of it, in which the geography of North America is contrasted with that of the continents of the Old World.

'The chain of the Andes, debouching north from the Isthmus, opens like the letter Y, into two primary chains, or Cordilleras. On the right the Sierra Madre (Rocky Mountains), with their *Piedmont*, the Black Hills, which mask the front of the Sierra, trending along the coast of the Mexican Gulf, divides the Northern Continent almost centrally, forming an unbroken water-shed to Behring's Straits. On the left the Andes follow the coast of the Pacific, warp around the

Gulf of California, and, passing along the coast of California and Oregon, under the name of Sierra Nevada, terminate also near Behring Straits. The immense interval between these chains is a succession of intramontane basins, and forms the great platform of the table-lands, being a longitudinal section about two-sevenths of the whole area between the two oceans, but walled from both, and having but three outlets for its waters, the Rio Grande, the Colorado, and Columbia. Columnar basalt forms the basement of this whole region, and volcanic action is everywhere prominent. Its general level is about 6000 feet above the sea. Rain seldom falls, and timber is rare. The ranges of mountains which separate the basins are often rugged and capped with perpetual snow, whilst isolated masses of great height elevate themselves from the plains.—Such is the region of the table-lands; beyond these is the maritime region, for the great wall of the Andes, receding from the beach of the Pacific, leaves between itself and the sea a half valley, as it were, forming the seaboard slope, across which descends to the sea a series of fine rivers, like the little streams descending from the Alleghanies to the Atlantic. This resembles and balances the maritime slope of the Atlantic side of the continent, from the Alleghanies to the sea; it is of the highest agricultural excellence, basaltic in formation, and grand beyond the powers of description, the snowy points of the Andes being everywhere visible from the sea, whilst its climate is entirely exempt from the frosts of winter.—Such, and so grand, is our continent towards the Pacific. Let us turn our glance towards the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans, and scan the geography in front. *Four* great valleys appear, each one drained by a river of first magnitude. First, the Mississippi valley, greatest in magnitude, and embracing the heart and splendour of the continent, gathers the waters of 1,500,000 square miles, and sheds them into the Gulf of Mexico; second, the St. Lawrence, whose river flows into the North Atlantic; third, the Nelson and Severn Rivers into the Hudson's Bay; and fourth, the great valley of the MacKenzie River, rushing north into the Hyperborean Sea. These valleys, everywhere calcareous, have a uniform surface, gently rolling, but destitute of mountains, and pass into one another by dividing ridges, which distribute their own waters into each valley, but whose superior elevation is only distinguishable among the general undulations by the water-sheds they form. Around the whole continent, leaving a comparatively narrow slope towards the oceans, runs a rim of mountains, giving the idea of a vast amphitheatre. Through this rim penetrate, towards the south-east and north, the above great rivers only, forming at their débouchés the natural doors of the interior; but no stream penetrates west, through the Sierra Madre, which forms an unbroken water-shed from the Isthmus to Behring Straits.

‘Thus we find more than three-fifths of our continent to consist of a limitless plain, intersected by countless navigable streams, flowing everywhere from the circumference towards common centres grouped in close proximity, and only divided by what connects them into one

homogeneous plan. To the American people, then, belongs this vast interior space, covered, over its uniform surface of 2,300,000 square miles with the richest calcareous soil, touching the snows towards the north, and the torrid heats towards the south, bound together by an infinite internal navigation, of a temperate climate, and constituting in the whole the most magnificent dwelling-place marked out by God for man's abode.

'There we perceive in the formation of the Atlantic part of the American Continent, a sublime simplicity, a complete economy of arrangement singular to itself, and the reverse of what distinguishes the ancient world. To understand this, let us compare them.

'Europe, the smallest of the grand divisions of the land, contains in its centre the icy masses of the Alps; from around their declivities radiate the large rivers of that continent, the Danube directly east to the Euxine, the Po south-east to the Adriatic, the Rhone south-west to the Mediterranean, the Rhine to the Northern Ocean. Walled off by the Pyrenees, and Carpathians, and the Ural, divergent and isolated are the Tagus, the Elbe, the Vistula, the Don, and Volga, and other single rivers, affluents of the Baltic, of the Atlantic, of the Mediterranean, and of the Euxine. Descending from common radiant points, and diverging every way from one another, no inter-communication exists between the rivers of Europe; navigation is petty and feeble, nor have art and commerce, during many centuries, united so many small valleys, remotely isolated by impenetrable barriers. Hence upon each river dwells a distinct people, different from all the rest in race, language, habits, and interests. Though often politically amalgamated by conquest, they again relapse into fragments from innate geographical incoherence. The history of these nations is a story of perpetual war.

'Exactly similar to Europe, though grander in size and populations, is Asia. From the stupendous central barrier of the Himalaya and the table-land of Tartary run the great rivers of China, the Blue and the Yellow, due east to discharge themselves beneath the rising sun; towards the south run the rivers of India, the Indus and Ganges, with their tributaries; towards the west, the Oxus and Jaxartes; and north to the Arctic Seas, the four great rivers of Siberia. During fifty centuries, as now, the Alps and the Hindukush have proved inseparable barriers to the amalgamation of nations around their bases, and dwelling in the valleys which radiate from their slopes. The continent of Africa, as far as we know the details of its surface, is even more than these split into disjointed fragments.

'Thus the continents of the Old World resemble a bowl placed bottom upwards, which scatters everything poured upon it, whilst Northern America, right side up, receives and gathers towards its centre whatever falls within its rim.'

There is a stroke of Yankee genius in this comparison of the North American continent to a bowl right side up, which re-

first place in virtue of its general superiority in all respects; five from England, to represent the 'practical sagacity' of our countrymen; four from Italy, that the 'admirable æsthetic spontaneity' of the Italians might have its part in the evolution; three from Germany, as the native country of the 'generalizing tendency;' and two from Spain, as the land of 'personal dignity and catholicity of spirit.' We sadly fear that, even at the time when this scheme of a pentarchy of the west was propounded, a due consideration of Russia and eastern Europe, not to speak of the interests of the Scandinavian north, would have sufficed to knock it on the head. But, in any case, the appearance in the other hemisphere of such a phenomenon as the American Republic, would rob the Pentarchy of aught like cosmopolitical precedence. *There* a power is forming itself, by the other process of physical fusion, involving all the tendencies of race (with the single exception, perhaps, of the 'admirable æsthetic spontaneity' accorded to the Italians), which it would be the office of the Pentarchy to adjust and co-ordinate by clever cogitation. And thus there would be a rivalry of method between the two hemispheres. In the American hemisphere, where divers elements are in process of union to form one body politic, the watchword of civilization would be 'Annex, intermarry, and speak English;' in the old hemisphere, cut up as it is into obdurate national masses, the watchword would continue to be, 'Fight each other as there is necessity, and co-operate as well as you can.' An Occidental Pentarchy in Europe would be but a cluster of separate nationalities, menaced by Russian Pan Slavism* on the one hand, and taunted by American Pan-ethnicism on the other; while between Russia and America would lie the expanse of motley and incorrigible Asia.

Not only, however, is the American people an amalgam of a great variety of races and nations; it is an amalgam, moreover, of what may be called the ejected and expelled of those nations. This is a very important fact. America was colonized originally, and is being colonized still, not by the normal representatives of the various nations of the old world, but by men representing whatever these nations have produced extreme in sentiment, in character, or in systematic creed. Who were the first colonists of America? The Puritans and other sectaries of England, including the Quakers; the cadets of royalist houses during the civil wars; the most daring adventurers among the Spaniards; the most restless of French adventurers, including Jesuit missionaries. America, at the very first, was the refuge for whatever was either intellectually or morally extreme in the society of Europe—the most noble conscientiousness, the most reckless

blackguardism. And who have been the immigrants into America since? Still sectarians and refugees—Protestants too Protestant for home, such as Huguenots from France, and Moravians, Dunkers, Mennonites, and Schwenkfeldians from Germany; Catholics persecuted on the other hand for their ultra-Catholicism; Irishmen, full of fury against Great Britain; exiles of all lands flying from the pains of despotism. American society is thus an amalgamation of the extreme opinions, the extreme *isms* of Europe, whether in religion, in character, or in politics. All that Europe has rejected as too advanced for it, or as anomalous in it—this is the very material with which American civilization has set out in its operations, and which it is its business to harmonize and to work up. The statistics of religion in America are especially curious under this head. In the whole Union, according to Mr. Pulszky, there are upwards of 36,000 places of worship, belonging to the leading religious sects in the following proportions:—first, the Methodists, the most active sect in the United States, who, from having only 83 ministers in the year 1784, have increased so as now to have 6000 regular and 8000 local preachers, these representing, as we may suppose, about 13,000 churches; next, the Baptists, who, from having 900 ministers and 1150 churches in 1790, have now 8000 ministers and 13,500 churches; next, the Presbyterians, holding about 5960 churches; next, the Congregationalists, or faithful representatives of the original Puritans, holding about 2000 churches, of which 1400 are in New England; next, the Episcopalians, with about 1550 churches, chiefly in the larger cities; next, the Roman Catholics, with 1073 churches; and lastly, the Unitarians, chiefly in New England, with 300 churches. These statistics do not fairly represent the numerical proportions of the various sects in the population,—the Roman Catholics, for example, being estimated at a higher figure than the number of their churches would indicate, namely, at upwards of two millions. But it is clear from the above statistics that America differs from all other countries in this, that, while it offers a refuge to all creeds, it is, *par excellence*, the home of the extreme forms of the prevailing cis-Atlantic creeds. The broken-off tips, as it were, of the leading European creeds have taken root there, and shot up and spread so as to become the creeds of large masses; while again, out of these very creeds, new creeds with all kinds of names are budding and sprouting. The far west, especially, is said to be rife in new forms of belief and fanaticism.

Whatever the materials of which the nationality of the United States is composed, the mechanism, at all events, by which these materials have been and are being nationalised, the system of

political forms from which they have taken their impress, is of Anglo-Saxon origin—the admirable device of those practical Anglo-Saxon heads who had the business of making a constitution for America, after the War of Independence. Mr. Pulszky makes some very acute and suggestive remarks on the difference between this constitution and our cis-Atlantic forms of government, whether the parliamentary government of England, or the centralised monarchy of the continental countries.

‘When, during and since the great French Revolution, constitutions were devised for the different nations of Europe, they were always shaped, or at least said to be shaped, according to the English model, though it is fully understood that the English aristocracy is peculiar to the English, and that this institution, and the aristocratic spirit and legislature in respect to landed property, does not, and cannot exist anywhere on the continent. The study of public law has, by this means, become very much abridged, and the word constitution got a quite conventional meaning amongst the journalists, and professional politicians—viz., a combination of a King and a Parliament consisting of Peers and Commons.

‘The result of this combination in England was, that the Crown in conjunction with the Parliament destroyed, little by little, the municipal life, and introduced the uniformity of centralisation; that on the other side, the Parliament, backed by the masses, curtailed the traditional prerogative of the Crown, until at length *parliamentary omnipotence* was established, the representatives of a portion of the nation and the hereditary peers, exercising the most unlimited legislative power, leaving for the Crown but the theoretical right of the veto, the choice of the ministry from amongst one of the two aristocratic parties of the Parliament, and the dissolution of the latter. Towards the nation, Parliament is yet less checked. The member has, in fact, to give a palatable speech to his constituency before his election—but, generally speaking, he has not much to care for the opinion of the electors. He can absent himself at every important occasion, and he may vote against the wishes of his constituents, for he cannot be called to account; not to mention the inequality of the constituencies, which are so arranged as to give in every case a large majority of the seats in the House of Commons to the aristocracy of the country. Theoretically, it is a very illogical constitution, but practically, it works reasonably enough, because it does not obstruct the development of the nation, whose mind is sound, and whose character is sober and moral; and therefore, even the faults of the constitution become of value, as there is always something to be mended, and the great community can rejoice every year that their matchless constitution has again been improved.

‘For the Continent, the combination of King, Peers, and Commons, has a somewhat different meaning, according to the notions even of the English liberal newspapers and statesmen. In England, it means

parliamentary omnipotence; on the Continent, merely the omnipotence of the Crown, under the screen of legislative forms. In England, the government must retire, if defeated in the Commons after the appeal to the people by a dissolution, and the Crown must take its advisers from the opposition. On the Continent, on the contrary, the Commons must submit after a dissolution, lest the Crown declares that 'it is impossible to go on with this constitution,' and abolishes it altogether, rather than give up an unpopular minister or measure. The philosophy of English constitutionalism is evidently that the government and the majority of Parliament must be of the same principles; if there arises a difference of opinions between them, the one of the two must yield, otherwise it would be impossible to avoid either a revolution or a *coup d'état*.

'According to this theory, all the European journals predicted the French catastrophe long before it happened. The constitution of 1848 was criticised most severely for establishing two supreme powers—one legislative, the other executive—both responsible to the people, but neither of them so far superior to the other as to have the means of forcing the other to give way. . . . It was but a few days after the arrival of the tidings about the 2nd of December, that I came to Washington, under the impression of the *coup d'état*, and of all the previous diatribes on the inevitable consequences of a collision between the executive power and the Legislative Assembly, which, in all the papers of Europe, preceded the tragedy of Paris. But when I inquired about the constitution of the land and the party statistics in Washington, I found, to my great astonishment, two supreme powers established, both issuing from the universal suffrage of the nation—the executive and the legislative—the President not having the power of dissolving the Congress; and actually, I found a Whig President, surrounded by a Whig ministry, whilst the Whigs were in a considerable minority in the Senate as well as in the Assembly, and yet nobody seemed to be afraid either of a revolution or of a *coup d'état*, or of a standstill of the administration. The reason is, that neither the President nor the Congress has anything to do with the government of the individual States, which govern themselves as sovereign States. The executive and Congress have but the general direction of the Union, not its government, in the European sense of the word. The President has no nomination, nor any share whatever in the election of the officials of any State, nor has the Congress the power to interfere with the way in which the administration and legislation of the individual States is going on.

'I saw at once the difference of the basis of the constitution in America and Europe: in America they do not know anything about parliamentary omnipotence; in Europe, nothing about the inviolability of municipal autonomy, developed in America as State rights. I had later often the opportunity to see how the constitution of the United States leaves perfect freedom to each State, and how this admirable arrangement suits the wants of a country whose climate, population,

and interests, are so much at variance, and which occupies the whole extent of a continent from 28 to 49 degrees north latitude. The freedom and sovereignty guaranteed by the constitution to the individual States, gives to the Union so sound and broad a basis, that all the alarm about its dissolution, which excites the people, at certain intervals, turns out to be void of any serious foundation. And yet this constitution was framed at a time when the Union comprised merely the eastern sea-shore States, and had scarcely extended over the Alleghanies! Even the boldest statesman amongst the framers of the constitution could not anticipate that their work was to be recognised as the organic law over the whole temperate zone of North America. There is something providential in this most important social arrangement.

‘Never did the Americans aim at a uniformity like the French, or even like the English; never at concentrating the legislative power in the Congress; each State’s legislature makes and unmakes the civil and criminal laws for the State. They contract debts and tax themselves as they please; they regulate their banking system and financial administration; they provide for the education. Each State has its own full sovereignty, with the exception of a few powers ceded to the general government. They gave up the right to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation with another State or foreign power, or engage in war, coin money, or lay duty on imports, exports, or tonnage. To pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility, to make a law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances; all these points are forbidden to each State, as well as to the Congress of the Union. The right of the people to bear arms cannot be infringed by Congress, and the trial by jury is secured to every person.’

Such being the geographical theatre on which the American nation has reared itself, such the materials of which it is composed, and such the general political form in which it is cast, what, it may be asked, are the actual and observed qualities in the result which make it most interesting in a cosmopolitical point of view?

First of all, then, the Americans *are* a nation; they display and are pervaded by a most intense spirit of nationality. No small nation of the old world—not the Swiss, not the Scotch before the Union, not the Danes, are possessed and animated in so extreme a degree by the pure sentiment of nationality as this large and highly-factitious nation of North America. True, the Union is divisible into four groups of states, presenting very marked differences from each other, as regards interests, social

condition and even physiognomy. First, there is the New England group of states—comprehending Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont—the land of the genuine Yankees, the hard-headed, laborious, dogmatic, shrewd, free, and enterprising descendants of the old Puritans. Next, there is the middle group of states—comprehending New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, and New Jersey—the seat of the great commercial interests, and of the more comprehensive political tendencies, of the Union. Then there is the southern group of states—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, the Carolinas and Delaware—the seat of slavery, and of aristocratic leisure and luxury, and the population of which, though less industrious, enterprising, and even intellectual than the New Englanders, are yet distinguished as having supplied the greatest number of statesmen to the Union. Lastly, there is the western group of states—including parts of Kentucky, Missouri, and Ohio, and the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa—the land of independent small farmers, the paradise of the agricultural immigrant, and the home of absolute democratic equality. But though these four groups of states have their distinguishing characteristics, and even their points of antagonism, in some cases exaggerated (as in the slavery-controversy between the south and the north) into threats of political disruption; yet, on the whole, the inhabitants of all the four have no deeper feeling than that which displays itself in the boast that they are Americans. The nationality of the Americans is, as we all know, proverbially offensive. There never was a nation on the earth so vain of its own merits, and so contemptuous of the merits of others. ‘Are we not a great nation, Sir?’ is their salutation to every foreign traveller in the states; and the common phrases of bombast put into the mouths of Americans in works of fiction, ‘We are an almighty fine people;’ ‘we can put the Atlantic in one pocket, and the Pacific in another, and reduce the universe to nowhere and a spot of grease,’ are hardly exaggerations of the actual slang with which the Americans regale their own sense of their national importance. Disagreeable in individuals, this national braggardism is formidable and respectable when viewed as characteristic of a people in the aggregate; and its possession by a people composed ethnographically of such heterogeneous elements is an illustration of Kossuth’s remark, that the *nation* of every man is not a certain fragment of population marked out for him by considerations of race or even of language, but the seat of those social forms under whose

influence his being has been developed. Even a black in America disclaims being an African, and says proudly, when he is asked to what country he belongs, 'I am an American.'

In the second place, the Americans are not only a nation, full to the brim of the consciousness of nationality; they are also entitled, according to any test or measure that can be applied to them, to rank high in the cosmopolitical scale. Tried by the numerical measure of population they are already on a par with Great Britain, and will soon leave it behind. Even Russia, with its fifty millions, must regard America as a full grown nation. Again, tried by the test of exports and imports—that is, of commercial necessity to the rest of the world—the United States hold a place with the first. Further, if we make military and naval prowess the test of cosmopolitical importance, America will still stand second to none. She has already, in the past, given sufficient proof of her capacities for fighting, both by sea and land; and, if it be not yet admitted that the Americans are superior to the English at sea, it is at least certain that the despotic powers of the old world would be more chary of insulting the star-spangled banner, than of insulting the flag of England. A Yankee captain, indeed, is notoriously the most terrible thing going; and chips of the American block generally, though they are recognised everywhere as the most braggart and irreverent of the sons of men, are recognised, also, as the most dangerous to be locked up or called in question for anything they say or do. Add to all this, the consideration that in all departments of intellectual labour, America is a leading nation. In art and literature, indeed, as well as in the higher walks of pure speculative science, America is yet behind England; though there is evidence, even now, that a spirit of more original effort in such things is at work among the Americans. But in the application of science to social uses, in industrial invention, and generally in such exercises of the intellect as give a country practical eminence among the nations of the world, they have already an acknowledged superiority. Among the machines for agricultural and other purposes sent to the Great Exhibition, those sent from America were the most useful; and Colt's pistol is but one example of an invention proceeding from America, and claiming instantly the attention of the whole world. Essentially the same thing, in reality, with this claim of America to high cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of her Colt's pistols, her improved ploughs, reaping machines, models of ships and the like, is her claim to cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of the fact, that she is already in possession of a great many conclusions on important social questions, which are, by

their very nature, interesting to all the world alike, and that she is at present the richest known field of experimentation, with a view to the elucidation of other social questions. The very thing that most of all gives a country cosmopolitical importance is its ability to furnish out of its own experience answers to the questions that chance at the moment to be of greatest social interest to other countries, or to exhibit going on within its bosom processes and experiments, the issue of which is not yet clear perhaps even to itself, but which are curious, novel, and suggestive in their nature. Russia, in this respect, is almost a blank on the map. It has a claim to cosmopolitical respect, because it is a formidable power of conquest, and because it supplies us with hemp and the like; but who ever looks to Russia for solutions of problems common to all parts of the world, or for brilliant social sights and suggestions? America, on the other hand, is like a black board on which something new is ever being chalked up, whether in the way of solution or of interrogation. For example, the entire political system of America is a practical solution of the great problem, everywhere important, of the reconciliation of local self-government with federation. The question of national defences without standing armies is also set in a new light to us by the militia system of America; while the question of a competence of a people to act on the aggressive, without standing armies, also receives light from the experience of America in volunteer enterprises. A hundred such examples might be given of points of great social interest, on which America may be said to have fully made up its mind, while the other nations are still only bungling in the dark. Lastly, what are such odd manifestations as the Spirit Rappings, the Mormonite outburst with its consequences, and all the other similar developments of American inquisitiveness or credulity, but chalkings, as it were, on the black board of the world for the other nations to look at? If it be the case, that humanity has not yet filled out its utmost constitutional limits, but that from age to age it is continually efflorescing into new manifestations which seem at first anomalies, but are in reality normal and natural, where shall we look for the last efflorescence, the freshest sprouts, but in that country where human nature is newest and most advanced?

The third remark we would make about the American nation, regarded from our present point of view, is that no nation of the world seems to combine such an incessant and universal disposition to political activity, with such a beggarly show of internal political questions whereon to gratify that disposition. The American nation combines more conspicuously than any other yet

known, extreme sociability, that is, an extreme anxiety on the part of individuals to concern themselves with the general politics of the state, with extreme individual freedom—that is, an extreme want of apparent necessity for any political activity at all. The ancient Athenians, in the days of their palmy democracy, were not characterized by greater political zeal and activity than the Americans. Every American is an active politician; every American, as a citizen, has an interest in public affairs, widening from the little circle of his own neighbourhood to the great area of the federal government. Hence a development among the Americans of all kinds of political aptitude—aptitude in business arrangements for a political purpose, in public speaking on political questions, and the like—unrivalled among any other modern people. Stump-oratory among the Americans is as necessary a part of their civilization as was the eloquence of popular assemblies among the Athenians. And yet, with all this political energy diffused among individuals, the field of disputed points over which political energy may range, might seem to be less important and extensive than in any of the older nations. In America, the great questions of civil liberty, of the sovereignty of the people, of a state church or no state church, of secular or ecclesiastical education—these, and all the other great questions of life or death, which are and for a long time will be the standing difficulties against which political energy in the older countries must dash and display itself, have been settled and extinguished. Even pauperism has hardly the rank of a great public question in a country where there is such indefinite room for an expansion of the population. With the exception of the single matter of Slavery, there seems to be no question in the *internal* politics of America of very great magnitude, as measured by a general human standard. In short, that general ‘Condition-of-America question,’ on which the politicians and people of the United States divide themselves into parties, seems, to eyes looking on from the outside, to be a mere aggregate of a great number of little questions of finance and the like, floating on the wave of passing circumstances. Yet, out of this most hopeless condition of things, as it might seem, for political activity, the Americans have contrived to raise a whirlwind and palaver, such as has hardly ever been seen even in a country agonized by questions of death, and life, and liberty. Nowhere does party-spirit run so high as in the United States, nowhere is political controversy carried on with greater virulence and more tremendous excitement. And who are the antagonistic forces in this political strife, the Bigendians and Little-endians of this enormous war of Lilliput? They are the *Whigs*

and the *Democrats*—in other words, the great struggle which tears the vitals of America is the difference of opinion subsisting between one party calling itself the *Democratic Party*, and another calling itself the *Democratic Whig Party*! It requires a microscope to see the confessed points of difference between these two parties, from whose respective ‘platforms,’ *i. e.*, declarations of principles with a view to the Presidential election for the year 1852, Mr. Pulszky gives us several pages of extract. ‘Comparing the two platforms,’ says Mr. Pulszky, ‘we do not become wiser as to the questions which divide the parties. One of them is for liberty and order, the other for order and liberty. One is liberal-conservative, the other is conservative-liberal. We see only that both are for the Presidency on behalf of their nominees, and for the government patronage for the party and party leaders.’ Mr. Pulszky adds one or two elucidations, from which it appears that the two parties hardly differ from each other at all on the propriety of making Slavery a question for political discussion, and that the only questions of internal politics which ostensibly divide them at present are these—the question of the tariff, the question of improvements on the Lakes and the Mississippi, and a question relating to the western settlements embodied in a bill called the Homestead Bill. Yet, though separated by such a small array of ostensible differences, the two parties carry in them quite different traditions and tendencies, which Mr. Pulszky thus expounds:—

‘Notwithstanding this similarity of the two platforms no fusion of the two parties is possible; each of them is held together by unwritten principles, understood by every American, though not published in the platform.

‘The object to which the Whigs aspire, for the individual States as well as for the Union, is *an aristocracy* in the literal sense of the word—the government of the best, with the aim of taking the lead of the people; a government, therefore, which has the intention and the means to do good. Their principal aim is to enrich the nation, to make her industry independent of Europe, to develop the resources of the country—not to extend its territory. As a rule, they do not court the masses, but they endeavour to raise the standard of their morals and of their education. They do not object to higher taxation for the construction of canals and railways by the individual States; they advocate the protection of American steam navigation by premiums, of their fisheries by bounties, of their manufactures by a high tariff. They demand that the States should establish higher institutions for science; that Congress should open and repair harbours, and remove the obstructions of rivers; and are friendly to an expansive banking system. They are opposed to all war, but ready to confide power to the heads of the States or Federal administration: they

would give to the people the right of only electing representatives, not of binding them by instructions. To sum up their principles in a few words, the Whigs represent authority, commerce, wealth, and centralizing tendencies.

'The Democrats, on the other side, take it for granted, that Government is nothing but a necessary evil. They think that, by the frailty of human nature, every Government is too apt to extend its power, to encroach upon the rights of the people, and to squander the public income. They require, therefore, a Government which does as little as possible; they claim only that it should not obstruct the free development of the people, according to its own wants and requirements. They like military glory, and territorial extension. Government, according to them, must be powerful and commanding towards the foreigner; protecting the citizens and their pursuits abroad, but not interfering in any way with their concerns at home—it has always to act according to the expressed wishes of the people, which has the right of directing the Government. The Democrats, therefore, are free-traders in principle, and advocates of a gold currency; they leave the construction of canals and railways to the speculation of individuals and of companies, and are generally averse to the Government support of such undertakings. They oppose the increase of the standing army, but war is always popular with them, because it extends the territory of the Union, and rouses the slumbering energies of the masses, to whose will and to whose passions they readily submit. Their representatives and senators are strictly *delegates*, and have to give up their seats if their instructions do not agree with their convictions. They affirm, as a cardinal truth, that the world is governed too much. They are enemies of centralization and of all restriction, and as every law is a restriction, they do not like much legislating, fully convinced that the people is always able to govern itself well, without being led by the officials. The Democrats represent liberty, self-government of the people, agriculture, and territorial expansion.'

To this account of the general principles and tendencies of the two great parties of the American political world, Mr. Pulszky adds an analysis of the American population as it divides itself between the parties, and an enumeration (much needed in this country) of the various sub-parties into which each of the great parties is cut up.

'It is natural, from the above-mentioned facts, that the great bulk of the manufacturers, bankers, merchants, and of the wealthier inhabitants of the great cities, are Whigs; the commercial interest is theirs, whilst democracy sways over all the agricultural and planting States and communities, and especially over the slaveholding South; as non-interference on the part of the federal government—which, according to the Democrats, must follow the wishes of the people—gives more guarantee of stability to their peculiar institution than a

strong and meddling Whig administration going a-head of public opinion. The Irish and German emigrants are also a continual source of accession of power to the Democratic party, as its very name is a bait for the multitude coming from Europe, though European Democracy is somewhat different from the American Democratic party. The Whigs feel this very strongly, and they have, therefore, appended the designation of *Democratic* to their party-name. As far as I was able to find, this measure has remained without success, and the Irish and Germans take the Whigs generally for enemies, not only of the Democratic party, but also of Democratic institutions. They do it so much the more, as a set of narrow-minded Conservative Whigs, in the sea-port cities, have constituted themselves as the *Native Party*, wishing to restrict the laws of naturalization, thus to withhold the right of voting in elections from all the emigrants, and reserving the vote for those who were born in America. Some years ago, the native party found many theoretical supporters amongst the Whigs, and some few even amongst the Democrats; but after having created ill feeling amongst the emigrants, and driven all the naturalized citizens to the democratic ranks, it went on declining, and is only in a few places still of some local importance.

‘But the party-division does not stop here. In the ranks of the Democrats, as well as of the Whigs, there are different shades, each of them characterized by a nickname, and all quarrelling with one another, though at the elections fighting under the common banner against the opposite party. The Conservative Democrats, who sturdily oppose every progressive measure, got the nickname of *Old Hunkers*. They are always at hand when spoils are to be divided, and often get a share even of the Whig Government contracts. The progressive wing of Democracy was originally called *Locofocos*, or concisely *Locos*, from the fact that, at a great democratic meeting, where the Old Hunkers, after having carried their resolutions in a hurried way, adjourned, and put the lights out, the progressive section remained in the dark hall, and lighting the gas up by a locofocomatch (the American name for lucifer-matches) continued the meeting, and reconsidered the resolutions of the Conservatives. The name of Locofoco, however, is now applied to the whole party; for, to the Whigs, every Democrat is a firebrand. The thorough-going liberal Democrats got, therefore, in New York, another name—viz., *Barnburners*, from a phrase of one of their orators, who said that they must burn the barns in order to expel the rats; in Maine, they are called *Wildcats*. The *Softshells* form the transition between the Hunkers and Barnburners—they are half-and-halves; whilst the *Hard-shell Hunkers* are the most Conservative party in the world, averse to every social and intellectual movement. During our stay in the United States, a new party distinction arose amongst the Democrats—*Young America*, comprising all the ardent and generous minds of the party, in opposition to the *Old Fogies*, as the professional politicians were called by them.

'The Conservative-Whigs, the Fillmore men, are termed *Silvergreys*, as one of their chiefs, when attacked for his clinging to the old statesmen, who had devised the Fugitive Slave Bill as a compromise between the South and the North, exclaimed, that he remained rather a private amongst the *Silvergreys*, than a leader amongst the *Woolly-heads*. Those *Woolly-heads*, or *Seward-men*, are the Liberals amongst the Whigs, and got their origin in the political struggle about the compromise. They are opposed to the territorial extension of slavery; they wish to remove slavery from the pale of general legislation, therefore they endeavour to have it abolished in the district of Columbia and the territories; and they made a strong opposition against the Fugitive Slave-law, because it did not secure a trial by jury to the defendant. They agree in respect to this question entirely with the *Freesoilers* who belonged originally to the Democrats, but had seceded from them in 1848, whilst the Seward party remained in communion with the Whigs, in spite of the platform of 1852. Instead of forming a separate organization, they endeavour to carry their theories by getting first a majority for them in the party itself. This example was followed lately by many of the democratic bolters of 1848, amongst whom we notice the originators of the name and party, Martin and John Van Buren. But some of the original *Freesoilers* remained beyond the pale of the Whigs and Democrats, and were reinforced by many noble-hearted men, principally in Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio, who do not care for momentary success. They called themselves at first the *Liberty-party*, and got in Massachusetts the balance of power in their hands; but knowing the force of names, they constituted themselves at the late convention at Pittsburgh, as *Free Democracy*. Their creed is given in the resolution of the Boston Ratification Meeting:—'Resolved,—That no man on this earth can own another man; that the slave power in this country must be destroyed; that the Fugitive Slave Law should be repealed; that human bondage in the territories and in the district (Columbia), should be abolished; that all the new States should be free States; that our Government should acknowledge the independence of Hayti; that the rights of American coloured citizens in every State ought to be protected; that the general Government is a great organization of freedom, and should go for it everywhere; that it should always be on the side of the weak against the strong, the slave against the tyrant, the people against the despot.' The *Abolitionists* proper, the 'Gar-rison-man,' are a less numerous, but energetic party; they denounce slavery in the scriptural language of the prophets, which is not entirely Parliamentary.'

From this delineation of the parties and the politics of the United States, it will be seen that, with the exception of the slavery question, there is hardly a question of internal American politics that does not belong to a region of practical interests far in advance of those in which most other nations have still the

misery to be entangled. While many European nations are struggling for the first elements of liberty, such as free government, freedom of the press, open trial according to law, and the like, and while even England has the five-barred gate of the suffrage and other similar obstacles yet to clear, America is careering away far a-head among questions which she seems almost to create for the purpose of continued parliamentary exercise. That she makes such a fuss with these questions, raising clouds of dust, and filling columns of newspapers, and having periodical combinations of her *Hunkers* and the like against her *Silvergreys* and the like, and even fighting duels, and trying libel cases in the interest of Homestead Bills, and Improvement Bills, and all the thousand and one little controversies that arise out of liability of the federal government to collision with the rights of the States—is not, however, to be regarded as a waste of energy, or of time. These chance to be the questions of the day in America; and there is no more healthful thing for a community than the incessant discussion by all and sundry in that community of the questions of the day, whatever they are, and their willing co-operation, as citizens, with a view to settle them in the most sagacious possible manner. Were the Americans to cease from this display of political activity, and to sink into the condition of happy listlessness which their position as a nation that has already conquered for itself all the prime liberties of humanity, might permit, they would be untrue even to their own interests, and the tide of retrogression would set in apace. Still, however, it remains emphatically true of America that it is the country of the greatest amount of political palaver and political aptitude, with the smallest reserve of purely domestic opportunities for the exercise of what is properly called statecraft. America is rapidly nearing that goal of no-government, of the absolute independence of the social atoms of any control on the part of the social mass as a whole, which is described by theorists as the ultimatum to which all human society is tending.

Three questions alone seem at present to interpose between America and a state of sheer dissipation of her political energy among such social minutiae as indicate the approach to an era of no-government; three questions alone seem yet to afford her opportunities for the display of statesmanship as distinct from mere local activity in public meetings and committees. These are, *first*, the question of no-government itself in its practical aspects; *secondly*, the slavery question; and, *thirdly*, the question of international relations.

I. *The Question of Government or No-Government.*—This is

specially an American question. No other country in the world has arrived at such a stage of progress as to require its being entertained, or even to suggest the possibility of its being made a question. But in America it is constantly presenting itself in the form of disputes as to the limits which separate the rights of the federation from the rights of the individual states. From this, one step in descent will lead to the question as to the limits between state rights and municipal rights. In this standing controversy the Whigs are on the side of government, the Democrats on the side of no-government. The Whigs are for increasing the powers of the central government—they would authorize it to act as a kind of independent thinking organ for the nation at large, surveying the condition of the nation, and planting here and there over its surface a new institution, or a social improvement, for the accomplishment of any end that might seem desirable. The Democrats, on the other hand, would rather diminish than increase the powers of the central government, which they regard as properly fulfilling only a kind of negative function within the nation, that of preventing any interference with the spontaneous development of the people. On the whole, the Democrats seem to have gained the day; and the following passage from the Washington Address of their nominee, President Pierce, may pass as a guarded declaration of the sentiments now professed by the bulk of the American people on the point under notice.

‘The dangers of a concentration of all power in the general government of a confederacy so vast as ours, are too obvious to be disregarded. You have a right, therefore to expect your agents, in every department, to regard strictly the limits imposed upon them by the constitution of the United States. The great scheme of our constitutional liberty rests upon a proper distribution of power between the State and Federal authorities; and experience has shown, that the harmony and happiness of our people must depend upon a just discrimination between the separate rights and responsibilities of the States, and your common rights and obligations under the general government. And here, in my opinion, are the considerations which should form the true basis of future concord in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquillity. If the federal government will confine itself to the exercise of powers clearly granted by the constitution, it can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their right to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people.’

This is not very precise; but, on the whole, as compared with what a Whig President would have been expected to say on a similar occasion, it is a declaration in favour of the limitation of

the powers of the central government within the narrowest circle marked out by the constitution of the Republic. There is one point, we believe, in which many democrats would go so much farther than the president as even to disallow to the central government one of the prerogatives specially reserved for it by the constitution. By the constitution, the central government alone has the right of making peace or war; but we are mistaken if there are not democrats who would claim this right, in some cases, for the separate States—while it is not only in the case of the Lopez invasion of Cuba that evidence has been afforded of a disposition on the part of the Americans to arrogate the right of military enterprise to any private association of individuals who may have conquest or colonization in view.

II. *The Slavery Question.*—This is a question which will one day shake American society to the foundations, and the issues of which will have a cosmopolitan interest. At present, however, America has distinctly refused to make it a political question, and, under cover of the general declaration that the central government is precluded by the constitution from tampering with the domestic interests of the several States, has referred the question back into the vague category of unripe social problems. General Pierce's expressions of opinion on this subject are distinct and unmistakeable.

'I believe that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this confederacy, is recognised by the constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the 'Compromise Measures,' are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constituted authorities of this republic are bound to regard the rights of the south in this respect, as they would view any other legal and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs. Such have been, and are my convictions, and upon them I shall act. I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or ambitious, or fanatical excitement, may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity.'

Such are the words of the democratic president; but, if a Whig had been in his place, the declaration on the slavery question would not have been a whit different. In the Whig 'platform' put forth in reference to the last presidential election, there was a clause to this effect: 'We deprecate all future agitation of the slavery question as dangerous to our peace, and we

'will discountenance all efforts at the renewal or continuance of such agitation in congress or out of it, whenever, wherever, or howsoever the attempt may be made, and will maintain this system of measures as policy essential to the nationality of the Whig party, and the integrity of the Union.' Thus both of the great American parties alike drive back the slavery question into the limbo of mere social adjournments. It will probably not be on the political arena, therefore, or at least not there for a long time to come, that the question will be fought. But fought the question must be. An anomaly so huge cannot exist in any portion of human society, without the elements themselves being in a state of unrest all round it; and it is perhaps a providential fact for America herself, that, in her dearth of all ordinary domestic provocatives to the grief of great statesmanship, she still retains this stain on her conscience, this canker in her heart.

III. *The question of International Relations.*—'This is the great question which makes the American republic indubitably the most important nation in the world in a cosmopolitical point of view. The question breaks itself into two—the question of the relations of the Republic to those portions of the New World which at present lie out of the limits of the confederacy; and the question of the relations of the Republic to the nations of the Old World. In regard to both these questions, the America of to-day is a very different thing from the America of Washington and Jefferson. The legacy of these men to the Republic over whose infant fortunes they presided, consisted in an earnest dissuasive from two things—war for the purposes of territorial extension within the American continent; and interference with the politics of the European nations. America has now flung aside these maxims as a full-grown child repudiates leading-strings. In vain has Whiggism striven to preserve some faint lingering of respect for such maxims; Democracy is now, and we believe finally, triumphant; and the mind of American Democracy, in reference to international politics, is summed up in two words—*Annexation* within the New World; *Interference* in behalf of popular rights everywhere out of it.

It is the apparent destination of the American Republic to become coextensive with at least the whole northern half of the American continent. Such space as is blank and unclaimed as yet by any other government, the Americans are rapidly over-running—Oregon, California, and the Mormon settlements lying between these outposts and the States proper, are the first patches over a surface yet to be covered. The elastic constitution of the Union will permit the ready recognition as states of the new

societies which start up in this region—to add a new state to the Union is but to add a star to the national banner. But even where the ground is already claimed and covered—as in the case of Mexico, of the Canadas, and of Cuba—the same tendency to territorial extension is evident. In vain have eminent statesmen and moralists protested against the policy of annexation. It is a popular instinct, coincident with wide-spread individual interest; and the very peculiarity of the United States consists in this, that, as the people is both sovereign and accustomed to the use of arms, anything that the people, or a considerable portion of them, have set their hearts on, will either be authorized by the government, or done in the face of the government by private association. Americans squatted in Texas, and the American government were obliged to annex Texas. And so also with regard to Cuba. There are three stages in the process for annexing this island—private enterprise discountenanced by the government; private enterprise authorized by the government; and public enterprise led by the government. The first stage of the process is probably over—the death of Lopez finished it; and we shall probably see the policy of annexation go through the other two. That Cuba will be annexed there is no manner of doubt. The following passage from President Pierce's Washington address is none the less significant that it is somewhat obscure:—

‘With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, the policy of my administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed, it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not, in the future, essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with the strict observance of national faith.’

Here there is no direct mention of Cuba, but, in one way or another, Cuba will very soon belong to the American Republic. Nor is it probable that this will be the only annexation. Any desirable territory which the government cannot get ceded to it by international arrangement, needs only to be lighted on by a cloud of volunteers from a nation all the citizens of which are sovereigns; and, in the end, the government, however reluctant, will be obliged to back these volunteers, and legitimise whatever they do.

And so, in the relations of America with the politics of the Old World. In Great Britain, where the government, though

theoretically representative of the people, is in reality a distinct agglomeration of sentiment and will, against which the general sentiment of the people fumes and breaks, with power to modify and alter, but not to dissolve or annihilate it—there may very well exist a universal popular sympathy with the cause of oppressed freedom on the Continent; and yet that sympathy may receive the faintest possible expression when translated through the recognised organs of international action. But in America it is different. There, if the mass of the people are really interested in the cause of struggling European freedom, they have only to associate to carry their sympathies into practical results. They may subscribe money, or contribute arms to assist the patriots; they may even organize a volunteer expedition of American rifles, and steam across the Atlantic on a mission of propagandist warfare. Government might frown, but were the enterprise based on a sufficiently extensive popular feeling, it could do nothing but hold back for a while, and then submit. Such development has the system of volunteer warfare received in America that we verily believe that, if it could be shown that the enfranchisement of Italy or Hungary by American arms would pay as a speculation, the contract would be taken to-morrow by an American firm, and all the stock subscribed for in a day or two in New York or New Orleans. Were the island of Sicily, for example, made over to an association of American citizens, on condition of their enfranchising the rest of Italy, and setting it up as an independent republic, who shall say the thing might not be done. The Americans are a nation of sovereigns; they are also a nation trained to the use of arms; and the very theory of central government in America is, that what the people desire, it shall at least not prevent them from carrying out. Whenever, therefore, whether for the purposes of gain or of philanthropy, the American people, or a great mass of them, are desirous of actively bestirring themselves in behalf of political freedom in the Old World, America is on the verge of asserting her cosmopolitical importance by a direct crusade among the nations for the compulsory propagation of her own principles of equality and freedom. There are but three steps in the process—first, volunteer enterprise discountenanced by government; next, volunteer enterprise authorized by government; next, a national crusade with government at its head.

How near we are to such an assumption by America of the greatest cosmopolitical function that can devolve upon a nation, it is difficult to say. One thing is clear—that Kossuth's visit to America has been productive of immense effects. Direct assistance in the way of arms or money he seems to have received but in small measure; but this, at least, may be said—that, when he

landed in America the mind of the nation was full of the Whig sentiment of non-interference, and that when he left it the American mind was full of the notion of its cosmopolitical function. We do not think that, prior to Kossuth's visit to America, such language as the following would have been used by an American President.

‘Of the complicated European systems of national polity we have heretofore been independent. From their wars, their tumults and anxieties, we have been, happily, almost entirely exempt. While these are confined to the nations which gave them existence, and within their legitimate jurisdiction, they cannot affect us, except as they appeal to our sympathies in the cause of human freedom and universal advancement. But the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind, and the advantages of trade and international intercourse must always present a noble field for the moral influence of a great people. With these views firmly and honestly carried out, we have a right to expect, and shall under all circumstances require, prompt reciprocity. The rights which belong to us as a nation are not alone to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home and abroad, must be sacredly maintained. So long as he can discern every star in its place upon that ensign, without wealth to purchase for him preferment, or title to secure for him place, it will be his privilege, and must be his acknowledged right, to stand unabashed even in the presence of princes, with a proud consciousness that he is himself one of a nation of sovereigns, and that he cannot, in legitimate pursuit, wander so far from home that the agent whom he shall leave behind in the place which I now occupy, will not see that no rude hand of power or tyrannical passion is laid upon him with impunity. He must realize that, upon every sea and on every soil, where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And, in this connexion, it can hardly be necessary to reaffirm a principle which should now be regarded as fundamental. The rights, security, and repose of this confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonization, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible.’

This is guarded, but at the same time bold. President Pierce is evidently full of the notion of the cosmopolitical function devolving on America in the present state of the world. Whether there is any such understanding between the political party which he represents and Kossuth, as may pledge him in his place, as President, to a course of direct interference on behalf of European freedom, it is impossible to say; but we should not wonder, if, before the expiry of President Pierce's term of office, we were to see the American volunteer uniform, or hear the crack of the American rifle, on the coasts of Italy, or on the plains which separate Pesth from Vienna.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS AND BOOKS.

THE hour of darkness for Europe has not passed away. Might is still in the place of right. The Juggernaut of despotism moves on as heretofore, and its victims—its involuntary victims—are crushed and destroyed beneath its wheels by hundreds and by thousands, day by day, as heretofore.

But times make men, and men are made for times. The genius—the military and political genius—to wield the forces now everywhere waiting for it, will come. This is the great want, and what an age wants, it comes in its time to possess. Providence has its analogies, and its analogies are laws.

In the meanwhile, our English statesmen have their flatteries to dispense to the oppressors, and their libels to fling at the oppressed—are ashamed that refugees should show themselves patriots, not ashamed that their persecutors should show themselves tyrants—can frown on the madness which breaks forth under the endurance of wrong, and then turn, full of smiles, towards the power which generates the madness, by inflicting the wrong.

The words of the leader of our Lower House, to a certain priest-ridden duke, were manly and hopeful. But the spirit which gave England her freedom, is not the spirit of our cabinets or senates. It is in our people, it is rarely found in those who should be their leaders,—least of all in that class of our traffickers, who, to 'get gain,' can descend to play the sycophant in the presence of arbitrary power, however perjured or bloodstained; and can congratulate a nation, in the sight of all Europe, on the good condition of its markets, as realized at no greater cost than the loss of its liberties.

The season of despotic rule is naturally the season of papal encroachment. Had the recent aggression in this country taken place under our Plantagenets, the tools of the Foreign Priest engaged in it would have been liable to imprisonment, confiscation, and exile. Had the papal letter addressed to the French clergy within the last few weeks, been addressed to that body a hundred years ago, the Bourbon would instantly have suppressed it, as an invasion of the prerogatives of the crown, and of the liberties of the Gallican church. While the present league between the sword and the crosier shall last, no man can say what may not be attempted, nor what may not be submitted to. The worst things ever professed are now professed again; and we see not why the worst things ever done may not be done again. If England and America could be put out of the way, nothing can be clearer than that the two forms of despotism would divide Christendom between them.

BOOKS.

THE function of a Quarterly Review has come to consist, not so much in the reviewing of books, as in a treatment of topics, of particular or general interest, after a more full and thorough manner than is possible in other sections of the periodical press. From the first, we have endeavoured in some degree to combine the two objects, by means of a supplement to each number consisting of notices of books. To this last department we mean to assign a larger space, and care will be taken to ensure that the pages so appropriated shall present a faithful analysis and criticism of the more important works in our current literature.—EDITOR.

Buses of Belief; an Examination of Christianity as a Divine Revelation by the light of Recognised Facts and Principles. By EDWARD MIALL, M.P. 8vo, pp. 425. London: 1853.

This is not an every-day book. The contents of the volume are divided into four parts, under the titles—the Phenomenon, the Revelation, the Seal, and the Record. The Phenomenon intended is that presented in the position which Christianity has acquired for itself in the world's history. It is then shown that this conspicuous fact has come into this prominence on the basis of a message claiming to be received as a supernatural Revelation. This revelation has its Seal in the attestation of miracle; and the revelation thus attested has its fixedness for all coming time in a Record.

The root of the Phenomenon intended, presents itself in the ministry of Jesus. The results of that ministry, directly or indirectly, have been alike remarkable for their spirituality, their extent, and their permanence. The means by which these results were achieved, appear to have been anything but adequate to the production of them; and while the early triumphs of Christianity were realized in the face of high intelligence most hostile to its pretensions, its intellectual and moral hold upon humanity has continued to be among the more enlightened and purer communities of mankind. Here is the phenomenon—the great fact, which the sceptic has to account for, if he may, on merely natural principles.

Of this fact the Gospel offers its own explanation. It has done this great work because it is a Revelation from God to this end. Is it unreasonable to credit its pretensions in this respect? In answer to this question, it is to be remembered that the Gospel has come to men, not so much to teach them that God is good, or that virtue is good, as to awaken them to a life of virtue, of goodness, of religious-

ness. These susceptibilities of religiousness in man, suppose the presence of whatever is needful to their fair development. But the needful to this end does not come from the nature of man, nor from the material universe. What the nature of the cases teaches in this respect, experience confirms. Revelation through nature only, has not been adequate to human necessity. But Christianity has its own adaptations to the cravings of the religious sentiment in man—especially as bringing near to us the character of God through a personal history, employing the human to lead us upwards to the divine. The idea of a Revelation as thus conveyed is not repugnant to reason; it is, on the contrary, in beautiful harmony with the general laws of nature and providence.

But admitting that a revelation in this form *may* be true, is *this* supposed revelation true? Yes; it has its attestation, its Seal, in miracles. Miracles, it is contended, are the fitting attestation of a supernatural revelation. No complete manifestation of God can take place without them. No form of proof can be so well adapted to arrest attention, or more consonant with the expectations of humanity in such a case. The objections taken to the evidence of miracles are not tenable, inasmuch as they forbid the subordinations of the physical to the moral, of the less to the greater, in the divine government—and necessitate, also, such a rejection of evidence as must end, if logically pursued, in universal scepticism. The miracles of the Gospels, moreover, are, from their nature, beautifully in harmony with the import of the communication to which they give their sanction.

The revelation thus needed, thus adapted, and thus attested, has its place in a Record. Some such mode of giving certainty and permanence to the divine communication was indispensable. The revelation and the record are two things, not one; but the former must depend for its fixedness and perpetuity on the latter. In the latter, too, there may be much along with the revelation that is not of it. It is enough that the moral and spiritual element is faithfully given. The human element mixed up with that higher element may take something like its usual amount of error along with it; but the man who believes in other histories, notwithstanding such signs of the imperfect, should believe in this history notwithstanding such appearances. The Gospels are at least as historically truthful as other records of remote time, and should be as much credited as those records. To credit the narratives of the Evangelists, however, as men credit other narratives, is to find the natural in this case so allied with the supernatural, as to issue, if reason be allowed to do its perfect work, in the admission, that the New Testament should be received as the record of a special revelation from God to humanity.

It will be evident from this summary that there is nothing really new in the course of argument indicated by the four terms which Mr. Miall has adopted to make the successive stages of his reasoning. His aim, indeed, through the greater portion of the volume, as stated by

himself, is to show that 'the arguments of that class of apologists for 'Christianity, in which the first place in the order of time may be 'assigned to Tertullian, and in logical decision and force to Dr. Paley, 'have not been bowed out of court. They have not been neutralized. 'They are by no means obsolete. The conclusiveness once believed 'to attach to them, attaches to them still' (p. 276). In a field so long occupied, and by minds so variously stored and gifted, little was to be expected in the way of originality as to material. It is not on this ground, accordingly, that Mr. Miall's pages have their value. In common with the author of the *Eclipse of Faith*, he has entered freely into the labours of those who have gone before him, but in such a form as to have concluded that no charge of plagiarism could be urged against him, though obligations, by no means inconsiderable, should pass without acknowledgment. Nor do we see anything strictly new in that common-sense-philosophy style in which Mr. Miall proposes to deal with this large controversy. This is ground that has not been left to be occupied now for the first time. Paley, Chalmers, and others since, have done much towards taking this great question out of the arena of obscure erudition, and towards commending it to the natural sense and feeling, apart from training in school subtleties.

Nevertheless, as we have intimated, Mr. Miall's volume is not a common book. On the contrary, it is a book of great worth; and we are not a little gratified to see the acute and skilful mind of the author given to usefulness in this direction. There is a power of analysis, a power of logical development, and a precision and beauty of language pervading the argument, which must win for Mr. Miall no faint commendation from every intelligent and candid reader. If he has not added largely to the thoughts to be found in this department of our literature, he has unquestionably given forth the material pertaining to it with a distinctness, a consecutiveness, and a completeness, which bespeak the hand of a master, and which will secure for his treatise a place of its own. We have had a great deal of flippant and sciolist talk of late about 'evidences,' as though all the matters usually comprehended under that term had done their work, the criticism of our age having, as a matter of course, outgrown such dry and childish things. It is, for this reason, a special pleasure to us to see Mr. Miall take this ground as he has here done. We earnestly hope that some who have greatly needed this rebuke may have the grace to profit by it.

We agree with Mr. Miall that the sceptic has no right to insist upon other evidence in reference to scripture history, than in reference to general history. Once cede the contrary of that maxim, and the enemy will soon so exaggerate the improbable on the one side, and so rise in his demands of extraordinary evidence on the other, as to render discussion useless. But though the sceptic *ought* to believe in scripture history, notwithstanding such minor discrepancies and errors as belong to other histories, the question remains—is it a fact that the sacred writings are disfigured by such signs of imperfection, much as we find

in other merely human writings? Mr. Miall's argument does not require that he should attempt to settle this question. But he must bear with us in saying that he has gone too far to allow of its being wise that he should not go further. Critics whose faith in Christianity—if anything really Christian can be said to be retained by them—is of the smallest description imaginable, have not been slow to note, that neither in this volume, nor in the one preceding it from the same pen, is there anything to bespeak the adhesion of the author to an evangelical creed. In this insinuation the wish has no doubt become father to the thought; but Mr. Miall has intimated that he may some day submit his thoughts to the public concerning the import of the message contained in the Record, and, for many reasons, we wish he would so do. For we are not, we must say, altogether satisfied with the manner in which some parties who appear to be taking Mr. Miall as an authority, are pleased to express themselves in reference to evangelical opinions, and in reference to the people generally who profess them. It is no mean authority which describes Mr. Miall and his adherents as having diverged from the opinions commonly held among us much too far not to be obliged to go much farther. We should like to see this sinister prophecy thoroughly falsified; and we sincerely trust that it is reserved to Mr. Miall to do good service in this way. In the treatise before us there are points in which we think the author has failed to see the whole truth; and others in which we think he has missed his way, and has opened a path to conclusions not his own—but the book, as a whole, is so good, that we are not disposed to dwell upon exceptions, and shall probably find other occasions for directing attention to portions of it which we deem open to exception. The following is one of Mr. Miall's summaries—we give it as a specimen of the style in which the work is written:—

‘We have already observed, and, we think, clearly shown, that the New Testament is not a revelation of God, in the strict sense of that term, but a record of one vouchsafed in the facts of a human life. Whether the Creator could appropriately disclose to us his moral character, relationship, and purpose, through one man's history, from birth to death, is an *à priori* question, requiring to be decided by abstract, intellectual, and moral arguments. By similar means we must arrive at a conclusion, affirmative or negative, as to whether supernaturalism may fitly, and must needs, form part of any disclosure of the Deity, made through such a medium. These two points having been disposed of according to their assumed merits, the further question remaining to be considered is mainly, if not exclusively, one of facts. Christianity is still operating upon the world as a spiritual power. It traces up its existence to the life of Jesus Christ, who professed to be, in a peculiar sense, the Son of God, ‘sent’ to make known to men their Father, who is in heaven. Such a profession we are justified in regarding as an introduction to us in the shape of external fact, of the speculative and abstract conclusion previously settled upon what appeared to be sufficiently solid grounds. We saw in our own nature certain religious capabilities, susceptibilities, and irrepressible yearnings; and we saw, in a revelation of Deity through humanity, a congruous objective provision for their exercise and satisfaction. That some man, therefore, should appear in our midst, claiming to be a representative of the Supreme, assumed to our reason, thus prepared, the appearance of a fact in accordance with just expectations. We proved that such a man, presenting himself to us on such a mission, could substantiate his claim no otherwise than by miracles; and that, in such a service,

miracles are not only not at variance with, but are themselves a fitting exemplification of, the known principles of the Divine Government. An immense body of historical facts, then, which no one can think of impugning, bears us back to Jesus Christ, who claims to have appeared amongst men for the realization of a purpose we have seen to be desirable, and who assumes to make good his claim by an appeal to proof we have seen to be fitting and necessary. Such being the case, the record, it is clear, must be treated as a record of facts likely, in the nature of things, to have happened at some period of the world's experience; and certain, from the same cause, to happen but once. What, then, can we reasonably demand of the history, but that it should fairly abide the tests by which we examine all other history in relation to singular, but not improbable occurrences? Now, we make bold to say that the evidence adduced in support of the historical trustworthiness of the writers of the New Testament is as various, as weighty, as logically impregnable, as can be collected in favour of any history whatever. More than this, we contend, is not absolutely required; but more than this is forthcoming on demand.'—pp. 348—350.

A Tour of Enquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present Social, Political, and Religious Condition. By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Hurst & Blackett. 1853.

Mr. Spencer is not a novice in travel. His volumes on European Turkey are full of information relating to countries little known. His style sometimes rises to eloquence, but is, for the most part, simple and natural. He never becomes either brilliant or profound, but, on the other hand, he never sins either against good taste or good sense. His manner is so free from all straining for effect as to give you an agreeable impression of trustworthiness; and he has withal a manly sympathy with freedom, dealing in all cases as an educated Englishman should do with oppression, whether civil or ecclesiastical, as it comes before him. Our report concerning these volumes is, that they are exceedingly agreeable reading, well-timed, full of instruction; and we urge our readers by all means to make themselves acquainted with them.

Mr. Spencer's account of France does not fill more than a fourth of the space assigned by him to his account of Italy. It is, as will be supposed, in relation to the latter country that the publication is chiefly valuable. But the observations on France give us the impressions of an intelligent Englishman, as the result of recent and free intercourse with the people of that country. His opinion is, that the terrible scourge which has come upon France is to be traced mainly to two sources—to priestly influence, which undermines all public virtue after one fashion; and to infidelity, which does the same work after another fashion. France has always included, and includes still, intelligent and high-minded men, who would be an honour to any country; but the great mass of her people have been long divided into the two great parties mentioned—the professors of no religion, or the professors of a very bad one. The bad faith of the one party has so disgusted the other, as to have caused them to have done with religious faith altogether. Such, in fact, has been the effect of Romanism throughout Christendom—at least, through all the countries where it has not been powerful enough to keep down all

intelligence. But we shall allow Mr. Spencer to speak for himself on this subject:—

‘It would conduce little towards enlightening our readers on the real state of France, were we to follow the various plans of Louis Napoleon and his supporters in their crusade against the liberties of the French people, and show how they succeeded in placing on the brow of their idol an imperial diadem; the leading events are already well known, and might have been anticipated in a country where public virtue and public morality have been snapped by venality and selfishness. But the secret history, the deep game, by which democracy was urged onward to its destination, is still to be written, effected as it was through the machinations of an army of priests, Jesuits, and their allies, the pope and the despotic rulers of Europe, who, confounding civil and religious freedom with anarchy and infidelity, and democracy with socialism, raised a panic, in which universal barbarism, the destruction of property, and of all social order, were the dangers threatened. How easily these exaggerated and unfounded representations were believed by a people, who, taken in the mass, are the most visionary, credulous, and least sound-judging of any in Europe, we have abundant proofs in the events of the last few months.

‘We have already shown to our readers the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the lower order of agriculturists and peasants of France, the endeavours of the clergy and the higher classes to perpetuate their debased condition, the intolerance and bigotry of the ultramontane press in France, the blasphemy of the *St. Esprit* brotherhood, and the facility with which the people in general resign themselves to any sudden impulse, political or religious, at the instigation of any clever eloquent charlatan who may possess sufficient power to win the hearts of his hearers. We have shown in what manner the clergy have become an element of political power in France, a society banded together by the same indissoluble chain which has so long held together the Jesuits. We have shown how, through their influence and intrigues, and the prestige of a name, Louis Napoleon was enabled to corrupt the military, and trample on the laws and liberties of a people he had solemnly sworn to defend. We have shown how admirably the drama was played by those men of the past, their acolytes, and a host of impoverished eager adventurers, who, seeing a brilliant future before them, gave life and vigour to the movement. But perhaps our readers are not aware, and we do not make the assertion on slight grounds, that this well-laid conspiracy was concocted at Gaeta, when the pope resided there as an exile; and that the Church and the despots of Europe contributed ample funds for supporting this well-organized system of chaining down the minds and intelligence of the only people who, from their geographical position and the general prevalence of their language, were capable of influencing the inhabitants of every other country on the continent.’—pp. 337—340.

Our author supposes that nothing short of the present humiliation and suffering of the French people, under this influence, could have sufficed to reveal to them the deadly working of this cancerous priestism. He is persuaded, moreover, in common with nearly all the independent and thoughtful men he has conversed with on the Continent, that in this throw, by means of France, despotism and priestcraft have played their last card, and that a losing game, to be among the most memorable in the world's history, is awaiting them. No doubt the most intelligent nations of Europe are at this moment charged throughout with disaffection, which, like an electric element, needs but the fitting touch to explode. Europe will not be righted by oratory or by statesmanship, though both may contribute to that end. The main-spring—thanks to the all or nothing policy of the despots—will have to be supplied by some military genius, which shall be adequate to the exigency both in the cabinet and in the field. In the history of providence, when the hands ready to be used for any

special object multiply so fast, the head to use them is rarely long in coming. The parties profiting by the new order of things in France do not, indeed, see things in this light. The following is Mr. Spencer's account of the talk of some of them about the future, and about ourselves :—

‘If we visit the *Salons* of the *parti prêtre*, we shall be told, that he [Napoleon] has come among men at a time of universal infidelity, invested with full authority to re-establish the Church of Christ in all its primeval grandeur among the nations of the earth, and that his first crusade is to be against England, the head quarters of the Evil One, the upholder of all the heretical doctrines of republicanism and socialism, which have distracted the world during the last three centuries, in which laudable undertaking he is to be assisted by the combined armies of papal Europe. In like manner, if we converse with the military of any grade they will tell us that the Rhine is the natural boundary of France; Switzerland must be divided, Belgium, Saxony, and Holland, annexed; we shall hear of a German protectorate, an Italian protectorate, kings of Rome and Naples, expeditions to Egypt, Turkey, and India, the capture of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, the sea wolves entirely driven from the element they have so long usurped, the Mediterranean a French lake, and France the sole arbiter of the destinies of the world! Cowherds are to become generals, swincherds marshals of the empire, and peasants governors of foreign kingdoms and provinces! The agricultural classes, comprehending those small proprietors who cultivate the ground, are equally satisfied. Have they not elected a *plébiscite* emperor, the man of their choice, and of their own order—the saviour that heaven has sent to preserve them from total ruin?—pp. 345, 346.

In this manner, under the plea of securing right and glory to France and to the Church, the soldier of France is to become the spoliator, and the priest the inquisitor, of all the peoples that may be brought under their sway—the plunder and humiliation of ourselves being the consummation most devoutly to be wished. Not very consonant this with the sentimental talk we have heard of late about the peaceful and brotherly intentions of our Gallic neighbours, and of the man who has become their master. The parties dominant in France have served themselves at the cost of everything that gave worth or greatness to their country—and are these the men to scruple about serving themselves at similar costs elsewhere? France has swept away her aristocracy, her millions of peasants are doomed by that act to a state of passive ignorance, her intelligence being restricted to a remnant of her people in her towns and cities, and among these division and weakness may always be sown by the baits of office as emanating from a central government. What France needed—what Europe needed, was, that the position of their aristocracies should be reformed, not that they should be annihilated. It is the error committed in that direction that has shut Europe up to the alternative of republicanism or despotism.

Mr. Spencer's account of Italy presents it as a bed of discontent—of suppressed abhorrence of its tyrants, from the Alps to Sicily. Even a portion of the priests share in this feeling. But as is the tendency to revolt, so is the force of the pressure laid on to prevent it. Mr. Gladstone has opened to us some of the prisons of Naples; Mr. Spencer affords us a glance at those of Rome. There are, we are

told, two species of cells in the prisons of the Papal States, *la Segritina*, and *la Largo*. The cells of *la Segritina* are constructed to receive but one prisoner, and are so small as to receive no more air than medical science has pronounced to be necessary to the health of the one person. Since the revolution, such has been the number of accused or suspected persons seized, that each of these cells has been made to receive four persons, in one or two instances, six; care being taken that they shall be mixed with ruffianly brigands and assassins! The unhappy victims are not allowed to leave their place of confinement *for any purpose whatever*, and all this in a sultry climate like that of Rome—no marvel that they are known to climb on the shoulders of each other that each in turn may inhale a little of God's fresh air! Each prisoner has a portion of straw for a bed, but it is never changed, and soon becomes filled with vermin. The daily food consists of sixteen ounces of bread, two ounces of salad, and a glass of weak acid wine. As they have fallen into the hands of priests, there must, of course, be a sacred distinction on fast days, when their usual fare is reduced to a meagre supply of beans and vegetables. Some go mad, others fall victims to the diseases naturally generated by such treatment; and one exercise of jesuit malevolence has been to mix jalap with the daily supplies of bread, that the screw of torture laid on upon one side, may not favour the release of the victim by death upon the other! Men who have suffered thus for a week only, become almost incredibly changed in their appearance as the consequence. Two youths of healthy forms and intellectual acquirements were thrown into one of these pits of misery, on the charge of having taken part in the late insurrection; in a few weeks they were released, but it was only to die, as the effect of their sufferings, in the arms of their broken-hearted parents. Italy, at this hour, is full of such scenes and such doings. There is not a depth of perfidy or cruelty to which the powers now dominant in that beautiful but ill-fated country have not descended—and all this, not in the age of Machiavelli, but in the face of Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century!

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Spencer's volumes are filled with details of this terrible complexion; they possess the interest of works of this class on general subjects; but we must confess that to us, they are chiefly interesting from what is stated as their special object,—viz., to illustrate the 'present social, political, and religious condition' of France and Italy. Even on this subject their information is not so thorough as we had expected, but they are well-timed, and adapted to produce a just and salutary impression.

A First Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, bishop of Carthage. By the REV. E. J. SHEPHERD, M A., Rector of Luddesdown. *A Second Letter, &c. A Third Letter, &c.* Longman.

These letters are evidence that the spirit of a sound historical criticism is not extinct among us. Great consternation and displeasure have been produced by them in some quarters. But the case pre-

sented by Mr. Shepherd, is one that must be dealt with after his own manner, and so dealt with, the conclusions at which he arrives will, we think, be found to be unavoidable.

According to certain letters in a correspondence ascribed to Cyprian, there was an interval of a few months in the lifetime of that prelate, when an intimacy subsisted, not only between the churches of Rome and Carthage, but between persons belonging to those churches, of the most familiar description—such as would seem to bespeak the Christian fellowship of the same neighbourhood, rather than churches on different continents, with hundreds of miles of sea between them. At the same time, ecclesiastical history, prior to that interval, and subsequently to it, during some five hundred years, is wholly silent as to intercourse of any kind between the churches of Rome and Africa. This intimacy between Rome and Carthage during the years adverted to, supposes such intimacy to have existed long before, and suggests that it must have been continued afterwards—but a number of authorities that should have made us acquainted with this fact, if fact it had been, are silent respecting it. The conclusion, on grounds of this nature, is, that the distinction we make between the spurious and genuine epistles of Ignatius has to be extended to the epistles of Cyprian.

In his second letter, Mr. Shepherd pursues a similar course in reference to certain councils said to have been convened in Carthage in this time—and with a similar result. There was an end to be served by this series of fictitious letters, and by this series of fictitious councils, and Mr. Shepherd has shown in his third letter, what that end was. The following is the picture of the authority of the bishop of Rome as given in these Cyprianic forgeries:

'Let us begin by casting our eyes directly south. The African diocese is before us. In that wide extent of country there are nearly two hundred bishops, all with their eyes on Rome, and more or less in communication with her bishop.

'Looking across the Libyan sands, we see the Egyptian diocese. There, too, the bishops of the Pentapolis are looking to Rome, as well as their chief, the bishop of Alexandria. He is in distress. A charge of heresy has been carried to Rome by his own bishops, and the Roman bishop has called upon him for his defence. He is now writing it.

'Carrying our observation on to Arabia, we behold drooping churches imploring aid, and Roman clergy, messengers of mercy, toiling through the desert to afford it.

'Syria furnishes the same angelic picture.

'Looking in the direction of Antioch, we see Roman clerks on their way to this Queen of the East. We may also see the Oriental bishops looking to Rome to receive their chief from her hands.

'The Asiatic bishops are in great confusion, and are angry; but their eyes are all towards Rome.

'Approaching the Alps, a reverential homage paid to the Roman bishop is conspicuous.

'Passing onwards to Gaul, there is the same reverence. All eyes are on Rome.

'And Spain, even to her remotest limits, is acknowledging the fisherman's seal.

'Is not this a most extraordinary picture of the state of the Christian Church in the middle of the third century? Is it not worth mounting the hill to behold?—to see the Roman prelate, the centre of all the churches of the earth, 'the observed of all observers,' exercising the authority and raising the deferential homage due only to a universal bishop?'—pp. 31, 32.

Against such a representation the reader has to place the fact, that, with the exception of Eusebius, the Christian writers of the first four centuries make scarcely any mention, either of the bishop of Rome, or of the see of Rome. Even Eusebius, with whom the supremacy of St. Peter, and the descent of that supremacy to the bishop of Rome, would have been points of the highest importance, had they been facts, makes no mention of the one doctrine or the other. What we *do* know concerning the bishops of Rome about this time, from the recently recovered treatise of Hippolytus, stands in very significant contrast with this attempt to fix precedents for the later encroachments of the papacy, in an age so remote as that of Cyprian.

We feel deeply indebted to Mr. Shepherd, for the uses to which he has applied his scholarship in these letters, and in the volume on the early history of the church which bears his name. We hope to meet him again on this ground, where he is well qualified to do both the state and the church no mean service.

Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces. By WILLIAM MAC CANN. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

In the year 1848 Mr. Mac Cann, having landed at Buenos Ayres, buys horses, and rides out into the prairie—the ambassador of Commerce. He would fain learn what prospect mercantile enterprise may have among the dwellers in those boundless plains of verdure, men who live in the saddle, whose best description is the old Homeric epithet of ‘horse-tamer.’ His account of the two rides, one to the south and the other north of the province of Buenos Ayres, will enable the reader vividly to realize the regions he has traversed. His book is the unlaboured yet animated narrative of an observant and sensible man, who describes simply what he saw and what he thought. The second volume contains much general information of value to commercial men, and statistical results, at present necessarily imperfect, but still to be thankfully accepted as a step in advance. The work includes also a full history of the recent civil war, down to the period of publication. The latest tidings from South America have verified the unfavourable prognostications of the author as to the issue of the struggle. The elements of strife are, as yet, too potent for the prosperity of commerce. Mr. Mac Cann is convinced that neither the Unitarian nor the Federal scheme can secure peace. The antipathies existing among the thirteen provinces are too strong—their interests too conflicting, to admit of permanent union. On the other hand, a Hegemony (as an ancient Greek would call it) which would give to Buenos Ayres a political and commercial supremacy, something like that of Athens over her dependencies, would be resisted to the last by the provinces of Corrientes, Entre Rios, and the Banda Oriental. Monte Video is to Buenos Ayres what Pisa was to Florence—a natural rival, less powerful, indeed, but by position, and as it were by inheritance, a jealous and formidable competitor. Rosas, Federalist as he professed to be, would have maintained, at all hazards,

the supremacy of Buenos Ayres—a course grateful to the holders of Buenos Ayrean Bonds, but fatal to the general interests of commerce. Mr. Mac Cann believes—we think with reason—that peace cannot be established till the northern provinces form a confederation separate from those on the south of the river, leaving its waters open as a highway for all nations. Such an arrangement would destroy the monopoly so coveted by Buenos Ayres, but it would be in perfect harmony with the natural position of the States, and would eventually secure the prosperity of the whole Argentine territory. But, for some time to come, traffic in that direction can realize but precarious returns. These are the author's concluding words:—

‘While our own colonies of Australia and New Zealand offer such rich and boundless fields for the profitable employment of capital amongst our own countrymen, there is less inducement than ever for merchants to risk their capital and energies amongst a race of people where the wealth of nature is wasted by the combined operation of ignorance, unstable government, and interminable warfare.’

If you accompany Mr. Mac Cann in imagination on his gallop across those interminable grassy levels, you may enjoy something of the exhilarating novelty and freedom, without the fatigue of riding half-broken horses, ‘fit only to be perches for birds,’ without inflaming your gums by gnawing the very hardest beef for many weeks together, and narrowly escaping cutting off your nose (if a long one) when you have to fasten your teeth upon a spitted joint, and sever with your hunting-knife the mass of meat on which they have laid hold,—without the annoyance of losing your way, of having your horses stolen, of pricking thistles, and of stinging insects. You see the prairie dotted to the farthest distance with wild horses and with cattle; here and there you arrive at the large cattle-farms scattered over the country, occupied mostly by Spaniards, often by Scotchmen, sometimes by Englishmen; everywhere you are hospitably received; you watch the processes of horse-taming and horse-steaming, of marking the cattle, of driving them together into herds by riding round and round them, their capture by the lasso and the bolas; you behold that grand sight, a herd of wild horses dash by you, shaking the ground with the thunder of a thousand hoofs; you see gorgeous sunsets, and pools ruddy with the reflected plumage of flocking flamingoes; you follow at full speed, just for the excitement of the chase, a mingled troop of horses, colts, deer, ostriches, and oxen. You come among the Indians; you see their filthy huts, or toldos, studding the plain; you find that they never clean them; but when the offal and the putrifying carcases of horses have become intolerable even to Indian olfactories, the hovel is pulled down and erected somewhere else. You are reminded (for of course you are a philosopher) of the French people, who can never cleanse, but must, every now and then, pull down about their ears the social edifice. At Santa Fé you find the most quiet and dreamy of capitals, inhabited by a mixed population, where Spanish, Indian, and negro blood are combined in every possible variety of shade. You walk out in the middle of the day—it is all as still and slumbrous as the

enchanted palace of the Sleeping Beauty—the poor man is reposing literally under his own vine and fig-tree; the shops are shut, the streets deserted; under every tree in every garden lie the sleepers; all ranks alike are folded softly in a common oblivion. Somewhat farther, at Parana, you see houses which are not places to live in, but rather pantries or closets for keeping food and clothes; the real house is the earth and sky; and after supper, when they have wished each other the most courteous of good nights, the family separate, each to seek out some pleasant nook, embowered by the rich foliage, and over-arched by trees, where he or she may pass the night, fearless of harm from man or beast; as though the leafy quietness of Eden were a reality once more, the silken grass man's couch, the hanging flowers his brodered curtain, the odorous airs his unseen whispering ministers. Wisely did the old Greeks paint their genii with a vessel full of fruits and flowers in one hand, and a scourge in the other. Man sinks into lethargy if nature visits him only with bounty, and never with hardship. In that delicious climate men are spoiled and idle children—mere creatures of instinct and of sense. The law which condemned man to the sweat of the brow might seem a curse as he looked back on Paradise—it was a boon as he looked onward and outward to the world before him.

The remarks of the author on the probable result of missionary effort among the feebler races of mankind, are stated with modesty, and evince a thoughtful breadth of view, but too rarely exercised on such subjects. His opinions may startle the sanguine enthusiast, who can view but one aspect of the question; they will not surprise those who have carefully observed the history of European intercourse with native barbarism throughout the globe. While admiring the spirit, and acknowledging the services rendered to humanity by missionary zeal, he cannot close his eyes to the fact that, in spite of such endeavours, and sometimes as the indirect and unavoidable result of them, (since they have frequently opened the first communication between the white men and the aborigines,) the native races are everywhere dwindling away before the advancing footsteps of the European. The morals of the savage are purified, and his nature humanized by the influence of Christianity—souls are saved from among tribes which, ere long, must vanish, and be forgotten. But to look for anything beyond this is to forsake analogy and fact for the dreams of a benign romance. Mysterious as may be the cause, the fact is manifest, that the native mind does not amalgamate with the European—cannot be grafted into its civilization, and must therefore disappear before the energy it cannot share. Conversion itself does not raise the feeble intellect of the native into the sphere of another order of mind; he may become a Christian, but he remains ever a Christian of a type distinctly his own. But though the races cannot mingle, though the vigour and the progressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon cannot be imparted to the native, much may be done by accompanying the tide of emigra-

tion with abundance of religious agency. Mr. Mac Cann observes, with justice:—

‘No doubt it is a wise ordination of Providence that while immediate and spiritual good is conferred upon the weaker races, who embrace the Gospel, they are not exempted from the general law, which dooms them to extinction, and to give place to races of a superior order of mind, with which they come into contact. Although the ambitious aims and selfish policy of the stronger races may precipitate the ultimate result, it is, perhaps, enough for us to know that while such a process is going forward, influences that shall outlast the revolutions of time have been exerted upon the very races eventually doomed to be swept away from the face of the earth.’

Länder und Völkerkunde in Biographien. Von Dr. PH. HEDW.

KÜLB. ‘Voyages and Travels, Voyagers and Travellers, from the earliest ages to the present hour.’ 4 vols. 8vo. Berlin: 1846—1852. London: David Nutt.

The German mind is essentially encyclopedic; whatever it approaches, it aims to comprise its totality. If it frames a nursery-book, it includes therein the whole subject, or department, of which it treats. If it turns to history, the history which it studies forthwith assumes a universality. Bits and scraps it cannot endure; whatever it does it does thoroughly. Was anything ever more comprehensive, yet more minute, than Ritter's *Erdkunde*? (‘Knowledge of the Earth’), which is to geography and ethnology what the Bible is to religion—truly exhaustive. Well, here in these four thick volumes, the title of which is too compressed (so symbolizing the work) for literal translation, and which, consequently, we have felt obliged to paraphrase—here, we say, in these four volumes is the substance, and more than the substance, of Ritter's most rich, most complete, and most extensive cyclopedia. More than the substance of Ritter do these volumes contain, because while they comprise the general outline of Ritter's *Erdkunde*, they offer, in one respect, details which Ritter was compelled to suppress. In those details is found the characteristic excellence and the specific recommendation of these four bulky volumes. We allude to their biographical character. What more interesting or instructive than a book of travels? What more tedious and wearying than a manual of geography? There are few of our adult readers who do not look back with sadness on the hours wasted, and the dreariness experienced, in what, in our school days, was called ‘learning geography.’ Of all wretched compilations, the most wretched, perhaps, are those which, in the schools, are (or were) known by the name of *Geographies*. Of *Goldsmith's Geography* (alas! poor Oliver's name has been very freely used in school literature) we still retain very painful recollections, not merely because the book is dull, but also because our pedagogue was duller, and not only dull but ignorant—ignorant altogether of the art which he professed to practise, and by which he got his bread; and because, being ignorant of his business, he compelled his pupils to learn the book by heart, with no reference either to dictionary, maps, or globes, and with no explanations, no examina-

tions—nothing but a bare recital, required as a test of the accuracy with which we had committed the task to memory. Compare the state of mind produced by this stupifying process, and the eager curiosity and intense pleasure felt by the explorer of a new country, and unconsciously pictured by him in the narratives he has left of his attempts, his adventures, and his perils. What a difference! A similar difference is felt on reading ordinary manuals of geography and ethnology, and the work now under our notice. Yes, the learned author has seized the right idea. A knowledge of the earth and of its inhabitants should be sought for in a knowledge of the great travellers, voyagers, and explorers of all ages. While studying what they essayed, and what they did, and what they wrote, you become acquainted with the men themselves; you are a sharer in their enterprises; you fall into their perils; you escape at their side; and being a companion in their labours, are a companion also in their success, their triumphs, and their fame. Sea and land, rivers, hills, and mountains, assume to you a human interest, while you are insensibly drawn on to a minute familiarity with more material things, and learn to know not only men and manners, but also ‘the great globe itself,’ the scene of their operation. Even the sciences were better taught of old in those famous classical nations than they are now in this ‘age of exact knowledge’—better taught, we say, far better taught to the people at large. The pedagogues of ancient Greece did not weary and torment their students of geography with manuals dry as dust, but put into their hands the *Odyssey*; and there, in the journeyings and perils of Ulysses, did the young Greeks readily, because gladly, learn all that Homer could teach them of the earth’s surface and inhabitants. The consequence was, that the boys left the school without, indeed, the *petit-mâitreism* of latitude and longitude, acquired to display, and then to be forgotten, but with not only a knowledge of the actual earth and the living world, but also a cultivated taste, quickened sympathies, national loves, and personal desires and aspirations.

A good service, then, is this which Dr. Kûlb has rendered. But let us state precisely what the service is. From the days of Moses down to the days of Franklin, there have been a series of men who, urged by the love of conquest, the love of discovery, or the love of fame, have explored unknown parts of the globe, and after their labours were over, have, for the most part, made their efforts and their discoveries known by word of mouth or in written characters. These narratives have furnished the materials out of which other men whose business it was not to travel, but to sit at home and think, to read and systematize what their informants had seen, heard, and described, constructed systems and theories, and theories and systems, in long succession, until, with a constant elimination of error, and a constant enlargement of truth, they at last formed and perfected the sciences which now bear the name of geography and ethnology, including meteorology, natural history, &c. Those narratives Dr. Kûlb has undertaken to present us, corrected and explained by the advanced

knowledge of the present day, so that in perusing his pages you have the vivid interest of actual adventure, and the excitement of progressive discovery, without the drawbacks and abatements arising from the error, mistake, illusion, and falsities under which the men of whom you read suffered, and by which they were tossed about. And in order that your interest in those men should be at once the more intelligent and the more lively, the author has given a general outline of their lives, so that the student of his pages not only learns the specific subject which they handle, but becomes familiar with some of the brightest and noblest names in the history of the world.

The execution of the work is as good as its conception. Dividing the immense subject, the treatment of which extends over nearly three thousand pages, into nine books, the laborious writer details in the first the rise and progress of a knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants in the ancient world; in the second book he carries his subject through the middle ages. With the beginning of the third book he is compelled, by the abundance of his materials, to survey the parts of the globe separately; he therefore surveys Africa and Asia during the period 1415—1550. Passing in the fourth book to America, he reports the lives and discoveries of the explorers of the new world from the year 1492 to the year 1550. The improved knowledge of the earth's surface, and the increased facilities of navigation, which, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, followed as a consequence of the revival of letters, drew the attention of bold and adventurous spirits toward the extreme south and north. Accordingly, our author, in his fifth book, which extends over the interval from 1520 to 1768, narrates what was achieved in Oceania, and the regions of the north pole. Having described the stirring adventures and wonderful novelties of that virgin age of discovery, Dr. Kulb proceeds into Asia, and from the middle of the sixteenth century brings his subject down to the present day. In the seventh book, African discovery is narrated in the same way. The eighth book treats of America and the expeditions to the Northern regions during the same important period. And in the ninth book, resuming the subject of Oceania, the author speaks of discovery in the South Polar Regions, from the efforts of James Cook to the present hour.

The subject is of immense interest and compass, yet is it handled with clearness and effect. The writer was master of his materials before he took pen in hand, and so has given order, perspicuity, and interest to a topic on which what the French call 'the embarrassment of riches,' must have been peculiarly felt.

The interest, however, which belongs to these very instructive narratives cannot be appreciated unless we recal to the reader's mind a few of the great men that here appear and pass along the stage. Who would not like to accompany the blind Homer in those poetical wanderings, in which, with the aid of begging, he gained a scanty and precarious subsistence? Who would not like to have travelled from land to land with the inquisitive Herodotus, everywhere gathering

traditions while yet traditions were fresh, and surveying the wonders of the Nile Valley before the hand of time had been laid too roughly on them? Here may the reader, under the guidance of Niarchus, visit India,—while India, though old, is not too old to be comparatively young. Here may the reader pass in the ranks of Cæsar's legions into the Britain of barbarous times, and behold his half-naked and painted forefathers. But we must content ourselves with a list of names, leaving those who may wish, to supply the description proper for each, from these teeming and attractive pages:—Here, then, are geographical sketches of the great travellers and navigators of all ages,—for example, Marco Polo, John Mandeville, Diaz, Da Gama, Pinto, Colombo (Columbus), Cabot, Cortez, Pizarro, Las Casas, Morgalhaes, Drake, Tasman, Dampier, Bougainville, Chârdin, Burckhardt, Bruce, Salt, Mungo Park, Lander, Humboldt, Raleigh, Herdson, Ross, Cook, Bligh, Flinders, d'Urville.

We must in justice add, that the work is not a mere compilation. Dr. Külb has brought to his task not only care and industry, but research and science. On some points, therefore, he has thrown new light, as well as in general produced a work creditable alike to himself and the literature of which it forms a part.

The Fine Arts, their Nature and Relations. By M. GUIZOT.

Translated, with the assistance of the Author, by GEORGE GROVE.
Small 4to, pp. 214. Bosworth. 1853.

This is a reprint and a translation of criticisms on Art, by M. Guizot, which made their first appearance a short time prior to the redistribution of the treasures of the Louvre on the fall of Napoleon. It is an elegantly-printed volume, and enriched with a number of effective wood-engravings—without which, indeed, the criticisms must have been to most readers of little interest or worth. We can readily suppose that it is pleasant to the author to return from the stormy and disastrous scenes of his political life to these noiseless and refined speculations of his earlier years. The opening of the preface to the edition of 1851 suggests thought of this nature:—

‘The study of art possesses the great and peculiar charm that it is absolutely unconnected with the affairs and the contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, and by philosophic problems, men are deeply divided and set at variance. But beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art; it is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions; a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and the softer parts of our nature—the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason.

‘The very differences and debates arising from an intellectual exercise at once so varied and so animated, have the rare advantage that they may be eager without becoming angry, that in their pertinacity there is nothing of rancour, and that while they rouse the passions, they at the same time disarm them of their bitterness. Such power has beauty over the mind of man, that the contemplation of it can efface, or at any rate materially weaken impressions, which would lessen the delight afforded by it.’—pp. 5, 6.

That criticisms published some forty years since should still so far

commend themselves to the judgment of the author as to appear worthy of republication, is evidence that his mind is one of the class which ripens early—not one of the sort which seems to be ever outgrowing its former self. The criticisms are restricted to certain pictures of the Italian and of the French school; the pictures of the former school selected being thirty in number; those of the latter, seven. But it is the Introduction to the volume, on the relations and differences between sculpture, painting, and engraving, that has been to us of most interest. Engraving has become to the arts very much what printing has become to authorship—a power of multiplying transcriptions. It is well adapted, from its simplicity of colour, to the representation of sculpture; and it has, at the same time, much of the higher expression of painting. The engraver cannot do all the sculptor has done, nor all the painter has done,—but he can do much, and he can suggest more. The painter gives you an object as it appears from one point only, the sculptor gives you the same object as it appears from all points. But the painter can give colour and expression as the sculptor cannot. So the engraver, if he falls short of the painter from the want of colour, he has advantage of the sculptor as possessing a higher command of action, expression and perspective. The fact that painting can represent action and strong feeling so much more successfully than sculpture, marks off the difference of subjects most appropriate to the two departments. On this point M. Guizot has some just observations. The volume indeed is rich throughout with elucidation deserving the attention of the student of art.

The Bible, the Missal, and the Breviary; or, Ritualism as illustrated in the Liturgical Books of Rome. 2 vols. 8vo. By the Rev.

GEORGE LEWIS. Edinburgh: Clark.

This is a novel book on a very old controversy. There is no part of her system on which Rome so much prides herself as on her ritual. It is by this means that she aims to awaken, to nurture, and regulate the spiritual life of her votaries; and it is in this respect that she presents herself in her most attractive and imposing form to those beyond her pale. But judged even on this ground, Rome is found wanting—more than wanting, a dispenser, to an extent not commonly suspected, of poison, under the semblance of the children's bread. Mr. Lewis has here given, for the first time in our language, the entire text of the Roman Missal, with Rubrics and Prefaces, translated from the Latin; with preliminary Dissertations, and Notes from the Breviary, Pontifical, and other documents. The Missal forms the text, on which is engrafted, as notes and illustrations, whatever has appeared to be most interesting and characteristic in the other liturgical books of Rome. Of these the Breviary furnishes by far the larger portion, as being the most important and comprehensive of all her church books, designed at once to be the Bible, the Bible commentary, the church history, and the private liturgy of her adherents—especially of the more devout among them. Beside the Missal and

Breviary large use is made in these volumes of the *Rituale Romanum*, the *Episcopale Romanum*, and the *Pontificale Romanum*. These regulations are in use through all the churches, and among all the religious orders included in the papal communion. Taken as a whole, these volumes present abundant and instructive testimony to those conservative elements which have contributed to give perpetuity to Romanism, and testimony not less decisive to those errors and corruptions which have marked its history, and which are here shown to be, as it were, woven through the entire web of the system. The following passage will suffice to indicate the manner in which the author has acquitted himself in this path of investigation:

‘The ecclesiastical year of Rome is so thoroughly furnished for this peculiar training, that it supplies ritual worship, not only for each festival of the church, but for each month and day of the month, and each hour of the twenty-four, should any feel inclined so to occupy his all of time. To the discernment of truth from error, Rome offers few helps. The man of justice and integrity is left to develop himself as he best can; and for the training of the unpretending Christian, who, putting his trust in his Saviour, seeks to fulfil life’s daily duties, private and public, humbly and cheerfully, finding in them his happiness and content, she does not concern herself. Her ideal Christian melts all his days and nights into tears of penitence, or raptures of devotion, and arouses himself to the consciousness that God has given him other faculties, and called him to other engagements only when the church constrains, and so long as she constrains. For the training of such, her liturgical books make large provision. Men so nurtured in her retreats, where piety has been sublimated into mysticism, or darkened into fanaticism, have more than once restored her ascendancy as a church, and created new fervour under what seemed the very ribs of death. Such men, when gifted with eloquence or genius, she never fails to use for her occasions, and by their sincerity and self-devotion has recovered old and attempted new conquests.’—p. 6.

From this brief extract the reader may infer, that these volumes are not made up of dry erudition, or of commonplace views of the papal controversy—they are rich in documentary material, and hardly less so in sound and searching observation; no protestant divine who can afford to purchase the work should be without it.

M. Minucii Felicis Octavius. The Text newly revised from the Original MS., with an English Commentary, Analysis, and Indices. Edited by the Syndics of the University Press. By the Rev. HERBERT ASHTON HOLDEN, M.A. Cambridge and London: 1853.

According to the most probable evidence, Minucius Felix wrote his defence of Christianity about the year 225. It is a work which, from the elegance of its style, the cogency of its reasoning, and its general literary excellence, has its place among the most valuable productions of its class. It comes from a highly educated mind in the commencement of the third century, and enables us to see both Christianity and heathenism as they were then viewed by such minds when brought under Christian influences. We feel bound to express our deep obligation to Mr. Holden for what he has done. The text has been compared with the only existing MS., that in the Royal Library of Paris, and every assistance in the way of dissertations, notes, and indices, to be expected from a thoroughly competent editor, has been supplied.

It is refreshing to see so much ripe and patient scholarship brought to a subject so worthy of it.*

Die Könige; Entwickelungs Geschichte des Königthums von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart, (Kings: a History of the Rise and Progress of Kingly Power, from the most ancient times to the present day.) By Dr. H. F. W. HINRICHS, Professor in the Royal University of Halle. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1852. D. Nutt, 270, Strand.

A work avowedly written, as is the present, in favour of royalty, is, in the actual state of Europe, a somewhat strange phenomenon, at least when proceeding from an independent and cultivated mind. Not hastily will an Englishman's feelings reconcile themselves to a defence of kingly power at a time when, as now, that power has, with the exception of England, prostrated in Europe all political rivals, and employs the advantage thus gained in acts not a little oppressive and unjust, and often cruel. It does seem mysterious, that at a time when the universities and the schools of the continent have done so much for the instruction and formation of the popular mind, and when, as in Germany, a new literature has scattered the quickening elements of a fresh, vigorous life over nearly the whole surface of society,—at a time when commerce has relaxed its bands, and machinery multiplied its facilities for locomotion, and when, in consequence, currents of intercommunication, both numerous and strong, have been set in movement in all directions, intermingling cities, provinces, tribes, and nations together; and so giving fresh activity and concentrated effect to the intellect and the will of the many,—it does at first sight seem mysterious that this should be the very period when royal authority should have reached a height, and obtained a prevalence, no approach to which did it ever make before. Such, however, is the fact. Under what qualifications the fact exists we do not intend to inquire. How long the actual despotism may endure is a speculation into which we do not enter. But the possibility of its prevalence at the present day, proves beyond a question that royal authority has its seat very deep

* Mr. Holden has also recently edited the valuable tractate published in 1795 by Dr. Cesar Morgan, intitled '*An Investigation of the Trinity of Plato and of Philo Judæus. The University Press.*' The design of Dr. Morgan is to show the effects which a study of the writings of Plato and Philo had on the principles and reasonings of the fathers of the Christian Church. The conclusion at which the author arrives, as the result of much learned research, is, that the doctrine of the Trinity was the doctrine of the primitive Church, but that the Church derived it from the Scriptures, and derived nothing but the corruption of it from Plato and Philo. It is contended that the discovery of this doctrine in the writings of Plato was not made 'until philosophers became Christians, and Christians became philosophers.' The treatise is a thoroughly able one, and the reader of Bunsen's *Hippolytus*, if not so far gone as to condemn all English scholarship because it happens to be English, would do well to make himself acquainted with it. We so restrict our advice in this particular, because there is a certain stage in the Germanic passion upon which no *grave* argument, however powerful, must be expected to produce any hopeful impression. There is a thick hide of complacency to which some men of this sort attain, that no spear must be expected to penetrate, except that of ridicule.

in the human heart. On this assumption is founded the work to which we now ask attention.

Kingly power is no accident. Thrones are not mere parchment fabrications, set up this moment to be thrown down the next. Royalty is not a transition, but a permanence. The sceptre and the crown are not baubles, but symbols of power—of power which may vary in its forms, but is stable in its essence, and constant in its influence.

The reason is, that man is a king-loving animal. Royalty is almost an essential part of his nature. Free subjects have shed the blood of their monarchs, and the populace of Naples scold and even beat their idols. But the quarrel only makes the reconciliation more fond; the subject returns to his allegiance with tears of sorrow in his eyes, and the Lazzaron gives a new and a more costly necklace to the harshly-treated saint.

You ask a proof that man is deeply attached to royalty? Have not men always had kings? From the multiform royalty of the petty Vale of Siddim (Gen. xiv.) to the almost boundless sway of Queen Victoria, the kingly, in one shape or another, has been the prevalent form of government throughout the globe. And so thoroughly does it commend itself to human nature, and so strong an element is it in human progress, that not only has it flourished in all ages, and rooted itself almost everywhere, but it has superseded other forms of government, sprung up again with fresh and augmented vigour when violently cut down, and adapting itself to the most dissimilar states of culture, has at length gained such prevalence as almost to indicate that it is the ultimate condition of civil society.

Actuated by convictions such as these, Professor Hinrichs holds that the great problem which has to be solved in political life is, how royalty may be made most useful to the world. This general theorem involves minor questions, namely, under what conditions may the evils of royalty be limited or destroyed; by what alliances may it be most efficiently supported; under what restraints may it be beneficially placed, and what is its ideal form? These are questions which speculation alone can in no way answer. Fact in such an issue is the chief authority. History in consequence is here put into requisition; and as a German professor must begin from the beginning, so Dr. Hinrichs passes in review all the forms in which royal authority has appeared on the face of the earth, from the Chinese 'son of heaven,' down to 'the king of the barricades,' and the Napoleonic darling of the jesuits. In four successive books the learned author treats of 'the kings of the east,' 'the kings of the ancient world,' 'the kings of the middle ages,' and 'the kings of modern times,' describing the position, characterizing the power, and defining the influence alike of Augustus, Constantine, Louis XIV., Napoleon the Great, and 'Napoleon the Little,' as well as the several dynasties that have governed men—'the kings of the Jews,' 'the Homeric hero-kings,' 'the Hohenstaufen,' 'the sham-constitutional kings,' and 'the kings

of England;' ending the treatise by a chapter entitled 'The Future of Kingly Government.' Such a work must to the mere English reader appear a novelty, and somewhat of a novelty the work truly is. But it is more and better than a novelty. It is a philosophical treatise on the principles of kingly government, written in a calm and dignified spirit, by one who is possessed of all the material that can conduce to the formation of a correct judgment. Without declaring that we concur in the writer's views, we can conscientiously say that many of those who are loudest in their praises of Republicanism, would probably find in these pages considerations to make them pause, and instructions which might at least modify their convictions. And to those with whom the love of country is stronger than the love of theory and the thirst for novelty, special pleasure and satisfaction must be afforded by the very favourable light in which, amid surrounding shadows and darkness, rises the popular throne of these islands.

Professor Hinrichs appears in this work in two characters; he appears as an historian, and he appears as a philosopher. In the first character he has simply to narrate facts; in the second character he has to set forth the lessons which these facts contain. In both offices he is faithful, moderate, and judicious. Leaving his conclusions to pass for what they are worth, we shall conclude this critique by translating a few of his words, so as to give him an opportunity of stating his views and doctrines for himself.

'Royalty is not an accidental addition to the State, but its incorporation; people and king are related to each other, not as parties or opposites, but as the inseparable members of a whole body. The people say, 'our king,' and the king says, 'my people,' for the two of necessity belong to each other. My Essay contains an exposition of the history of the world in the form of kingly power. In the course of that history kingly power has gone through a constant succession of changes, and has thereby been brought nearer and nearer to its ideal form. Kingly power represents the movement of history, for it appears before us a succession of developments, each of which has its own prerogatives, but only within the period of culture when it existed. The individual kings of history create and represent a stage in the development of royalty, and therein lies their imperishable memorial. And if history creates new forms of royalty, it does not thereby destroy the old ones, but continues them either one after another or one in another. Kings are weak, erring men, like all other men; but with kings as such we have here nothing to do. It is with the idea of royalty that we are concerned; that idea which makes kings the channels and the representatives of social power; so that they, furnished with the resources of a nation, give scope and effect to its interests, and make those interests universal in their bearing on the condition of the world.'

—*Preface*, pp. 9, 10.

Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language; being an attempt to furnish an improved Method of teaching Grammar. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By JOHN MULLIGAN, A.M. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1852.

With the progress of science in every other department, it seems strange that Mr. Lindley Murray and grammarians of his class should still be tolerated as the instructors of many school-boys, in the structure of their own language. We hail every attempt to teach

English on scientific principles, and to point out its connexion with kindred languages. Whilst Dr. Latham has opened the way in this direction, we think he has left room for others to follow in his wake, and we regard the work before us as, in many important particulars, better adapted for the learner than any we have hitherto seen.

There are many things to which we should take exception, but our space will not allow us even to point them out, unless we should pass by the various grounds of commendation which seem to call for a moment's notice.

In the first place, then, this is a carefully written volume; there are no traces of hurry and confusion. Mr. Mulligan not only understands his subject, but knows how to address his readers, so that they also shall understand it. At the foot of each page we have questions well adapted for testing how far the text has been understood, and now and then there are grammatical exercises for the reader's practice.

Mr. Mulligan commences by explaining the nature and use of language, then treats the proposition, defining, classifying, and analyzing it; and points out that the analysis of propositions is the chief business of the grammarian. Having thus shown the object of his labours, and interested his reader in the subject which he treats, he passes on to consider the various parts of speech under the following heads:—Nouns; verbs; modification of the subject and predicate by nouns; prepositions; adjectives; adverbs; interrogative and imperative propositions; compound propositions; combination of independent propositions; interjections and exclamatory words and phrases; with an appendix on punctuation and versification.

It will thus be seen at a glance, that a consistent plan is followed throughout the volume; although it may well be questioned whether such a plan is upon the whole superior to that of separating the etymology, syntax, &c., entirely from one another. What is gained in interest may be lost in clearness and precision.

Mr. Mulligan, however, carries out his plan well; and has presented us with a volume which we are happy in commending to the attention of instructors, as one containing a great deal of information and sound thinking, not hard to understand, exceedingly interesting, and above all, adapted for the purposes of tuition. The connexion of language and thought, and therefore of grammar and logic, may, to a great extent, also be gleaned from these pages.

Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey, and of his brother, James Alexander Huldane. By A. HALDANE, Esq.
London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 8vo. pp. 676.

This is a piece of highly interesting biography. Two boys, at the ages respectively of ten and six, are deprived of both parents, and left to the care of Admiral Lord Duncan, and of his brother, Colonel Duncan, with ample means to secure for them the best education, to set them forward in life, and to give them no mean standing in society. Their own predilections, as well as the bias of their friends, disposed their thoughts towards a seafaring life; and at a suitable age

they are both introduced, under the most favourable and flattering auspices, to the navy. Robert Haldane so distinguished himself in an action, that the admiral of the fleet, Sir John Jervis, afterwards known as Earl St. Vincent, predicted that he would one day be an ornament to his country. The prediction was verified in a different sense from that intended. While Mr. Robert Haldane was thus promising, by his skill and bravery, to rise high in his profession, his brother James, though a few years behind him as to age, was not a whit behind him as to promise of success. He had obtained a post on board the *Duke of Montrose*, East Indiaman, at the age of seventeen, under an officer of high reputation. He made three voyages to the East Indies; and was in his twenty-fourth year when he was made second officer of the *Duke of Montrose*—a skilful navigator, a good seaman, and, as an officer, distinguished alike by firmness and suavity. He was regarded by his companions as a fortunate young man, of superior talents, attainments, and prospects. Subsequently, he becomes captain of the *Melville Castle*; and being outward bound in the year 1793, we find him waiting in the Downs with a large fleet of East Indiamen, detained partly through adverse winds, and partly through want of convoy, from Christmas till April. The following striking narrative will illustrate the character of Mr. James Haldane as a sailor:—

‘A mutinous disposition was detected in three or four men on board the *Dutton*, Captain Samson, in December; but the captain, with his officers, after consultation, released those men from confinement, on promise of good behaviour. On the 31st, the *Melville Castle*, and two other East Indiamen, anchored at Spithead. The *Carnatic*, and many others, followed, till they came to be styled the grand fleet. By the 19th of March, however, in paying off certain men at Portsmouth from the *Dutton*, such a spirit was shown as made it necessary for the captain to apply for assistance to his Majesty’s ship, the *Regulus*. On the evening of the 19th, Lieut. Lucas, of the *Regulus*, with his boat’s crew, came on board, to demand four of the ringleaders, the *same men* formerly mentioned; when the greatest part of the crew hastily got up the round shot on deck, threatening that they would sink the first boat that came alongside. The crew emboldened, and increasing in fury, the lieutenant thought it prudent to leave the ship, as did also the captain, under the impression that their absence might assist in restoring peace and quietness. The crew, however, getting outrageous, were going to hoist out the boats. The *Carnatic*, Indiaman, hearing the confusion, fired several alarm guns; and armed boats from the other ships were now advancing. By this time the crew of the *Dutton*, being in a most serious state of mutiny, had begun to arm themselves with shot, iron bars, &c., and made a determined attack on the quarter-deck. The officers, having lost their command, were firing pistol-shots overhead; when one seaman, getting over the booms, received a wound in the head, of which he died six days after.

‘It has been said, that the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port; but, at this moment, far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the ship’s gunpowder, and madly end the strife by their own death, and that of all on board. One of the two medical men on board had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water, to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment that Captain Haldane, of the *Melville Castle*, appeared at the side of the vessel. This approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults. The shouts of the officers, ‘Come on board! Come on board!’ were drowned by the cries of the mutineers—‘Keep off, or we’ll sink you!’ The scene was appalling; and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed to be an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a

few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to lead an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, cutlass in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But observing that there was still much confusion, and inquiring, at the same time, from the officers, where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine, threatening, with the most horrid oaths, that whether it should prove heaven or hell, they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovel-full of *live coals*, ready to throw in! Captain Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling, at the same time, for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed first on this man, and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were then secured; when the crew, finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the captain returned to his own ship. Next day, the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, king's ship, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.'—pp. 67—69.

But a great transition in the mental state of these heroic brothers was at hand. Both had been taught to reverence the Scriptures; and though wholly destitute of anything like spiritual religion, yet they felt occasionally the admonitions of conscience, and were induced to read the word of God; if for no other purpose, still to quiet that conscience with the feeling that they had done something that was religious and proper. Both, within a short time of each other, were so influenced by the word of God that they resolved to quit the sea, and to apply themselves to religious inquiry, especially in the study of the Scriptures. The result may be anticipated: both became eminently pious and devoted men. Their property and estates were amply sufficient for the supply of their wants, and for the promotion of benevolent objects. But as time confirmed their religious convictions, and quickened their religious feelings, they began to mourn over the moral darkness both of the world in general, and of their native country in particular: for at that period the universities and the Church of Scotland were extensively infected with deism, socinianism, and infidelity. The influence of such men as David Hume, Adam Smith, and their party, had spread through the literary circles a proud and scoffing spirit of scepticism, while the Church, withering under the same influences, had become little better than 'an organized hypocrisy.' God sent the Haldanes home to their own country to fight a harder and a sterner battle for Him than they could ever have waged on board ships of war.

Soon after they began to feel the comforts of home and family, they felt their spirits stirred within them to do something for the diffusion of the Gospel. First, they planned a mission to Bengal, and engaged suitable assistants, hoping that they might persuade the Government and the East India Company to permit them to proceed in the character of Christian teachers to the Hindoos. But this fails through the pertinacity of the Prime Minister, Pitt, and the rapacity

of the East India Company, who were afraid their gains would be diminished. Defeated in their purpose, the brothers next give themselves to attempt the revival of spiritual religion in their own country. They presently find a few others, such as Rute, Ewing, Innes, and Aikman, with John Campbell, of African notoriety, all prepared to make extraordinary efforts, and to use means out of the common track to effect the object dear to their hearts. A large building, called the Circus, is taken in Edinburgh, for preaching in; itinerances through the north, the west, and the south, with out-door preaching to large congregations, began to attract public attention, and startle the grave Presbyterians of the Church out of their deadly torpor. Mr. Robert Haldane sells his paternal estate, that he may readily command the means of carrying forward the plans he entertained for the revival of a piety that should be something more than a creed or a form. Opposition was, of course, excited, and means used by the Church to stay the movement, while the press teemed with every species of calumny and ridicule. But the work went on triumphantly; immense good was accomplished by the fervent preaching of the new evangelists. It soon became evident that the word of God was taking effect in other directions besides those in which these irregular advocates were spreading it, and that a new era was dawning both upon the Established Church and the Presbyterian Dissenters. They all had the form of sound words, and the form of godliness, but now they began to feel the power and the life. But the work of extending the Gospel to the whole population of Scotland could not have been effected by the Haldanes and their coadjutors; so God took it off their hands and entrusted it to others. After a few years the Haldanes changed their views respecting baptism, and introduced what has been called '*liberty of prophesying*,' which consisted in throwing the public teaching open to any and every brother who thinks he is prompted by the Holy Spirit, or has vanity enough to presume that he can edify others. As might have been expected, controversy and division soon made their appearance among the leaders of the movement. The system, though commenced under the most favourable auspices, was soon found to be impracticable. The large Church and congregation gathered by the Haldanes in Edinburgh dwindled down to a remnant. An evil influence was felt by most of the churches and congregations which had been gathered during the excitement, and congregationalism in Scotland received a shock from which it did not for some time recover. There can, however, be no doubt that the Haldanes and their assistants were the means of imparting a mighty impulse to the good old piety of our Presbyterian neighbours; and that these irregular labours contributed to effect the resurrection of spiritual religion from the grave of infidelity and formalism into which it was at that time more than half sunk.

The unhappy state of affairs which ensued among these zealous missionaries of the Cross was, however, over-ruled for the accomplishment of great good in another and a different sphere. Mr.

Robert Haldane turned his attention to the state of the Protestant churches in France, Switzerland, and Germany. Leaving his brother to minister in Edinburgh, he passes through France, and after many discouragements and some disappointments, fixes his abode for several years at Geneva. Here he was made eminently useful to many distinguished men, in leading them to the reception of Evangelical truth. Malan, Merle D'Aubigné, Gaussen, Charles Rien, and a host of others, have attributed to his conversations and lectures the enlightenment of their minds in the true doctrine of the Gospel. At Montauban, also, his efforts were attended with similar success. He says, in a work published in 1829,

'At Montauban, where I resided more than two years, I proceeded in the same manner as I had done at Geneva, in what appears to me to be the spirit which the Scriptures both inculcate and exemplify. I spoke plainly to the students, and to all with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. With pastors who came from a different part of France I entered into such close conversation as led us at once to discover the points on which we differed, and then discussed them fully. I endeavoured to expose everything false in doctrine that I heard from the pulpit, and to point out to all to whom I had access whatever appeared to be erroneous.

'The pastor, who at that time was President of the Consistory, and a member of the Legion of Honour, who has since left Montauban, was one of the ablest speakers in France. He had a very superficial knowledge of the Scriptures, and opposed the Arian and certain other heresies held by so many of the French pastors; but, after all, he did not preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Of this I had great difficulty to convince some whom I particularly wished to convince, and to show them that, after all, he was a false teacher; nor was I able to do so till he preached from Luke x. 25—28, when, on talking over his discourse, they clearly perceived, that if he had understood the Lord's answer as well as the lawyer did to whom it was addressed,—which is proved by the reply of the latter, he, 'willing to justify himself,'—he would have preached a very different sermon.

'He afterwards showed himself to be completely destitute of the knowledge of the truth. At the election of a professor to fill the divinity chair at Montauban, he gave his casting vote against a servant of God, in favour of an Arian who had been educated at Geneva.

'The Lord was graciously pleased to give testimony to the word of grace which I was enabled to declare at Montauban, both among the students and others.

'This I have no reason to believe would have been the case had 'I avoided all controversy,' and dwelt only on truths common to all churches, and interesting to every soul of man, and acted in any way to conceal or to keep back any part of the truth respecting the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel; or had I flattered its enemies, saying, peace, peace, when I was persuaded there was no peace. A general attention to the Scriptures was soon excited, and much discussion took place.

'Some were turned to the Lord, and the hearts of his servants were encouraged, and their hands strengthened. In the letter addressed to me of December, 1827, by the present President of the Consistory there (M. Bonnard), he writes:—'Believe it, that your abode in the midst of us has been blessed to many, and the word of truth is announced this day in many churches where they would not, perhaps, have yet heard anything but the teaching of a fatal Rationalism, if we had not had the advantage of knowing you.'

'Testimonies to the same effect are borne in all the letters of the venerable Bonnard, of MM. Marzials Père, Chabrand, Adolphe Monod, John Courtois, and others; and it was not the fault of the Arians that Mr. Haldane's labours at Montauban were not put down by the strong arm of the government. Unhappily, they were not successful; partly because they were not themselves in favour with the ruling powers, being generally tainted with Republican or Napoleonist principles, and partly because the government considered any form of religion as better than none.—pp. 461, 462.

After these and various other labours abroad, particularly in publishing a French edition of his *Commentary on the Romans*, Mr. Haldane returned to Edinburgh to take an active part in the controversy respecting the Apocrypha, which so long agitated the Bible Society. This led to important discussions upon the canon of scripture, in which Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. Carson, and others, were engaged. A pretty full history is also given of the rise of Irvingism, and the controversies consequent thereon, in which Mr. Haldane, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Mr. Drummond, Captain Gordon, and others, took prominent parts. Mr. Robert Haldane was not the man to keep still while any controversy was on foot, which concerned what he believed to be the interests of revealed truth. Very interesting notices are given in the Memoir of all the stirring movements and discussions of those days. Up to the year 1842, he continued an active, useful, intrepid labourer in the cause of the Bible, and the spread of evangelical truth.

Mr. Robert Haldane reached his seventy-eighth year, and Mr. James A. Haldane his eighty-third—both full of good works, full of honours, and of usefulness. The Memoir is ably written, and contains a very complete and extremely interesting account of the lives of two of the best and busiest men of their time. They took their share in most of the great religious enterprises which marked the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present. Such a pair of brothers have rarely appeared in the world. But while they were one in object, they were not in all respects one. James Haldane was the preacher, the pastor, the visitor of the sick and of the poor—and ever ready to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but he did not always see eye to eye with his brother as to the occasions calling for such contention. Robert was much more belligerent. It was *his* conduct that so deeply offended the Rev. Greville Ewing; it was *his* pen that was directed with so much sharpness against the Bible Society on the Apocrypha question—and against Dr. John Brown on the Annuity Tax. In these discussions James took no part. Nor can we conceal from ourselves that the labours of both diffused the seeds of mischief along with their better influences. The extreme democratic-‘brethrenism’ doctrine into which they fell, was a leaven which operated injuriously wherever they went—so that they often seemed to be pulling down with one hand, as they aimed to build up with the other. Robert found his speaking brotherhood scheme become such a nuisance in Scotland, that he was obliged to take upon himself to determine who should be deemed competent to speak and who not—assuming the function of the despot in the name of freedom.* It

* Some of our readers will be aware, that an attempt is being made just now in some quarters to subject our own congregational churches to an experiment of this description. Did we wish to inflict the most disastrous blow possible on English Congregationalism, and through it, on the great principles and truths which have been so effectively sustained by its means, we should just do as the parties adverted to are now doing. The common sense of our people, however, will

must be remembered, moreover, that the volume before us is written by a gentleman who is the son of one of the Haldanes and the nephew of the other. It would be expecting too much not to suppose that the colouring of the narrative is somewhat partial. As a whole, however, the volume is not only interesting, but adapted to be useful. Honour to the men who commenced a work which so much needed to be done, and honour to those also who took up the work, when its originators were found to lack the discretion necessary to its more permanent and wider efficiency.

Life and Letters of Mr. Justice Story. By his Son. London: John Chapman.

It is a trite saying that sons are the worst biographers of distinguished fathers, and some recent examples have served to confirm its truthfulness. The tenderness of filial affection, however beautiful in itself, is not the qualification that will best fit a man to form a candid and just opinion of another's character, or to tell the story of his life in the manner most calculated to interest and instruct. The natural tendency of such a sentiment is to exaggerate mere trifles into importance, and with all the anxiety there may be to do the strictly just, to give too exalted an idea of the man. The result is, that such lives too often weary by their minuteness, or disgust by their partiality, raising their subject into a hero whose glories are to be celebrated, instead of regarding him as one whose life is to be faithfully written, that his virtues may serve for an example, or his failings operate as a warning, to others. We must confess, therefore, that when these two ponderous octavos were placed in our hands, we were somewhat alarmed at the prospect before us, and feared that we should find no little trouble in our attempt to wade through a son's record of mere trivialities in his father's history, or his elaborate encomiums on his many virtues. Justice to the author compels us to say that such ideas have not been realized. Without pretending to assert that the work is entirely free from such blemishes, we can heartily commend it as a correct and faithful account of one whose life well deserves such a memorial. The style is finished and elegant, and at times verges on the eloquent; the incidents of personal history that are pre-

prove, we doubt not, their safeguard against notions and measures tending so manifestly to evil. The Rev. A. Reed, of Norwich, has exposed some of the main points of fallacy in these proposed schemes of reformation, in his work intitled *The Christian Warrant*. Some of the points require a fuller discussion; and there is an occasional sharpness of expression in the course of Mr. Reed's argument. But when good men, conscious of pure intentions, find themselves exposed to insinuations and calumnies of the most offensive kind, not only in public and in print, but through many channels which they cannot reach, it would be strange if the sufferers did not sometimes evince a disposition to speak of such conduct in terms really descriptive of it. The notes of truth may at times sound harsh, but men who have sinned against both truth and candour have no right to complain if compelled to listen to a sound so little agreeable to them. On the whole, however, we think Mr. Reed has acquitted himself creditably, both as to talent and temper.

served are, in the main, such as possess a general and permanent interest, and though we have not many of the doubtful shades of character thrown in, yet there is no attempt on the part of the writer unduly to magnify his father's worth, while the tribute which is paid to his distinguished talents, his high-toned political principles, and his social worth, is not more affectionate than just.

Judge Story was a man of world-wide reputation. We might have been tempted to think that American critics, with the natural disposition to exaggerate the value of everything of home growth, had raised him too high, were it not that Englishmen, whose authority cannot be disputed, and whose prejudices would lie rather in a contrary direction, fully concur in the estimate. Our present Chief Justice has not hesitated to give him a position as a jurist, second only to that of Blackstone, while our legal reviews all unite in their testimony to the soundness of his decisions as a judge, and the almost unrivalled value of his works as a writer on jurisprudence. But though thus eminent in the law, he was far from confining himself to the dry subjects of his profession—his powers were as versatile as they were profound, and while he had an acquaintance with the legal writers of England seldom equalled, he had a familiarity with the lighter class of its literature which showed that his eminent success had not been purchased by the neglect of a line of study peculiarly congenial to his taste. Few great lawyers have possessed so much of the poetic element—his imagination was peculiarly vivid and active, and he was not only enthusiastically fond of works of romance and poetry, but he indulged a little in poetical composition himself. The general influence of these pursuits is seen in the style of his judgments, so full of eloquence, and so different from the ordinary productions of their class. America has reason to be grateful to him, for few of her sons have rendered her more useful service, and none have done more to raise the character and extend the fame of her legal administration.

Joseph Story was a New Englander—a native of Marblehead, a fishing village in Massachussetts, and a scion of a good old Puritan stock. We are inclined to attribute very much of his subsequent eminence to the wholesome training of that Puritan household, where a noble-minded mother stimulated the ambition of the boy, and a grave and judicious father supplied those wise counsels which alone could conduct to success. Their grandson would have us believe that the old couple were the votaries of a gloomy and repulsive Calvinism, but he will excuse us if we question the accuracy of his decision on this point. It is certainly possible that they may have held the doctrines of that creed, which was then maintained with a strictness almost obsolete now; but Mr. Story's subsequent remarks on his father's religious history may, at least, warrant the doubt whether this gloomy Calvinism was anything more than the simple creed of Evangelical truth. Be this as it may, Justice Story early renounced the opinions of his Puritan ancestry, and, after passing through a transition state of dark scepticism, settled down at last into a respect-

able Unitarian. This change of religious views took place while he was at Harvard University, and the explanation of it is so remarkable, that we cannot forbear alluding to it.

'Change of place and companions wrought a complete change of religious views. The sterile rocks and moaning sea of Marblehead had overawed his imagination. The rocks seemed like Fate, baffling the blind longings of the sea. But in the teeming luxuriant country, with its flower-strewn fields, his heart assumed its natural hue of cheerfulness, and he no longer believed in the total depravity of man. As he wandered under the sweeping elms, and saw the sinuous Charles lapsing quietly to the sea through its level basin, or listened to the 'wandering voice' of birds while he trod the piny carpet of 'sweet Auburn,' he could not but feel that God's blessing was on the world and his creatures. The beauty of Nature proved the beneficence of the Creator. A weight was now lifted from his heart. He saw the shining thread of love lead through all the dark labyrinths of life. And from being a Calvinist he became a Unitarian.'

This is certainly a very beautiful theory as to the causes of Mr. Story's change, but if it be a true one, we can only say that he decides on the case of 'Calvinism (or rather Trinitarianism) v. Unitarianism,' on principles, and in a mode, which he certainly would never have applied to any question that came under his judicial cognizance. Imagine him sitting as a judge to adjudicate on the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, and refusing to hear evidence or examine the law, and deciding solely according to the favourable or unfavourable impression made on his mind by the individual at the bar. Yet this is the very thing which his son represents him as doing in reference to the most important subject that can engage the attention of the intellect. There is a book of God that gives a decision on this point that must be received by all who admit its Divine origin. We do not find that Judge Story, however troubled by doubts at one period, was to be classed among those who questioned its authority; yet we are given to understand, that on the most momentous question of which it treats, he came to a decision without consulting it at all, and was governed solely by the influence of surrounding scenery. Marblehead rocks made him a sour Calvinist; Cambridge verdant meadows changed him into a cheerful, happy Unitarian. On such a theory a man's creed might be expected to alter with every change of residence—the religions of mankind might be apportioned according to the different character of scenery and locality—all would be equally right, and all equally wrong, because all would be harmonious with surrounding associations, and we should speedily come to the conclusion, that man, being only a creature of circumstances, was free from all responsibility, either for belief or for conduct. Irreligion has its cant, and to us it is as offensive as the cant on the other side.

Story's life is not fruitful of incident. It was simply the career of a man who, combining great natural abilities with unwearied application, gradually worked up his way to power and distinction. His legal talents were so conspicuous, that he was called to the bench at the early age of thirty-two, and during a protracted course, discharged his duties with eminent credit to himself, and satisfaction to the country. Before his judicial elevation he was a keen politician,

but his thorough independence of character prevented him from becoming an eager and uncompromising partizan. Indeed, though he entered the legislature as a democrat, he was frequently found the strenuous advocate of measures to which his party was opposed. Jefferson, then the democratic leader, could ill brook his manly freedom, and his conduct towards Story afforded another proof that the loudest advocates of liberty are not always prepared to work out their own principles. In the latter part of his life he attached himself to the Whig party; but after his assumption of the ermine, never took a public part in political strife. It was his glory, despite all the obloquy to which it exposed him, to be a strong opponent of America's monster evil—slavery. He did not hesitate to assail it even from the bench, and though opposed to the violence of some of the abolitionists, he was desirous to employ all possible efforts of conciliation and counsel to obtain emancipation. In social life he was distinguished by the integrity of his character, the purity of his morals, the vivacity of his manners, and the warmth of his domestic affections. He was justly beloved by his own family circle, and the conduct of various public bodies on his death showed how wide-spread was the esteem for his worth.

These volumes, we should add, are enriched with many sketches of eminent American statesmen, which give them considerable interest, and from which, had our space admitted, we would gladly have made some extracts.

An Elementary Treatise on Logic, designed chiefly for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Gentlemen who wish to acquire a knowledge of the reasoning science. By the Author of *Antidote to Infidelity*, &c., *Short Treatise on the Sabbath*, &c. London: Chapman. 1852.

With a great parade of originality, and treatment most contemptuous of all the logicians, of whom the writer seems only to have heard of Aristotle, Watts, Whately, Leechman, *Mills*, (Mr. J. S. Mill is evidently intended), and De Morgan—with capital letters, to denote the doings of ‘Our Humble Selves,’ this book is essentially a borrowed book. The only original part is what the author calls argument ‘from particulars to particulars,’ and which he illustrates by ‘This candle burnt me; therefore, That candle will burn me,’ which we might replace by—This man borrowed from me; therefore, That man will borrow from me.

Accuracy even in copying does not belong to our author; thus, in his table of definitions on page 14, he has borrowed the example of the watch, as well as the table itself; but having heard of Geneva watches, has written Geneva, where the original has Germany. The examples on page 57 we have traced elsewhere in the very order in which they stand (saving the blunders in the Latin), and so of much else throughout the volume. Let the author of the *Antidote to Infidelity* remember the fable of the jackdaw.

A Visit to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Italy. By MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, Author of 'A Woman's Journey Round the World,' &c. Translated by W. W. DULCKEN. Ingram, Cooke, & Co.

This is a pleasant book; not the less so, because the writer, as she tells us in her concluding paragraph, disclaims 'the idea of thrusting herself forward into the ranks of those gifted women,' of whose travels and sentimentalizing *we* have had quite enough, for some few years at least. Now Ida Pfeiffer really seems to have set out simply from a singularly strong desire to see foreign lands; while the diary she kept was merely to retain the recollections of her tour, and to supply an account to her children of the various wonders she had seen. Thus her narrative begins merely with alluding to the wish to visit the Holy Land, which she had cherished for many years, and the arrangements she made—including making her will—ere in March, 1842, she set forth from Vienna by the steamboat, down the Danube. Like all travellers, Ida Pfeiffer expresses her admiration of Constantinople, and she naively remarks, 'I could only wish that I were a poet, that I might fitly portray the magnificent gorgeousness of the sight.' The most curious portions of a lady's travels in the East generally relate to female society, and to this our authoress, though without any previously preconceived theories, paid much attention. This is her first impression of the women of Constantinople:

'In the garden which is set apart as the place of meeting of the Turkish women, several hundred ladies reclined on the grass in various groups, surrounded by their children and nurses, the latter of whom are all negroes. Many of these Turkish women were smoking pipes of tobacco with extreme enjoyment, and drinking coffee. They seemed also partial to dainties; most of them were provided with raisins, figs, sugared nuts, and cakes, &c., and ate as much as the little ones. They seemed to treat their slaves kindly; the black servants sat among their mistresses, and munched away bravely. As no one of the male sex was present, all were unveiled; I noticed many pretty faces among them, but not a single instance of rare or striking beauty. Fancy large brilliant eyes, pale cheeks, broad faces, and an occasional tendency to corpulence, and you have the ladies' portraits. Smallpox must be rather prevalent in these parts, for I saw marks of it on many faces.'

Ida Pfeiffer saw most of the 'lions' of Constantinople during her stay, including the interior of the four principal mosques; these she only just mentions, which is as well, since, possessing no knowledge of architecture, her descriptions—as is the case with those of many other more ostentatious travellers—would be more likely to mislead than to inform.

Our traveller was much struck with the beauty of the country surrounding Smyrna; the cypresses, olives, oleanders in full blossom, and the pomegranate trees with their deep crimson flowers, forming a rich foreground, while 'the wild and rugged rocks on the one side of the valley,' had a singularly picturesque effect. In Smyrna, too, she found the most beautiful women she had yet seen. They were Greeks, and we believe the superiority of the Greek women over the Turkish in this point is generally admitted. From Smyrna she sailed to Rhodes, where she puzzled some of the inhabitants by inquiring after 'the site of

the celebrated Colossus.' The account of this wonder Ida had doubtless read in her school books, but she is evidently wholly ignorant of the history of this island, which seems to have in turn been the vantage-point of each successive dynasty that lorded it over the East. She was, however, much gratified with the remains of the buildings that belonged to the Knights of St. John; remarking, like a pious Catholic, that they have departed to a better home. From hence she sailed to Beyrout, and from thence to Joppa.

As might be expected, Ida Pfeiffer's account of Jerusalem, and all its holy places, is given with full assurance of faith; and she visits the Via Dolorosa, and Pilate's house, and that of St. Veronica, and the grave of St. Nicodemus, with as complete a freedom from every heterodox misgiving, as the all-believing pilgrim of the ninth or tenth centuries. She, however, is compelled to bear witness to the scandalous riots which distinguish Easter, on which occasion, the old strife of the Eastern and Western Churches seems annually resumed, and the spiritual weapons of anathema and excommunication are supplied by the more tangible ones of cudgels, and broken heads, and combats, from whence some are often carried away dead. 'What opinion can these nations, whom we call infidel, have of us Christians, when they see with what hatred and virulence each sect pursues the other?' is her very proper remark. The sterility of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem struck her, and the utter absence of both birds and insects; the latter deficiency, however, rather belongs to the advanced season of the year when she visited Syria. She visited the Dead Sea, with 'a feeling of painful emotion mingled with awe, at the wreck of the works of proud and mighty nations;' a little scriptural knowledge would have told her that, 'the cities of the plain' had little splendour to boast of. A pleasant scriptural incident occurred in her homeward journey, when, arriving at a Bedouin encampment, they asked for a draught of water, but, as in the days of Sisera, some dishes of excellent butter-milk were brought out to them instead. 'Never,' says she, 'did I partake anything with so keen a relish.' The extreme cold of the nights in Palestine surprised our traveller. Even on the 12th of June, she tells us, that although she slept in a tent, their thick clothes were scarcely sufficient to shield them from the night air. Towards eight o'clock, this severe cold was succeeded by intense heat, and during the day it was necessary to keep the head thickly covered, for fear of a *coup de soleil*. The extreme ugliness of the Syrian women, their dull brown complexions, matted hair, and flat figures, astonished our traveller. Even in the harem of the Pacha, not a single beautiful woman was to be seen, but there *embonpoint* prevailed. According to her views, these caged women seemed like great children;—only with a degree of indolence which children certainly do not exhibit. They were very inquisitive about her dress, and offered her a portion of all their eatables; 'their features are so entirely without any fixed character or expression,' she says, 'that I do not think these women capable of

'deep passions or feelings, either good or bad.' In this, Ida Pfeiffer is most probably mistaken, and the sterner judgment pronounced by Harriet Martineau we should accept as much nearer the truth.

From Beyrout our traveller proceeded in a Greek vessel, amidst all manner of discomforts, to Alexandria, where she endured nine days' quarantine. She was struck with the European appearance of the city, and the motley character of the inhabitants,—

'Franks in the costume of their country, among the turbans and fez caps of the orientals; and tall women in their blue gowns wandering amid the half-naked forms of the Arabs and Bedouins. Here, a negro running with agility behind his master, who trotted along on a noble horse: there, Frankish ladies mounted on asses, and coming from the dreary monotony of the quarantine house: this sight made a peculiar impression on me. . . . There was a great deal to see round the canal: barques came and departed; long processions of camels moved to and fro; the soldiers passed by, to the sound of military music, to exercise in the neighbouring square; there was continually something new to see.'

She took her voyage to Cairo, in an Arabian barque, and was much struck with the kindness of the Arab women on board.

'They wished me to accept a share of everything they possessed, and gave me a portion of each of their dishes. When we landed at a village, the inhabitants would inquire, by signs, if I wished for anything. I wanted milk, eggs, and bread, but did not know how to ask for them in Arabic, so I had recourse to drawing: for instance, I made a portrait of a cow, gave an Arab woman a bottle and some money, and made signs to her to milk her cow and fill my bottle. In the same way I drew a hen and some eggs beside her, pointed to the hen with a shake of my head, and then to the eggs with a nod, counting on the woman's fingers how many she was to bring me. In this way I always managed to get on.'

Two days she floated pleasantly on the Nile, the villages increasing in size, and the mosques and country houses becoming more frequent as they approached Cairo. On the third day they entered the Delta, and disembarked at Bulak. Here is a pleasant picture of the crowded streets of Cairo.

'Many of the streets are so narrow, that when loaded camels meet, one must always be led into a by-street until the other has passed. Here are people mounted on donkeys, and horses towering above the moving mass; but the asses appear like pigmies beside the high, lofty-looking camels, which do not lose their proud demeanour even under their heavy burthens. Men often slip by under the heads of the camels; the riders keep as close as possible to the houses, and the mass of pedestrians winds dexterously between. Here are water-carriers, vendors of goods, numerous blind men groping their way with sticks, and bearing baskets of fruit, bread, or other provisions, for sale; numerous children, some of them running about the streets, and others playing before the house-doors; and lastly, Egyptian ladies, who ride on asses to pay their visits, and come in long procession with their children and negro servants. Let the reader further imagine the cries of the vendors, the shouting of the drivers and passengers, the terrified screams of flying women and children, the quarrels which frequently arise, and the peculiar talkativeness and noisiness of these people, and he can fancy what an effect the whole must have on the nerves of a stranger.'

In the new palace of Mehemet Ali, everything is after the European model; even the dining-room has 'a large table, handsome chairs, and two sideboards.' Truly, the despot of Egypt must have imposed a heavy penance on himself, in thus adopting customs so opposite to those of the East. Even his religious scruples had to

yield to his zealous adoption of the forms of European civilization, for on the wall is hung an oil painting of his son Ibrahim Pasha. Our spirited traveller ascended one of the pyramids, and also made a journey to the Red Sea. On her way thither, she suddenly descried it, and calling to her servant,—

‘Pointed out the sea to him, and expressed my surprise we had sighted it so soon. He maintained, however, that what I beheld was not the sea, but a *fata morgana*. At first I refused to believe him, because the thing seemed so real. But after an hour had elapsed, we found we were as far from the sea as ever; and at length the mirage vanished. I did not behold the real sea until six on the following morning, when it appeared exactly like the phantom of the preceding evening.’

Ida Pfeiffer returned to Europe, touching at Malta and Sicily. At the latter place she visited Messina and Palermo, and expresses much admiration at the beautiful scenery, and especially the unexampled fertility of the surrounding country. Her homeward journey was continued through Italy, where her pilgrimage to Jerusalem obtained her some additional advantages, not the least being an audience with the Pope, his especial blessing, and permission to kiss his slipper. The journal of her return through Italy contains merely a few notices of the chief objects. This is as well, since a writer, unless really acquainted with the arts, could not fail to fall into numerous mistakes, and most probably would describe that which was least worth describing. At the close of the year 1842, Ida Pfeiffer reached her native town in safety, ‘and had the happiness of finding my beloved ones all well. ‘During my journey,’ she remarks, ‘I had seen much, endured many ‘hardships, and had found very few things as I imagined them to be.’ This last remark, we think, will be assented to by most travellers. We have been much pleased with this unpretending little volume, and recommend it to our readers.

The United States' Exploring Expedition.

Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition during the years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. In two volumes, with numerous engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, & Co. 1852.

The squadron whose voyagings over the globe are presented in this English republication of the American original, and which quitted the shores of the United States on the 18th of August, 1838, consisted of the following vessels: the Vincennes, a sloop of war, of 780 tons; the Peacock, a sloop of war, of 650 tons; the Porpoise, a gun brig, of 32 tons; the tender Sea-Gull, of 110 tons; the tender Flying-Fish, of 96 tons; and the Relief, a new vessel, originally intended as a store-ship for the navy. Standing right across the Atlantic, the squadron touched at Madeira; thence by the Cape de Verd Islands, it struck over to Rio Janeiro. Running south, it rounded Cape Horn; and after a considerable delay at Terra Del Fuego, made for Valparaiso. Chili and Peru being surveyed, as Brazils had been before, Commander Wilkes set out to explore Polynesia. He begun

with the little-known western group of islands, called by him the Paumotu Group, or, as it is denominated in the Society's Atlas, 'the Low Archipelago.' Proceeding easterly he visited the Samoan Islands, and then sailed to New South Wales, preparatory to a cruise in the Antarctic regions. His object being accomplished, Commander Wilkes put his ship's prows towards the north, called at New Zealand, surveyed the Feejee Islands and the Sandwich Islands, and then running to the north-east, came upon America on the side opposite to that on which he had left it. Then he surveyed Oregon and California. The Columbia River was his extreme point on the Western Coast of America. He then prepared for his return voyage. He again visited Polynesia, and proceeded to the Phillippine Islands. He circumnavigated Africa, and so entering the Atlantic, made his way to New York; which he reached in June, 1842, after an absence of five years.

This great achievement, in the performance of which Commander Wilkes visited and surveyed all the least known parts of the globe, is set forth in these volumes, we presume, by the navigator himself, in a simple, unpretending, earnest, and, for the most part, correctly written narrative, which befits both the subject and the sailor-character. We commend the writer for saying so little of himself, but we feel the want of information respecting some of his associates. Placed as he was, at the head of a scientific expedition, he might well have informed the reader what scientific men he carried with him, rather than have left us, as he has done, to discover the presence of such persons in the course of the narrative. Equally appropriate would have been a distinct statement of the objects contemplated by the undertaking. These deficiencies, however, if they are not to be set down to modesty, certainly contrast favourably with that proneness to display and boasting which has been imputed to the American character; and while we excuse them on the ground of their amiable moral aspect, we readily acknowledge that, in its general qualities, the execution of this narrative comes near to perfection. We might, indeed, have here and there desired a greater amount of information respecting religious opinions and usages; and we quite think that our young friends would have been thankful for more anecdote and detail; but considering the immense space of land and water traversed, and the very numerous tribes and nations visited, the narrator has not been unsuccessful in giving to his story the interest which can arise only from minute particulars regarding human life and human destiny. It was an exploring expedition which Captain Wilkes commanded. This character seems never to have been forgotten. In the equipment, every preparation was made which was likely to promote the advance of general and scientific knowledge. An interesting sight it is to see a number of the best instructed and most cultivated men of the civilized parts of the earth, combining and going forth with all the array of material and scientific power which the nineteenth century can give, and very much of the high moral culture of the Gospel, in order to visit and survey unknown or little known countries, to form

an acquaintance with barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes, to communicate to such some notion of civilized life, to aid such in some degree to rise in the scale of human existence, and to enrich the several sciences which enlighten and refine our nature and augment man's power at once over the earth and over himself. Such is the sight which is presented in these volumes. Nor is the gratification produced by their perusal abated by the intrusion of any low, sordid, or brutal passion. Commander Wilkes, possessed of a high moral tone, and of great firmness of character, aware of the responsibility under which he lay in visiting so many foreign and heathen nations, had the skill to preserve discipline in his vessels without the employment of severity, and to make his country's flag respected without resorting to force; one or two exceptions to the last remark only serve to show the extent to which it is true, and to excite our wonder that so large a portion of the semi-barbarous climes of the earth should have been visited at so small a cost of human quiet and human life. The absence of disturbance and conflict renders the narrative less exciting than the voyages and travels of an earlier date, and may cause the lovers of adventure to feel a little want in the perusal, but cannot fail to afford a deep pleasure to the cultivated man and to the Christian, who knows how frequently, in previous expeditions, both civilization and the Gospel have been grossly misrepresented before the eyes of ignorant and brutish races, who were made more foul and more degraded by contact with Europeans. The contents of this work are very various. Almost every subject that can relate to half-civilized tribes, and excite a question in the reader's mind, is here touched on, or treated with some degree of fulness. Provided with scientific instruments, the learned men on board the ships explored the countries visited, botanically, geologically, meteorologically, and astronomically; and if the results of their investigation are mainly reserved, as we suppose, to fill the pages of expressly scientific works, much valuable information is presented in several parts of this general account, which will instruct the well-informed as well as interest the ordinary reader. In everything that relates to the general aspect and productions of the numerous countries visited, and in regard to the origin, language, condition, character, and usages of the inhabitants, full and minute particulars are supplied; so that the work forms a sort of miniature cyclopedia of the less cultivated portions of the globe.

There are several great social questions towards the solution of which the attentive reader will find help in these volumes. One impression at least lies too much on the surface to escape any thoughtful mind. All these nations and all these tribes are men; they are each and all members of the one great human family. Wherever their dwelling-place, whatever their condition, whatever their hue,—from New York to the extreme regions of the south, and from Manilla to Madeira, and from New Zealand to California—they are all men, they have all heads to think, and hearts to feel, and souls to save. This fact can no longer be denied. Such a narrative as that of Commander Wilkes

will hereafter prevent the fact from being any more blinked. 'Slavery has for ever lost one of its excuses. No, they are not—those coloured people are not necessarily doomed races. Lower in condition than some Europeans they are; but equally are they now and then found possessed of virtues of which other Europeans are destitute, while as soon as the excitement from without comes—that excitement which seems a necessary first impulse in the path of civilization—they begin to make progress, and give promise in time of acquiring and displaying the higher qualities of Christian civilization. This pleasing prospect is offered in this work specially in connexion with the labour of the Missionary, and most satisfactory must it be to the lover of the Gospel to find here repeated proofs of the very various and very ample good, even of a material kind, conferred on the world by the spontaneous exertions of Christian benevolence.

The reports bearing on this point made by Commander Wilkes are the more valuable, because they are the words of a sailor, and not of a professed teacher of religion, and because they come up naturally, in the course of his narrative, as a simple record of facts. And such is the degree and extent of this benign operation on the general culture of the globe, that great as in these civilized parts is the progress made and the prospect given, especially of late years, scarcely less remarkable is the improvement that has been begun or completed in the darker parts of the earth. Certainly the friends of humanity and religion, when grieved by the vices and oppressions of our old civilization, may find some relief by sailing with this circumnavigator into remote regions, which have, somewhat too hastily, perhaps, been designated barbarous; he may behold points of light with which to cheer his mind. Nor have we found it possible, in the survey which this book has led us to make, wholly to shut out the feeling that the wide earth is preparing for a great ordinal change, if not for the second advent of its Redeemer.

Among the instances of the improvement effected by the introduction of Christianity, our age has fallen on one which deserves remark, not so much for any rich fruits, as for the barrenness of the soil. The eastern islands of the Low Archipelago in Polynesia are rarely visited by Europeans, except to procure pearls; and then, the visitors are very unfitted to leave a salutary influence behind. The natives, in consequence, are in a very low condition. Yet has the gospel proved of essential service even in their secular relations. Thus does Captain Wilkes show the favourable effect of Christianity in the island called *Raraka*, one of the *Paumotu* group:

'Nothing could be more striking than the difference that prevailed between these natives and those of the Disappointment Islands, which we had just left. The half-civilization of the natives of *Raraka* was very marked, and it appeared as though we had issued out of darkness into light. They showed a modest disposition, and gave us a hearty welcome. We were not long at a loss as to what to ascribe it; the missionary had been at work here, and his exertions had been based upon a firm foundation; the savage had been changed to a reasonable creature. Among the inhabitants was a native missionary who had been instrumental in this

work. If the missionaries had effected nothing else, they would deserve the thanks of all those who roam over this wide expanse of ocean, and incur its many unknown and hidden dangers. Here all shipwrecked mariners would be sure of kind treatment, and a share of the few comforts these people possess. No savage mistrust and fear were seen here. The women and children came about us, receiving our trifles; they showed much joy and curiosity at the sight of us, and were eager to supply our wants. I was particularly struck with the modest and quiet behaviour of the native missionary, who was a Tahitian; he kept himself aloof, whilst all the others were crowding round to partake in the presents we were distributing, and seemed much gratified and astonished when I selected him out as the recipient of a present similar to the one I had given to the chief. This was the first island on which we observed the dawning of Christianity and civilization. The native missionaries, although they are still ignorant of most of the duties enjoined upon a Christian, still do much good in preparing the way. Many learn to read, and some even to write, under their tuition; yet they have many impediments thrown in the way of their efforts by the introduction of spirits by the whites. The old chief and others are much addicted to the use of it; and the vessels resorting here for the pearl-fishery generally employ native divers, and pay them for the most part in rum or whisky.—vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

Lest the reports we have made of the tokens of improvement visible in the world should produce an undue impression, we advert, in conclusion, to a dark, a very black feature, which still fixes its blot on humanity. This work puts it beyond a doubt, that human sacrifices and cannibalism still survive. In the Feejee Islands, where religious opinions are found which in form resemble some that prevail around us, both human sacrifices and cannibalism are practised on a large scale, and in very revolting forms.

“Formal human sacrifices among the Feejees are frequent. The victims are usually taken from a distant tribe; and when not supplied by war or violence they are at times obtained by negotiation. After being selected for this purpose, they are kept for a time to be fattened. When about to be sacrificed, they are compelled to sit upon the ground with their feet drawn under their thighs, and their arms placed closed before them. In this position they are bound so tightly that they cannot stir or move a joint. They are then placed in the usual oven, upon hot stones, and covered with leaves and earth, when they are roasted alive. When the body is cooked, it is taken from the oven and carried to the *enbure* (‘spirit-house’), when it is offered to the gods, and is afterwards removed to be cut up and distributed to be eaten by the people. Human sacrifices are a preliminary to almost all their undertakings. When a new *enbure* is built, a party goes out and seizes the first person they meet, whom they sacrifice to the gods; when a large canoe is launched, the first person—man or woman—whom they encounter is laid hold of and carried home for a feast. Human sacrifices are also among the rites performed at the funerals of chiefs, when slaves are in some instances put to death. The eating of human flesh is not confined to cases of sacrifice for religious purposes, but is practised from habit and taste. The existence of cannibalism, independent of superstitious actions, has been doubted by many. There can be no question that although it may have originated as a sacred rite, it is continued in the Feejee group for the mere pleasure of eating human flesh as food. Their fondness for it will be understood from the custom they have of sending portions of it to their friends at a distance, as an acceptable present; and the gift is eaten even if decomposition has begun before it is received. So highly do they esteem this food, that the greatest praise they can bestow on a delicacy is to say that it is as tender as a dead man. Even their sacrifices are made more frequent, not merely to gratify feelings of revenge, but to indulge their taste for this horrid food. In respect to this propensity they affect no disguise; I have myself frequently spoken with them concerning it, and received but one answer, both from chiefs and common people, that it was ‘*viuaka*’—good. The bodies of enemies slain in battle are always

eaten. The flesh of women is preferred to that of men, and stratagem and violence are resorted to for obtaining it. When they set little value on the lives of their own countrymen, it is not to be expected that they should regard those of foreigners. It is necessary, therefore, while holding intercourse with them, to be continually guarded against their murderous designs, which they are always meditating for the sake of the property about the person, or to obtain the body for food. Several recent instances are related where crews of vessels visiting these islands have been put to death.'—vol. ii. pp. 62—67, abridged.

The Religious Condition of Christendom, exhibited in a series of Papers prepared at the instance of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance. Edited by the Rev. EDWARD STEANE, D.D., one of the Honorary Secretaries. 8vo. Nisbet. 1852.

This portly volume, of more than six hundred pages, treats of the state of the Christian religion, and of the influences favourable or unfavourable to its advancement in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Piedmont, Algeria, and the United States. The 'contents' of the volume, giving the various topics, and the names of the writers, will suffice to assure the reader that a series of papers from such men, on such subjects, must, taken together, be of great value.

An Inquiry into Human Nature. By JOHN G. MACVICAR, D.D. 8vo. Sutherland. 1853.

By human nature, in this treatise, Dr. Macvicar means human nature in the sense of Bishop Butler—that is, human nature in the condition proper to it, according to the primary laws of the human constitution. The chapters of which the treatise consists bear the following titles:—'Introduction—The Characteristics of Human Nature—The Unity and Immortality of the Soul—The Activity and Liberty of Man—On Belief, and the Limits of Intellect in Man—The First Principle of Morals—Of Man as a Member in this World—Of Instincts, Appetites, Habit, Custom—The Emotive System in Human Nature—Of Volition and Perception—Of Personality and Reason—Of the Memory and Suggestion—Of Taste and Conscience.' We scarcely need say that this is a very respectable bill of fare, and we can honestly say that in a volume extending over little more than two hundred pages, this variety of material is presented in very respectable fashion. Dr. Macvicar, it appears, has been for some years in India, and the greater part of the volume has been written under an Indian climate, but there is no slumber of the mental powers in the author that would indicate that fact, and his acquaintance with the best and the most recent works on mental science in Europe show that while resident in the other hemisphere he has been fully alive to everything interesting in the progress of speculation in our own. The book abounds with proofs of learning and acuteness, and its general tendencies are eminently good—good, as tending to check that 'moral and political recklessness,' and that 'renunciation of religion' into which so many are now driven by the shallow philosophy prevalent among us.

The Isthmus of Darien in 1852. Journal of the Expedition of Inquiry for the Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.
By LIONEL GISBORNE. With Four Maps. Saunders & Stanford. 1853. pp. 238.

In the spring of last year Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, despatched Mr. Gisborne to examine the Isthmus of Darien, that he might ascertain with accuracy the most feasible method for effecting the projected communication between the oceans. The present work contains the engineer's report in a letter, addressed to his employers, by Mr. Gisborne, and appended to the journal of his expedition. The reader will best enjoy the journal after perusing the report and looking at the excellent maps, on the good old principle of business first and pleasure afterwards.

Mr. Gisborne, and his assistant, Mr. Forde, landed at port Escoces in June, and proceeded up the country. Their apprehensions of opposition from the Indians were realized. A canoe of armed Indians came in sight; they were compelled to follow them as their prisoners: a council was held, and our travellers, with some difficulty, obtained leave to return to their vessel, with the assurance of their captain that if they caught them again it would be the worse for them. But Mr. Gisborne had his eyes about him, and, on the route by which the Indians conducted him, made observations very important to his purpose. A great point was gained by the discovery he then made that the Cordilleras, which from the sea appear to run in an unbroken range, are divided by an intervening valley, and that the summit level between the oceans must be about the centre of the Isthmus, or nearer to the Pacific. He then sailed to Navy Bay, crossed the Isthmus to Panama, and thence, coasting in a small schooner, reached the Gulf of San Miguel. His object now was to explore the country from that side in the direction of Caledonia Bay, along the course of the Savannah river, or its tributaries. He penetrated to the territory of the Indians who had before turned him back, and then prudently returned, having carefully surveyed the nature of the country throughout the interjacent line between Caledonia Bay and Port Escoces on the one side, and the Gulf of Miguel on the other. The actual breadth of the Isthmus at this point, between the tidal effect of the two oceans, he ascertained to be thirty miles, and the summit level 150 feet; a subsequent examination may discover a level yet lower. The author has prepared two plans, the first (to which both he and his employers give decided preference) for a cut from sea to sea, without locks, sufficiently deep and broad to admit vessels of the largest class; the second, on a scale equally large, but less expensive, involving, however, the inconvenience of a series of locks of great magnitude joining two levels. The cost of the former he estimates at twelve, of the latter at between four and five millions. For the former scheme we are likely to have the assistance of the French, and the government of New Grenada has granted the requisite concessions of land and privilege. Care will be requisite in an arrangement with the natives, who have been un-

molested by the foot of the European since the days of the bucanears, and are exceedingly jealous of intrusion, though more favourably disposed towards the English than to the Spaniard. Mr. Gisborne reports more favourably concerning the climate than we could have expected; there are no swamps or river floods beyond the range of the tide, and the general character of the surrounding neighbourhood is comparatively dry. Speaking of the native inhabitants, Mr. Gisborne says,

'I feel more satisfied than ever that it is only just that this nation (for a nation they are as much as England or New Grenada) should be treated as a free and independent state; and if any portion of their territory is necessary for the facilities of commerce, the position they now hold should be secured, and a treaty of neutrality entered into. On such terms, I have no doubt, these Indians will willingly cede a tract of land to England on reasonable terms; and having once made the agreement, I am satisfied they will hold to it. An acknowledgment of their independence by a power like Great Britain will do more to civilize them by contact, than a thousand futile claims of possession like that put forward by New Grenada can do by compulsion or oppression. . . . The Indians naturally fear that if the Yankees make a communication across the country they will not stick to the road, but when gain is to be got on each side they will strive for it, and gradually annex the whole country. England, on the contrary, has never, in this continent, at least, wrested land from the natives without some show of giving a *quid pro quo*, and her countenance and protection will not only be acceptable, but eagerly sought for, when other nations are striving for possession.'

Mr. Gisborne's lively narrative is full of interest and information: he pictures spots, before known to most readers only as it were algebraically, by the representative dots and lines of the map. Right gladly, when we can lay hands on the account of an observant traveller, do we exchange the sign for the thing signified—the notation of the geographer for the scenery of the tourist—or, as Arnold expresses it, the grand plan for the landscape. The author describes the change which the great California pilgrimage has made in Panama, rendering the town an architectural miniature of the social fabric of Europe some three hundred years ago, when thought, diplomacy, and commercial enterprise, were displacing the rudeness of feudalism and chivalry, and the transition was taking place between mediæval and modern history.

'To describe Panama as it was before California transformed it into a commercial city, would be a repetition of Carthage or any other Spanish American fortified town; large houses, with overhanging balconies, and heavy tiled roofs, ran monotonously along narrow paved streets, the whole surrounded by massive fortifications of the sixteenth century. At Carthage, this antiquated architecture reminds one of past days and old age, with nothing but a gradual decay in prospect; at Panama, on the contrary, there is a quaint mixture of modernized antiquity. The moat is filled in, and the drawbridges removed; the gloomy shadow of projecting balconies is enlivened by the display of silks and cottons, hardware, and provisions; what was the hall of reception is now the store of the merchant; in every direction hang large boards, with the names of competing traders. French pastrycooks, English cutlers, German jewellers, and American stores (which comprise a *multum in parvo*), supply every article of necessity and luxury, at prices about 100 per cent. over the home cost. Apothecaries and tavern-keepers are the most numerous class; their trade is of mutual benefit, for nothing is so deleterious as the use of spirituous liquors, and yet nowhere do you hear more extensive orders for sherry-cobblers, sangaree, gin, cock-tail, &c. The heat incites thirst, and the satisfying of the latter produces fever and dysentery—the only two ailments which are fatal to whites.

'The whole coast of Panama, on both oceans, has always borne the character of being one of the most unhealthy places in the world; and yet, except in swampy situations, like Chagres and Navy Bay, I do not think such is at all the case. There is no doubt that a hot sun and heavy night-dews require to be guarded against, and it must not be expected that Europeans can pursue their avocations in exactly the same manner as they would at home. It is said of a lady whose husband was once well known in certain circles in England, that, in excusing her son's extravagance on his foreign tour, she said, 'You know when one is in Turkey, you must do as the Turks do.' To no place is the misquoted adage more applicable than to this Isthmus, and nowhere is it broken more indiscriminately by those who pass through the country.'

At some period yet far distant, after the Darien Isthmus has been severed—when, by degrees, the country has been cleared, the very climate modified, and the centre of a great and thriving commerce established there, some future Hakluyt or Harris may give to Mr. Gisborne's little book its niche among the old travellers; and posterity will read with wonder, almost with doubt, of the swamps, the matted mangrove woods, and the tangled thickets, through which he and his companion had to creep and hew their way as best they might, advancing a few hundred yards an hour, covered with slimy mud, and torn by gigantic thorns.

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